

AT 65
1868

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY 1868

EDITED BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AND DONALD G. MITCHELL

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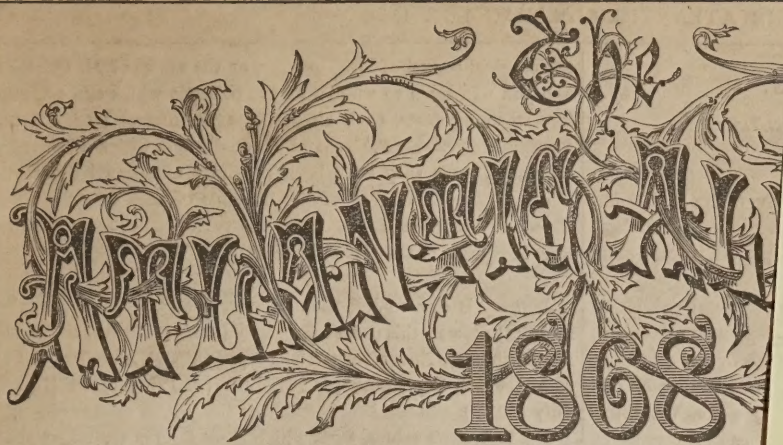
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BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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THE SEASONS.

BY THE "AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

SPRING.

THE following notice has been put up everywhere in flaming letters for about six thousand years, according to the chronology of Archbishop Uher, and for a much longer period, if some more recent cosmogonists can be trusted : —

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! The wonderful exhibition of the Seasons is about to commence; four shows under one cover; the best ventilated place of entertainment in this or any other system; the stage lighted by solar, lunar, and astral lamps; an efficient police will preserve order. Gentlemanly ushers will introduce all new-comers to their places. Performance in twelve parts. Overture by the feathered choir; after which the white drop curtain will rise, showing the remarkable succession of natural scenery designed and executed solely for this planet, — real forests, meadows, water, earth, skies, etc. At the conclusion of each series of performances the storm-chorus will be given with the whole strength of the wind-instrument orchestra, and the splendid snow scene will be introduced, illuminated by grand flashes of the Aurora Borealis. Admittance free, refreshments furnished, complete suits of proper costume supplied at the door, *to be returned on leaving the exhibition.*"

Such is Nature's programme, — worth attending to, one might think, — yet there are great multitudes who lounge into the show and out of it, after being present at as many as threescore and ten performances in succession, without ever really looking at the scenery, or listening to the music, or observing the chief actors in the great drama. Some are too busy with their books or their handicraft, and many women, even, who ought to enjoy the sights, keep their eyes on their work or their knitting, so that they seem to see next to nothing of what is going on.

In the mean time those who are really awake to the sights and sounds which the procession of the months offers them find endless entertainment and instruction. There are three classes of lookers-on at the show of Nature who may be distinguished from each other. The first set includes the patient statisticians who addict themselves to particular series of facts, such as those relating to temperature, to the course of storms, and other specific objects of study. They give us infinite unreadable tables, out of which are extracted certain average results, which we are all willing to make use of. The second consists of the natural observers, such people as White of Selborne, who love to wander in the fields and pick up all the interesting facts that come in their way, about swallows and moles, about bats and crickets and ancient tortoises, and big trees and early flowers, and tall spikes of wheat or barley, and wonderful overflows and high winds; charming people, a little miscellaneous in their gatherings, but with eyes in their fingers, so that they spy out everything curious, and get hold of it as a magnet picks out iron filings. The third class contains the poets, who look at things mainly for their beauty or their symbolic uses.

Everybody studies nature with the poets. Many take delight in the discursive observations of the rambling naturalist. A few interest themselves in the series of facts accumulated by the systematic observer. Read Wordsworth's or Bryant's poems, and you see how incidentally, economically, and fastidiously, yet how suggestively, and with what exquisite effect, they use the facts of observation. Read Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours," and you will get some hint of how full every walk in the country is of moving and still life, always changing its aspect, and always full of new delights when the eyes have once been opened. Ponder the me-

teorological record of Dr. Holyoke, or the tables of M. Quetelet, and you will learn to wonder at the patience which can accumulate so many facts, each almost without interest by itself, but forming collectively the ground of conclusions which all are glad to accept, after they have been painfully eliminated by others. We must avail ourselves of the librettos of each of these three classes of observers, in following the performance from the first note of Spring to the last closing scene of Winter.

January is our coldest month (average $25^{\circ}.59$), and the other months follow in this order: February (27.75), December (30.29), March (35.38), November (39.96), April (46.02), October (51.34), May (56.84), September (62.96), June (67.19), August (70.53), July (72.49).

Dr. Holyoke's tables, from which these figures are taken, show the mean annual temperature of forty-three years at Salem to have been $47^{\circ}.09$. The greatest heat was 101° ; the greatest cold, -13° . They afford no evidence of any increasing warmth of the seasons, or any earlier opening of the spring.

A warm day in December is a memory of October; a warm day in February is a dream of April. Their character is unmistakable; we cannot help going back in imagination with the one, and forward with the other.

On the 14th of February the windows fill with pictures for the most part odious, and meant for some nondescript class of males and females, their allusions having reference to Saint Valentine's day, the legendary pairing-time of the birds. The festival is a sad mockery, for there are no spring birds here to pair, but it reminds us that there is a good time coming. In a fortnight more March is upon us, with the roar of a lion very likely, for it is a windy, ill-tempered month. We say that spring has begun. So it has, according to our common reckoning, but the true astronomical spring does not begin until the 21st of March, the time of the *vernal equinox*.

This seems the place to speak of the course of the sun, as *we see it*, here in Boston, for instance. We learn from our books that the sun passes through the twelve signs of the zodiac, from the Ram to the Fishes, in the course of every year. But I appeal to you, candid and courageous reader, if we know anything of the kind from the evidence of our own senses, — whether we ever saw the God of Day in his alleged proximity to the Virgin, or in the (perhaps) more dangerous neighborhood of the Scorpion. How *can* we see the constellations while the sun is shining, I should like to know?

All I can say of my own knowledge is, that near the end of December the sun is very low in the south at noon, and that he sets behind the hills of Brookline; that he gets higher and higher, and by and by sets behind Brighton, and then behind Cambridge, and near the end of June behind the hills north of Cambridge. I have no doubt the rising of the sun is adjusted to match his setting, but I do not assist at that ceremony so often as at the other.

Now when the sun sets farthest to the south behind the Brookline hills, about the 22d of December, he pauses before he turns to go northward, and this is called the winter *solstice*, or sun-halt. Then the day is shortest, and here winter begins. When the sun has got so far north that he sets behind the hills north of Cambridge, which is on the 21st of June, here again he pauses. This is the summer *solstice*, or sun-halt. The day is longest now, and the summer begins here. But on the 21st of March, midway between these two sun-halts, the day and night are of equal-lengths (*vernal equinox*), and on the 22d of September again day and night are equal (*autumnal equinox*). So that the true astronomical spring in this climate does not begin until the 21st of March, summer the 21st of June, autumn the 22d of September, winter the 22d of December.

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It is not so very strange, then, that the good people living down in the District of Maine, as we used to call it, should talk about having six weeks' sleighing in March. I once had the pleasure of going from Augusta to Bangor in an open sleigh in one of their Marches, and thought I saw more snow than I had ever seen in all my life before. And I then noticed, what I never have heard mentioned, that the Maine snow had a faint bluish or greenish tinge, as if it was thinking of turning into a glacier, or rather a great *mer de glace*. We in Massachusetts do not expect more than a month's sleighing in March, — in fact, not so much as that; but I think I remember hearing old Salem folks talk of a great snow-storm in a certain April many years ago, when two of their famous India-men were wrecked off Cape Cod. If I am mistaken, some of their centenarians will correct me.

The last we see of snow is, in the language of a native poet,

"The lingering drift behind the shady wall."

This is from a bard more celebrated once than now, Timothy Dwight, the same from whom we borrowed the piece we used to speak, beginning (as we said it),

"Columby, Columby, to glory arise!"

The line with the drift in it has stuck in my memory like a feather in an old nest, and is all that remains to me of his "Greenfield Hill."

When there is nothing left of the winter snow but these ridges behind the stone walls, and a dingy drift here and there in a hollow, or in the woods, Winter has virtually resigned the icicle which is his sceptre. It only remains to break the seals which are the warrants of his hitherto undisputed reign. Of these the broadest and most important, in our region, is the frozen sheet that covers the Hudson River.

The worthy burghers of Albany take such interest in the arrival of the first boat of the season, that we find exact records of the day which marked this evidence of the opening of the river recorded for many years, like the first sight of land in a sailor's log-book. Before Mr. Fulton's vapor-boats began running, there were still records kept, more or less complete, so that the table before me goes back to 1786. It appears from the accounts of forty-seven seasons, that the Hudson opened oftenest in March, about the 19th on the average; on the 15th of March, no less than five times. But nine times it opened in February, and seven times as late as April. In 1842 it opened on the 4th of February; and the next year, as if to show the impartiality of Nature, not until the 13th of April. These were the earliest and latest periods in the time over which the record extends.

The opening of the Kennebec has been noted during most of the seasons from 1785 to 1857. Its mean date was April 6th; earliest, March 15th; latest, April 24th.

In the mean time, while the inhabitants of Albany and Augusta are listening for the cracking and grinding of the breaking ice in their rivers, the Bostonians are looking out for the crocuses and the snow-drops in the Beacon Street front-yards. Boston is said to be in latitude 42° and something more, but Beacon Street is practically not higher than 40°, on account of its fine southern exposure. Not long after the pretty show of the crocuses has made the borders look gay behind the iron fences, a faint suspicion arises in the mind of the interested spectator that the brown grass on the banks of the Common and the terraces of the State-House is getting a little greenish. The change shows first in the creases and on the slopes, and one hardly knows whether it is fancy or not. There is also a spotty look about some of the naked trees that we had not noticed before, — yes, the buds are swelling. The breaking up of the ice on the Frog Pond ought to have been as carefully noted as that of the Hudson and Kennebec, but it seems to have been neglected

by local observers. If anybody would take the trouble to keep a record of the leafing and flowering of the trees on the Common, of the first coming of birds, of the day when the first schooner passes West Boston Bridge, it would add a great deal to the pleasure of our spring walks through the malls, and out to the learned city beyond the river, because dull isolated facts become interesting by comparison. But one must go to the country to find people who care enough about these matters, and who are constantly enough in the midst of the sights and sounds of the opening year to take cognizance of the order of that grand procession, with March blowing his trumpet at the head of it, and April following with her green flag, and the rest coming in their turn, till February brings up the rear with his white banner.

What are the first flowers of the spring? Mr. Higginson, whose charming article, "April Days," in the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1861, is full of fresh observations, claims that honor for the *Epigæa repens* (May-flower, or trailing arbutus) and the *Hepatica triloba* (liverwort, or blue anemone). He has found the last as early as the 17th of April, and the other appears at about the same time. But they have a less lovely rival in the field. "Towards the close of February or beginning of March the *skunk-cabbage* makes a good guess at the time of the year, and comes up in marshy spots, on the banks of ponds and streams." Miss Cooper tells us this, and speaks of it as the first plant to feel the influence of the changing season. The flower comes before the leaf, but it opens slowly. The little chickweed also, which flowered in Rochester on the 21st of March, puts in its claim. Near the end of this month, the alders throw out their tassels of purple and gold, which are soon followed by the crimson corymbs of the soft maple, the small brown flowers of the elms, and the yellow plumes of the willows. Who does not love to make a willow whistle, or to see one made? Can you not recall your first lesson in the art, — the cutting of the flexible bough, the choosing a smooth part, passing the knife round it, above and below, pounding it judiciously, wringing it earnestly, and feeling the hollow cylinder of bark at last slipping on the sappy, ivory-white, fragrant wood? That little plaything grew, with the growth of art and civilization, to be the great organ which thunders at Harlaem or in Boston. Respect the willow whistle. And near the willows, in the boggy, low ground, the sweet calamus used to wave its green blades in the wind. What boy does not remember *flagroot*, with its biting aroma, and the marrowy base of the leaf, red shading into white, like the beak of a Java sparrow? These are the smells and tastes and sights that bring back boyhood!

It was hardly fair in me to trouble so busy a man as my honored friend, President Hill, of Harvard College, for his experience in the woods and meadows. But I knew him to be so acute and enthusiastic an observer of nature, that I should be sure to be richly repaid for my aggression, if he could find a brief interval from grave duties to answer my questions. He sent me, in reply, a letter full of interest, with a poem written by himself long years ago, a reminiscence of his New Jersey birthplace. The reader must forgive me for not finding room for every word of his communication, from which I am happy to offer him the following extracts: —

"The earliest wild-flower that I remember is the witch-hazel, blooming at any time from October to March, when the weather is mild; at least I have seen it near Newton Centre blossoming as late as February, sending through me a strange thrill of pleasure, and yet making me doubt whether to consider the mild February day a part of a late autumn or of an early spring. All the flower-buds, however, give a close observer somewhat of the same feeling. *Nihil per saltum*. I dare say that you may see on your Boston lindens, what I have often noticed on Cambridge elms, that the flower-buds gradually increase in size from the

moment that they appear in the axils of the midsummer leaf, until they burst open to the delight of men and birds the next April.

"I should put next to the witch-hazel, if my memory is right, a beautiful plant, which, however, resents ill treatment, and defends itself when attacked so successfully that it is usually let severely alone, and assailed from a distance with ill names. But the *Symplocarpus* has no 'alliacous' nor 'mephitic' odor, if it is not bruised, and its purple spathes in early March are very pleasant to my eye. I always bring a few home; the odor is nothing in comparison with that of the root of the Crown Imperial, and *this* is admitted even in Beacon Street.

"I begin after the skunk-cabbage to hesitate. Localities differ; here one plant has the sunny side of the rock or the pine grove, and there another. Even individuals of the same species may differ in their forwardness. Besides that, as we come towards May, the number of flowers increases so fast that there must of necessity be many whose time of bloom is on the average the same. I have just counted on my fingers forty species of very common wild-flowers that come into bloom usually in the month of May, and probably could count up with a little more reflection fifty or sixty, without reckoning mosses or grasses, or going out of the list of familiar wild plants near Boston. The hazel and alder, with their tassels and their little glowing specks of red fire, I think, however, usually catch my eye next after the skunk-cabbage; the catkins are of full size, though not open, even in winter. Then comes the hepatica, from the river's bank near Mount Auburn; the saxifrage, on the edge of rocks; and a little early buttercup on rocky hills, and equally bright yellow marsh-marigolds by the outlet of springs; the elm and the maple give by their blossoms an ineffable softness to the appearance of the forests; the wood anemone (beautiful, but not so much so as the rue-leaved anemone, which comes later), the red columbine, wild violets, bloodroot, shade-flowers, and I cannot remember what, crowd along, and May is here with its loveliness, and its music, (*and its terrible east winds.*)

"FROM 'THE MILE RUN THIRTY YEARS AGO.'"

"First came, after the snow, early hepaticas,
Pale blue, shrinking from sight; then the Claytonia,
Bright spring beauty; and red, honey-horned columbines;
Soon sprang, tender and frail, quaint little breeches-plant;
With these, fairest of all, rue-leaved anemones.

"Hillsides bordering the brook glowed with the beautiful
May Phlox; while at the foot, under the alders, grew
Dog-toothed violets, called otherwise adder's-tongue."

As early as the 1st of March ground squirrels peep out of their holes, and bluebirds have sometimes also shown themselves. Robins make their appearance all the way from the first week in March to the first week in April. But some of them linger with us on winter half-pay through the cold season. Sparrows, black-birds, ground-birds, "phoebe-birds," wild pigeons, drop in during the month. A few flies, a grasshopper, a butterfly, a snake, a turtle, may be met with.

A flock of wild geese wedging their way northward, with strange far-off clamor, are the heralds of April. In another week the frogs begin piping. Toads and tree-toads, martins and swallows, straggle along in through this month, or first make themselves seen or heard in May.

The dandelions come into bloom with the arrival of the swallows. So says Mr. John Burroughs, a good observer, in the *Atlantic Monthly*; so it is in Belgium, according to M. Forster's table in one of Quetelet's Reports.

The daffodils, which in England

"Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

blossomed at different places in the State of New York, in 1849, from April 5th to May 21st. Violets were in bloom in Albany as early as the 3d of April, but they are not commonly seen until later in the month. Mrs. Kemble flung some American violets from her because they were without fragrance. I remember treating the European white water-lily, which I found scentless, with similar disrespect.

The flowers are opening fast in the last part of April. Before May-day Mr. Higginson has found bloodroot, cowslip, Hous-tonia, saxifrage, dandelion, chickweed, cinquefoil, strawberry, mouse-ear, bellwort, dog's-tooth violet, five species of violet proper, to say nothing of some rarer plants than these. The leaves are springing bright green upon the currant-bushes; dark, almost livid, upon the lilac; the grass is growing apace, the plants are coming up in the garden beds, and the children are thinking of May-day, which will be upon them presently, as shrill as a step-mother, and make them shiver and shake in the raw wind, until their lips are as livid as the opening lilac-leaves.

The birds come pouring in with May. Wrens, brown thrushes, the various kinds of swallows, orioles, cat-birds, golden robins, bobolinks, whippoorwills, cuckoos, yellow-birds, humming-birds, are busy in establishing their new households. The old verse runs,

"In May they lay,
In June they tune,
In July they fly."

The bumblebee comes in with his "mellow, breezy bass," to swell the song of the busy minstrels.

May is the flowering month of the orchard. As the warmth flows northward like a great wave, it covers the land with an ever-spreading flood of pink and white blossoms,—the flowers of the peach, the cherry, the apple, and other fruit trees.

Fifty years ago, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, whose recent essay, "Modern Inquiries," has shown the active interest he takes in one of the leading questions of to-day, published a paper in the *Transactions of the American Academy*, which was the first attempt, so far as I know, at least in this country, to compare the seasons by the flowering of plants. The progress of the wave of warm air is accurately recorded for the spring of 1817 by the flowering of the peach. These are some of the dates, as he received them from his correspondents. Charleston, March 6–12; Richmond, March 23–April 6; Baltimore, April 9; Philadelphia, April 15; New York, April 21–26; Boston, May 9; Albany, May 12; Montreal, May 12. The peach was in bloom at Valencia, in Spain, about the 19th of March; at Geneva, in Switzerland, on the 1st of April. The apple flowered ten days earlier near London (May 8th) than in Boston (May 18th).

The late Mr. John Lowell has given some results of his observations on the blooming of fruit-trees at Roxbury, Mass., for a series of years, as follows:—

Peach,	Average for 14 years, May 2.	Extremes, April 16, May 12.
Cherry,	" 19 " May 4.	" April 21, May 17.
Apple,	" 17 " May 16.	" May 6, May 27.

The average blooming of the apple in Mansfield, Mass., for forty years, was as here given:—

First ten years, May 21st; second ten years, May 23d; third ten years, May 20th; fourth ten years, May 20th. Earliest, May 9th. Latest, June 2d. May 1st is the earliest period I have seen noted in New England (Fayetteville, Vt., 1830).

On the 23d of May, 1864, the day on which Hawthorne was buried, the apple-trees were in full bloom in Concord, as if Nature had lavished all her wealth of flowers to do honor to one who had loved her so well.

And now, to finish this group of figures, here is a table of the flowering of several common plants and trees in different years, on Hospital Hill, Worcester, Mass.

	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.
Crocus . . .	Apr. 8	Apr. 1	Apr. 1	Apr. 7	Apr. 15	Apr. 15	Apr. 12	Apr. 9
Bloodroot . .	Apr. 18	Apr. 19	May 8	May 8	May 8	May 8	Apr. 25	Apr. 12
Cherry . . .	Apr. 28	Apr. 25	May 15	Apr. 24	May 9	Apr. 21	Apr. 28	Apr. 24
Peach . . .	May 6	May 1	May 19	Apr. 22	May 12	Apr. 24	May 1	Apr. 25
Apple . . .	May 10	May 11	May 24	May 14	May 2	May 8	May 8	May 4
Lilac . . .	May 16	May 16	May 27	May 24	May 4	May 15	May 15	May 8
Dandelion . .	Apr. 23	Apr. 23	May 1	Apr. 16	May 9	Apr. 23	Apr. 23	Apr. 19
Horsechestnut	May 20	May 20	May 20	May 21	May 21	May 21	May 15	May 15

I cannot remember the time when the lilacs were not in blow on Election-day, — the last Wednesday in May. This year they were in their full glory on that day, the 29th. A bunch of "laylocks" and a 'lection bun used to make us happy in old times; but 'lection-days are over, and we have no festival of the lilacs, which the old anniversary was, without knowing it. "Artillery Election," with its languid pageantry and its sermon *obligato* is not to be counted. No more buns (at least with the old taste in them); no more "black joke," the "Aunt Sally" of the eocene period; no more egg-pop, made with eggs that would have been fighting cocks, to judge by the pugnacity the beverage containing their yolks developed, — the Frog Pond was said to furnish the water, and it smelt strong of the Medford still; no more rings, and rough-and-tumble contests; no more of that strange aroma, — gunpowdery, rummy, with stray whiffs of peppermint and checkerberry from candy-stalls, and ever and anon the redeeming fragrance from vast bunches of the ever-abounding lilacs, — which one of our true poets, Dr. T. W. Parsons, once skilfully analyzed; — nothing left but the 4th of July, dull and decent, without even China crackers.

The roses are getting ready to light up the glorious summer which is close upon us, and the yellow-birds have been flashing about for the last week and more; and a few days ago, as if to remind us that even at the sweetest season our earth is no longer paradise, a mosquito blew his little horn, and stabbed one of us with his poisoned dagger. To-morrow June will be here.

As you have been pleased to follow me for a whole season, gentle reader, perhaps you will indulge me in a fragment of personal history, which may carry something not unpleasing in its trivialities. One cannot gather some of the best fruits of life without climbing out to the end of the slender branches of the *Ego*. Of course there are those who pull up when they come to a great I, as a donkey stops at a post, — what then? What have we better worth telling than our personal impressions of the great show at which we have been looking ever so many years? Besides, it is not the personal pronoun that is the essence of egotism; nobody gets rid of himself, — did not Professor P. tell me that there was a character of individual minds in mathematical works, so that Poisson's *Théorie du Calcul des Probabilités* had a distinct Poissonish, or fishy flavor running through the whole of it?

What I wish to tell you is how I reconstructed one of my early visions which had dissolved utterly away, and an incident or two connected therewith.

How long ago was it — Consule Jacobo Monrovia, — nay, even more desperate than that, Consule Jacobo Madisonio — that I used to stray along the gravel walks of THE GARDEN? It was a stately pleasure-place to me in those days. Since then my pupils have been stretched, like old India-rubber rings which have been used to hold one's female correspondence. It turns out, by adult measurement, to be an oblong square of moderate dimensions, say a hundred by two hundred feet. There were old lilac-bushes at the right of the entrance, and in the corner at the left that remarkable moral pear-tree, which gave me one of my first lessons in life. Its fruit never ripened, but always rotted at the core just before it began to grow mellow. It was a vulgar plebeian specimen at best, and was set there no doubt only to preach its annual sermon, a sort of "Dudleian Lecture" by a country preacher

of small parts. But in the northern border was a high-bred Saint Michael pear-tree, which taught a lesson that all of gentle blood might take to heart; for its fruit used to get hard and dark, and break into unseemly cracks, so that when the lord of the harvest came for it, it was like those rich men's sons we see too often, who have never ripened, but only rusted, hardened, and shrunk. We had peaches, lovely nectarines, and sweet white grapes, growing and coming to kindly maturity in those days; we should hardly expect them now, and yet there is no obvious change of climate. As for the garden-beds, they were cared for by the Jonathan or Ephraim of the household, sometimes assisted by one Rule, a little old Scotch gardener with a stippled face and a lively temper. Nothing but old-fashioned flowers in them, — hyacinths, pushing their green beaks through as soon as the snow was gone, or earlier; tulips, coming up in the shape of sugar "cockles," or cornucopiæ, — one was almost tempted to look to see whether nature had not packed one of those two-line "sentiments" we remember so well in each of them; peonies, butting their way bluntly through the loosened earth; flower-de-luces (so I will call them, not otherwise); lilies; roses, damask, white, blush, cinnamon (these names served us then); larkspurs, lupins, and gorgeous hollyhocks. With these upper-class plants were blended, in republican fellowship, the useful vegetables of the working sort, — beets, handsome with dark red leaves; carrots, with their elegant filigree foliage; parsnips that cling to the earth like mandrakes; radishes, illustrations of total depravity, a prey to every evil underground emissary of the powers of darkness; onions, never easy until they are out of bed, so to speak, a communicative and companionable vegetable, with a real genius for soups; squash-vines with their generous fruits, the winter ones that will hang up "agin the chimbley" by and by, the summer ones, vase-like, as Hawthorne described them, with skins so white and delicate, when they are yet new-born, that one thinks of little sucking pigs turned vegetables, like Daphne into a laurel, and then of tender human infancy, which Charles Lamb's favorite so calls to mind; — these, with melons, promising as "first scholars," but apt to put off ripening until the frost came and blasted their vines and leaves, as if it had been a shower of boiling water, were among the customary growths of The Garden.

But Consuls Madisonius and Monrovius left the seat of office, and Consuls Johannes Quincius, and Andreas, and Martinus, and the rest, followed in their turn, until the good Abraham sat in the curule chair. In the mean time changes had been going on under our old gambrel roof, and The Garden had been suffered to relapse slowly into a state of wild nature. The haughty flower-de-luces, the curled hyacinths, the perfumed roses, had yielded their place to suckers from locust-trees, to milkweed, burdock, plantain, sorrel, purslane; the gravel walks, which were to Nature as rents in her green garment, had been gradually darned over with the million-threaded needles of her grasses, until nothing was left to show that a garden had been there.

But The Garden still existed in my memory; the walks were all mapped out there, and the place of every herb and flower was laid down as if on a chart.

By that pattern I reconstructed The Garden, lost for a whole generation as much as Pompeii was lost, and in the consulate of our good Abraham it was once more as it had been in the days of my childhood. It was not much to look upon for a stranger; but when the flowers came up in their old places, the effect on me was something like what the widow of Nain may have felt when her dead son rose on his bier and smiled upon her.

Nature behaved admirably, and sent me back all the little tokens of her affection she had kept so long. The same delegates from the underground fauna ate up my early radishes; I think I should have been disappointed if they had not. The

same buff-colored bugs devoured my roses that I remembered of old. The aphid and the caterpillar and the squash-bug were cordial as ever, just as if nothing had happened to produce a coolness or entire forgetfulness between us. But the butterflies came back too, and the bees and the birds.

The yellow-birds used to be very fond of some sunflowers that grew close to the pear-tree with a moral. I remember their flitting about, golden in the golden light, over the golden flowers, as if they were flakes of curdled sunshine. Let us plant sunflowers, I said, and see whether the yellow-birds will not come back to them. Sure enough, the sunflowers had no sooner spread their disks, and begun to ripen their seeds, than the yellow-birds were once more twittering and fluttering about them. They love these oily grains; a gentleman who raises a great many of the plants for the sake of the seeds tells me his man says he has to fight for them with the yellow-birds.

S U M M E R.

JUNE comes in with roses in her hand, but very often with a thick shawl on her shoulders, and a bad cold in her head. Fires are frequently needed in the first part of the month. Our late venerated medical patriarch, who left us with the summer which has just gone, used to tell his patients who were seeking a Southern climate for their health, to "follow the strawberries" northward, on their return. They commonly come with us, the native ones, about the middle of June, and this year disappeared from the market after the 12th of July. Earlier than the middle of June there is too often reason to complain, as Willis once did on the 10th of that month, —

"The weathercock has rusted east,
The blue sky is forgotten,
The earth's a saturated sponge,
And vegetation's rotten."

O that east wind! Did it ever blow from that quarter in Eden? I remember that often in my boyhood, the morning of an early summer-day would begin so soft and balmy that I began to think I was in Paradise, and that the Charles was either Hiddekel or Euphrates. But in the course of the forenoon a change would have come over the air of my Eden. I did not know what the matter was, but the soft winds of morning seemed to be chilled all through; they pinched instead of caressing, and all the sweet summer feeling seemed to have died out of the air. It was the east wind, which had sprung up in the forenoon, as it does almost daily at this season; in Brookline one may see it before it has reached him, stealing landward from the edge of the bay, with a thin blue mist as its evidence. The hot days of July will soon be here, and then the east wind will be a grateful visitor.

We have another June dispensation to remind us that we do not live in Paradise, namely, the cankerworm. In October great numbers of sluggish, slate-colored, wingless insects, accompanied by a very few winged moths, their males, may be seen crawling up the trunks of apple-trees and elms. About the middle of March another ascent begins, this time with a larger proportion of males. These are the fathers and mothers of the *larvæ* we are speaking of, our cankerworms. Many contrivances are used to stop them, of which the best that I have tried so far is a broad band of roofing-paper made glutinous with a cheap kind of printer's ink, sold for the purpose. Every one of the vermin who tries to cross it finds it *Styx*. But there is good evidence that the winged males sometimes transport the females, as Orpheus did Eurydice, across the dark river, so that no tree can be insured against the more enterprising individuals.

It is *Excelsior* always with these little wretches; they will climb a lamp-post if there is nothing else to climb. About the

time that the red currant is in blossom, that is, near the middle of May, the clusters of eggs which may have been laid on the twigs of the trees hatch, and send forth their young like so many Pandora's boxes. But we see little of them until a week or two later, and we never appreciate their full horrors until about the middle of June, when they begin to descend, at which time I have seen ladies coming in from Cambridge (which breeds them in great perfection) with their dresses festooned in living patterns with them.

Why should I describe the carnival of the cankerworms, making the page crawl before you with the little green or brown *omegas*, of which you have here the living portrait, bunching up their boneless backs, as drawn by Cadmus & Co., Ω Ω? They come for a series of years, and then seem to die out, but return after a time. At the end of May, 1865, some of our orchards had not a single green leaf left. In 1866, their ravages were frightful again; but this year, 1867, very few have been seen in the neighborhood of the Colleges.

There is sport to be had in watching a race between a cankerworm and a common hairy tent-caterpillar. These last always seem to be in a dreadful hurry. (Miss Rossetti alludes to the furry caterpillar's haste, I remember, in one of her poems.) The contest is of the short, quick gait against the long stride, the short stroke against the long pull. I have found them so evenly matched, that to see them side by side was like looking at a trotting horse harnessed with a running mate.

But now the roses are coming into bloom; the azalea, wild honeysuckle, is sweetening the roadsides; the laurels are beginning to blow; the white lilies are getting ready to open; the fire-flies are seen now and then, flitting across the darkness; the katydids, the grasshoppers, the crickets, make themselves heard; the bullfrogs utter their tremendous voices, and the full chorus of birds makes the air vocal with its melody.

What is so pure, so cool, so chaste, so sweet as a pond lily? Few persons know that we have a water-lily which is not white, but red. It is found in at least one locality in this State, — Scudder's Pond, in the village of Centreville, in the town of Barnstable. These lilies are rare and valued; Mr. John Owen tells me he paid a dollar for one which he procured for Professor Gray.

At last come the strawberries, of which Walton quotes from Dr. Boteler the famous saying, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." When they have ripened in our own gardens, summer has begun, hardly till then; and they mark pretty nearly the true astronomical beginning of the season. The "strawberry festivals" which have become common of late years show the popularity of this first fruit of the summer. There will be found a number of natural anniversaries, if we look carefully for them. The blooming of the May-flower is the first; then comes that of the lilacs on the last week of May, formerly a great holiday season in this State; of the wild honeysuckle, azalea, *Pinxter Blumejies* of the New York Dutchmen, which was a feasting time for the negroes; the strawberry season; the great huckleberry-picking time; the harvest, with its husking and its cattle-show; and lastly Thanksgiving, of which the ripe pumpkin is, as it were, the sun and centre in all societies that remember their New England origin.

In July the wheat harvest begins in the State of New York, as early as the 4th, or as late as the latter part of the month. In 1850 the bulk of the crop was cut by the 20th. The same year only a little wheat had been cut north of the middle of England on the 23d of August. July too is the great haying month. What a smell of rum there used to be all about in haying time when I was a boy! It was stronger than the smell of the hay itself, very often. We of that generation used to associ-

then! At last the blare of a trumpet! The Governor was coming, guarded by his terrible light-horse troop, protected too by his faithful band of mounted truckmen from Boston, sturdy men on massive steeds, in white frocks, all, a noble show of broad shoulders and stout arms.

Let those who will go into the old yellow meeting-house to hear the "parts" spoken; for us rather the gay festivities of the booths and the stands, where the sovereigns are enjoying their royal feast, as they have done since the time when they used to be ferried over the river and come round by Charlestown. Be-hold! Store of pork and beans; mountainous hams, thick-starred with cloves all over their powdery surface; the round of beef; the dainty chicken for the town ladies who sit fanning themselves on benches beneath the dingy sail-cloth awnings. Nor be forgotten the pie of various contents, the satisfying doughnut, nor the ginger-cake, hot in the mouth. The sad oyster, summoned untimely, for there is no *r* in August properly spelled, lies naked in the sunny saucer, waiting to be swooped up by indiscriminating rustics, to whom the salt-sea mollusk in his most demoralized condition is always the chiefest of luxuries. The confectioner is there with his brass scales, and Richard Gunn, — O my coevals, remnants of yourselves, do you remember Richard Gunn and his wonderful toys, with the inscription over them, awe-inspiring as that we recollect so well in the mighty Tuscan's poem?

"Look, but handle not!"

The fair plain, not then, as now, cut up into cattle-pens by the ugliest of known fences, swarmed with the joyous crowds. The ginger-beer carts rang their bells and popped their bottles, the fiddlers played Money Musk over and over and over, the sailors danced the double-shuffle, the gentlemen from the city capered in lusty jigs, the town ladies, even, took a part in the graceful exercise, the confectioners rattled red and white sugar-plums, long sticks of candy, sugar and burnt almonds into their brass scales, the wedges of pie were driven into splitting mouths, the mountains of ham were cut down as Fort Hill is being sliced to-day; the hungry feeders sat, still and concentrated, about the boards where the grosser viands were served, while the milk flowed from cracking cocoa-nuts, the fragrant muskmelons were cloven into new-moon crescents, and the great watermelons showed their cool pulps sparkling and roseate as the dewy fingers of Aurora. Then and there I saw my first tiger, also Joseph Ridley the fat boy, and a veritable Punch and Judy, whom I would willingly have stayed to see repeating their performances from morning to night.

It was the end of August, you remember, and the peaches were ripe, and the early apples and pears, and, chief among the fruits of the season, that bounteous one which a College poet thus celebrated in the year 1811: —

"The smaller melons go for each one's need,
The children have them, or they go to seed;
But this great melon waits Commencement day,
Mounts the tall cart, to Cambridge takes its way;
There, proud conclusion of its happy days,
A graduate's palate murmurs forth its praise."

So sung Edward Everett, Senior Sophister, aged seventeen.

The Common was not spacious enough for the multitude. The old churchyard was often invaded and its flat tombstones were taken possession of by small parties as tables for their banquets. The proud Vassal tablet was a favorite board for the revellers, and many a melon gaped and scattered its seeds over its brown freestone. Many a group feasted and laughed around the slab where the virtues of a deceased President were embodied in Latin which might have frightened the bravest Roman, but which threw away its terrors upon them.

Thus the summer used to die out in a blaze of glory for us, the boys of Cambridge, in the first quarter of this present century.

AUTUMN.

The saddest days of the year have not yet come, but the golden-rod and the aster have been long in bloom on the hill and in the wood and by the roadside. The birds have been already consulting about their departure for the South. The foliage has been losing its freshness through the month of August, and here and there a yellow leaf shows itself like the first gray hair amidst the locks of a beauty who has seen one season too many. The evenings have become decidedly cooler than those of midsummer. The whole temperature of the day begins to fall rapidly now, for September is about eight degrees cooler, on the average, than August, and four or five degrees cooler than June.

The year is getting to feel rich, for his golden fruits are ripening fast, and he has a large balance in the barns, which are his banks. The members of his family have found out that he is well to do in the world. September is dressing herself in showy dahlias and splendid marigolds and starry zinnias. October, the extravagant sister, has ordered an immense amount of the most gorgeous forest tapestry for her grand reception.

In the midst of their prosperity a blow falls on the family in the shape of the first frost. The earliest in thirty-two years, at Waltham, Massachusetts, was on the 7th of September; the latest day to which it was put off, the 18th of October. The morning-glories, the running vines, the tomato plants, the more succulent flowering annuals, feel the first frost, droop, shrivel, blacken, and are dead henceforth to the sweet morning sunshine and the cool evening dew. But the surviving plants put on no mourning, and the brilliant dresses which have been ordered must be worn. Something like this, it is said, has been occasionally seen in spheres of being higher than the vegetable circle.

About — this — time — that — is — all — along — until — it — comes — if — it — comes — at — all, (I speak after the manner of my good old friend The Farmer's Almanac,) look out for the storm called "The Equinoctial."

Do you know, dear reader, that I can remember the great September gale of 1815, as if it had blown yesterday? What do you think is really (independently of all imaginative poetical statements) the first image which presents itself to my recollection at this moment, connected with the September gale? Boys are boys, and apples are apples. I can see the large Rhode Island greenings, promise of many a coming banquet, strewed under the tree that used to stand in The Garden, — these are what I am really thinking of. They lie strewed about on the floor of my memory at this very instant of time, just as they lay beneath the tree on the 23d of September, 1815. It was an awful blow. Began from the east, got round to the southeast, at last to the south, — we have had heavy blows from that quarter since then, as you suggest with your natural pleasant smile. It tore great elms up by the roots in the Boston Mall, and in the row Mr. Paddock planted by the Granary Burial-ground. What was very suggestive, the English elms were the chief sufferers. The American ones, slenderer and more yielding, renewed the old experience of the willows by the side of the oaks.

The wind caught up the waters of the bay and of the river Charles, as mad shrews tear the hair from each other's heads. The salt spray was carried far inland, and left its crystals on the windows of farm-houses and villas. I have, besides more specific recollections, a general remaining impression of a mighty howling, roaring, banging, and crashing, with much running about, and loud screaming of orders for sudden taking in of all sail about the premises, and battenning down of everything that could flap or fly away. The top-railing of our old gambrel-roofed house could not be taken in, and it tried an aeronautic excursion, as I remember. Dreadful stories came in from scared

people that managed somehow to blow into harbor in our mansion. Barns had been unroofed, "chimbleys" overthrown, and there was an awful story of somebody taken up by the wind, and slammed against something with the effect of staving in his ribs, — fearful to think of! It was hard travelling that day. Professor Farrar tried with others to reach the river, but they were frequently driven back, and had to screen themselves behind fences and trees, or *tack* against the mighty blast, which drove them back like a powerful current of water.

Boston escaped the calamity of having a high tide in conjunction with the violence of the gale, but Providence was half drowned, the flood rising twelve or fourteen feet above high-water mark.

It is something to have seen or felt or heard the great September gale; I embalmed some of my fresher recollections of it in a copy of verses which some of my readers may have seen. I am afraid there is something of what we may call indulgently *negative veracity* in that youthful effusion. But the greenings are a genuine reminiscence, — there they are, lying all about on the floor of my memory, just as the day they were blown off. Time will never pick them up until he picks me up, still carrying with me the recollection of the Rhode Island greenings.

Two autumnal wonders have been much written about, and never yet reached, — the change of the forest leaves and the Indian summer. The beautiful colors of the leaves are often ascribed to the effects of frost, but it is well known that they show themselves before there has been any frost. Some have attributed them to the oxidation or acidification of the coloring matter, chlorophyl; but the reason why American woods should be so much more brilliant in the autumn than those of the Old World is not obvious.

The Virginia creeper is the first to change; after that follow the maples. Miss Cooper speaks of "yellow years" in distinction from those in which scarlet, crimson, pink, and dark red prevail. Some trees, she says, are red one year and yellow another. Many oaks and maples, sumachs, dogwood, the Virginia creeper, show different shades of red; other oaks and maples, elms, lindens, chestnuts, poplars, birches, beeches, their several special tints of yellow. I have seen maples that looked like yellow flames, and others that were incarnadined as if they had been dyed in blood. The sugar-maples of the Berkshire woods were not so brilliant as the soft maples of this neighborhood. One curious effect I have often noticed in the first half of October, namely, the dark patches and belts on the hillsides, where the deep green hemlocks showed amidst the pale and fading deciduous trees; a month earlier their masses of foliage run into each other without abrupt transition.

In October, or early in November, after the "equinoctial" storms, comes the Indian summer. It is the time to be in the woods or on the sea-shore, — a sweet season that should be given to lonely walks, to stumbling about in old churchyards, plucking on the way the aromatic silvery herb everlasting, and smelling at its dry flower until it etherizes the soul into aimless reveries outside of space and time. There is little need of trying to paint the still, warm, misty, dreamy Indian summer in words; there are many states that have no articulate vocabulary, and are only to be reproduced by music, and the mood this season produces is of that nature. By and by, when the white man is thoroughly Indianized (if he can bear the process), some native Haydn will perhaps turn the Indian summer into the loveliest andante of the new "Creation."

This is the season for old churchyards, as I was saying in the last paragraph. The Boston ones have been ruined by uprooting and transplanting the gravestones. But the old Cambridge burial-ground is yet inviolate; as are the one in the edge of Watertown, beyond Mount Auburn, and the most interesting in some respects

of all, that at Dorchester, where they show great stones laid on the early graves to keep the wolves from acting like hyenas. I make a pilgrimage to it from time to time to see that little Submit sleeps in peace, and read the tender lines that soothed the heart of the Pilgrim mother two hundred years ago and more: —

"Submit submitted to her heavenly king
Being a flower of that æternal spring,
Neare 3 yeares old she dyed in heaven to waite
The yeare was sixteen hundred 48."

Who are the unknown poets that write the epitaphs which sometimes startle us by their pathos or their force? Who wrote that on Martin Elginbrodde? I saw it first in one of George MacDonald's stories, but it is to be found in an Edinburgh churchyard, and in a little different form it is to be seen on a tombstone in Germany, as we are told in the Harvard Lyceum (1811), from which I quoted Mr. Everett's lines. If you have not read the epitaph, it may give you a sensation. Here is George MacDonald's version: —

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde,
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do, were I Lord God,
An' ye were Martin Elginbrodde."

"Eldenbrode" is the name as spelt on the Edinburgh tombstone. Mount Auburn wants a century to hallow it, but is beginning to soften with time a little. Many of us remember it as yet unbroken by the spade, before Miss Hannah Adams went and lay down there under the turf, *alone*, — "first tenant of Mount Auburn." The thunder-storms do not frighten the poor little woman now as they used to in those early days when I remember her among the living. There are many names of those whom we have loved and honored on the marbles of that fair cemetery. One of whom I know nothing has an epitaph which arrested me, — four words only: —

"She was so pleasant!"

If you are at the sea-shore during the lovely autumnal days, you feel it to be the season of all others to believe in the wonders and mysteries and superstitions of the ocean, to see the mermaid on the rocks by day, and the phantom ship on the wave by night, — to

"Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

O, if one could but see the SEA-SERPENT, just once, but perfectly plain, so as to tell of it all his days! Head up, as big as a horse's (a horse's mane, too, some say), seventy or a hundred feet long, body as large round as a half-barrel, — so thought Lonson Nash, Esquire, Justice of the Peace in Gloucester, Massachusetts, who saw it through a perspective-glass in the year 1817. You don't believe there is any such snake or sea beast? How do you know that it is not the old Zeuglodon, as some have thought? Are you prepared to affirm positively that it is not a kind of secondary enaliosaurian, or an elongated cetacean? A great naturalist thinks it may be one of those old tertiary monsters come to light again.

A little bewildering, the idea of those old fossilized animals having living descendants still about! What if one should shoot at an unknown flying creature and bring down, say a pterodactyl, — a bird-like reptile, with sixteen-feet spread of wings? Mr. Gosse argues for the existence of the sea-serpent. That is against the chance of there being such a living creature; for Mr. Gosse is the sage who maintains that fossil skeletons with food inside of them may be make-believes, that is, never alive at all, but made skeletons just as if they had once been breathing animals, — a thing incredible to be told of any sane man, if he had not put it in a book.

The Indian corn is ripe, beautiful from the day it sprung out of

the ground to the time of husking. First a little fountain of green blades, then a miniature sugar-cane, by and by lifting its stately spikes at the summit, alive with tremulous pendent anthers, then throwing out its green silken threads, each leading to the germ of a kernel, promise of the milky ear, at last offering the perfect product, so exquisitely enfolded by nature, outwardly in a coarse wrapper, then in substantial paper-like series of layers, then in a tissue as soft and dainty as a fairy's most intimate garment, and under this the white even rows, which are to harden into pearly, golden, or ruby grains, and be the food of half a continent.

"Comin' thro' the rye" is well, when the traveller meets good company; but comin' through the corn-field, where the stalks are eight or ten feet, nay, if a field of broom-corn, twelve or fifteen feet high, is like threading a trackless forest, and a meeting there is a real adventure. It is astonishing to see what substance there is to this wood of three or four months' growth. I was in the corn-field at Antietam on the Sunday after the great battle; and though some of the fiercest fighting was done there, the corn-stalks were left standing very generally, as if they had been trees.

The lighter grains have long been reaped and garnered; now harvest the yellow corn, tumble the great pumpkins, looking like oranges from Brobdingnag, into the wagons, and dig the potatoes. There is a mild excitement about potato-digging; every hill is a lottery, the size and number of its contents uncertain; and Nature's homely miracle, the multiplication of the five loaves, — for a potato is a loaf of unbaked bread, the real bread-fruit of the temperate climates, — is one of the most pleasing of her wonder-working performances.

As the air grows colder, the long wedges of geese flying south, with their "commodore" in advance, and *honking* as they fly, are seen high up in the heavens, where

Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark their distant flight to do them wrong.

These were noticed October 1st, 13th, 27th, in different years, and wild ducks October 10th. [Geese seen flying south this morning. Transcript, Sept. 9th, 1867.]

And now the clouds shake out their first loose snow-flakes, sometimes seen only in the air, and never whitening the ground at all, but dissolving before they reach it. The earliest date at which snow was seen at Waltham, in the course of thirty-two years, was on the 13th of October, in 1837; the latest date of the first snow, the 7th of December, in 1815. At Brunswick, Maine, snow fell on the 26th of September in the year 1808. [A few snow-flakes falling with rain. Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 30, 1867.]

The winding-sheet of summer is weaving in the roaring loom of the storm-clouds. The trees are being stripped of their garments; naked they came into the season, and naked they must go out of it. It is time to be getting ready for Thanksgiving.

Our honest Puritan festival is spreading, not, as formerly, as a kind of opposition Christmas, but as a welcome prelude and adjunct, a brief interval of good cheer and social rejoicing, heralding the longer season of feasting and rest from labor in the month that follows. Note the curious parallelism so often seen between New World ways and things and Old World ones. For the boar's head substitute the turkey. For the plum-pudding, the pumpkin-pie. For the Christmas-box, the contribution-box.

The services used to be longer on Thanksgiving day than any single one on an ordinary Sunday, but they were not *encored*, according to the custom of the weekly exercise. I think we boys bore them better than the stated dispensations. The sermon had a certain comforting, though subdued cheerfulness running through it, and the anthem and the handing round the contribution-boxes, took up a good deal of time. O that Thanksgiv-

ing anthem! We used to have a chorister who labored under various aerial obstructions, an exterminating warfare with which served as the ordinary overture to every musical performance. We also had a bass-viol, which used to indulge in certain rasping grunts and taurine bellowings, which had a marvellous effect in whetting the appetite for what was coming. These preliminary sounds got oddly mixed up with sacred music in my recollections, and especially as preludes to the great anthem. I wonder if Nathaniel Munroe has any sweeter notes in heaven than those delicate falsetto warblings that he used to charm us with, while he was with us here below!

If you ask my honest opinion, I will tell you I believe that many of us young reprobates, instead of following the good minister through his convincing proofs of the propriety of gratitude for the blessings of the year, were thinking boiled turkey and oyster-sauce, roast ditto with accompaniments, plum-puddings, pumpkin-pies, apples, oranges, almonds, and shagbarks. It seems a rather low valuation of our spiritual condition, perhaps; but remember that Thanksgiving comes only once a year, and sermons come twice a week.

What is left of autumn after Thanksgiving is like the goose from which breast and legs have been carved, — of which Zachary Porter, deceased, sometime landlord of the inn by the side of the road that leads to Menotomy, discoursed to us on that memorable evening when we founded the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," since known to many.

Thanksgiving is the winding up of autumn. The leaves are off the trees, except here and there on a beech or an oak; there is nothing left on the boughs but a few nuts and empty bird's-nests. The earth looks desolate, and it will be a comfort to have the snow on the ground, and to hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells.

"Sleigh-bells," "shagbarks," "pumpkin-pie." These belong to the New World vocabulary. It is a great misfortune to us of the more elderly sort, that we were bred to the constant use of words in English children's books, which were without meaning for us and only mystified us.

We were educated, you remember, (I am speaking to grand-papas now,) on Miss Edgeworth's "Frank" and "Parents' Assistant," on "Original Poems" and "Evenings at Home" and "Cheap Repository Tracts." There we found ourselves in a strange world, where James was called Jem, not *Jim*, as we always heard it; where a respectable but healthy young woman was spoken of as "a stout wench"; where boys played at *taw*, not marbles; where one found cowslips in the fields, while what we saw were buttercups; where naughty school-boys got through a gap in the hedge, to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's Baldwins; where Hodge used to go to the alehouse for his mug of beer, while we used to see old Joe steering for the grocery to get his glass of rum; where toffy and lollypop were the substitutes for molasses-candy and gibraltars; where poachers were pulled up before the squire for knocking down hares, while our country boys hunted (with guns) after rabbits, or set figgery-fours for them without fear of the constable; where birds were taken with a wonderful substance they called bird-lime; where boys studied in *forms*, and where there were fags, and ushers, and barrings-out; where there were shepherds, and gypsies, and tinkers, and orange-women, who sold *China* oranges out of barrows; where there were larks and nightingales, instead of yellow-birds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at the table, instead of a great fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush; where poor people lived in thatched cottages, instead of shingled ten-footers; where the tables were made of deal, where every village had its parson and clerk and beadle, its greengrocer,

its apothecary who visited the sick, and its bar-maid who served out ale.

What a mess, — there is no better word for it, — what a mess was made of it in our young minds in the attempt to reconcile what we read about with what we saw. It was like putting a picture of Regent's Park in one side of a stereoscope, and a picture of Boston Common on the other, and trying to make one of them. The end was that we all grew up with a mental squint which we could never get rid of. We saw the lark and the cow-slip and the rest on the printed page with one eye, — the bobolink and the buttercup and so on with the other in nature. This world is always a riddle to us at best, — for the answer see our next, — but those English children's books seemed so perfectly simple and natural, — as they were to English children, — and yet were so alien to our youthful experiences, that the Houyhnhnm primer could not have muddled our intellects more hopelessly.

But here comes Winter, savage as when he met the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Indian all over, his staff a naked splintery hemlock, his robe torn from the backs of bears and bison, and fringed with wampum of rattling icicles, turning the ground he treads to ringing iron, and, like a mighty sower, casting his snow far and wide, over all hills and valleys and plains.

WINTER.

It seems rather odd that Winter does not fairly begin until the sun has turned the corner, and is every day shining higher and higher, in fact, bringing summer to us as fast as he can. But the astronomical date corresponds with the popular belief as well as the meteorological record, "As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens." We do not commonly feel that Winter is thoroughly in earnest until after the Christmas holidays, which include the 1st of January. And inasmuch as on the 14th of February our thoughts are led, by the ingenious fiction of St. Valentine's day, to look forward henceforth to spring, which is at hand, we may say that the white pith, or marrow, of winter lies locked up in the six weeks between these two festivals.

It has been snowing all day and all night. Your cook cannot open the back door when the milkman comes, — two hours late, pulling his legs up at every step, as if he was lifting posts out of their holes.

In the course of the day you venture a mild remark to an oldish friend from the country, that a good deal of snow has fallen.

"Call this a deep snow, do y'?' Y' ought t' h' seen one o' them real old-fashioned snow-storms, sech as we uset t' hev wen I w'z a boy. Up t' th' secon'-story windahs, — don't hev no sech snow-storms now-a-days."

Something like the above has not improbably been heard from bucolic or other lips by some of my readers. The illusion is very common; perhaps they share it with their rural friend. It is an illusion. They were not so tall then as now, and to a child of three feet a five-foot drift is as high as a ten-foot one to a well-grown man. Of course, if you hunt the records back to the time of the settlement of the country, you will very probably find a mammoth snow-storm somewhere, and the chance manifestly is that the biggest of two hundred years and more will not have been in your time, but before it. In the year 1717 they did indeed have a real old-fashioned snow-storm, the ground covered from ten to twenty feet, houses quite buried, as Thoreau mentions that an Indian discovered a cottage beneath a drift, by the hole which the heat from the chimney had melted, — just as I remember it is told that Elizabeth Woodcock's breath (you recollect the story of her being buried a week under the snow) had melted a conical or funnel-like hole, leading from her mouth to the surface of the snow over her.

But only last winter (1866–67) we had what might be called a very respectable snow-storm; a drift reached to the window-sill of the second story of the house next to my old Cambridge birth-place. That will be an old-fashioned snow-storm for people in 1900. Nature is more uniform than we think; I am tempted to read the often quoted line,

"Tempora non mutantur, sed nos mutamur in illis."

Snow-storms used to be more dreaded in the country than in the city, but since we pile our edifices so high, the avalanches from the roofs are a perpetual source of danger and anxiety.

The average number of snowy days in a season is thirty, the extremes varying from nineteen to fifty, according to Professor Cleveland's record of fifty-two years, kept at Brunswick, Maine.

Here is a tabular view of the snow-storms in Boston for the last twenty-four years, taken from the "Transcript," and dated June 19th, 1867.

Years.	Number of Storms.	Depth of Snow.
1843–44	44	7 feet 7½ inches
1844–45	36	3 3
1845–46	27	3 7
1846–47	32	2 8
1847–48	27	2 1
1848–49	27	3 1
1849–50	33	2 11
1850–51	23	3 1
1851–52	38	6 8½
1852–53	20	3 2
1853–54	24	7 1½
1854–55	35	3 7½
1855–56	23	4 5
1856–57	32	6 2
1857–58	14	2 11
1858–59	23	4 ½
1859–60	24	3 2½
1860–61	34	6 6½
1861–62	35	5 1½
1862–63	25	4 7½
1863–64	26	2 5
1864–65	32	3 3½
1865–66	23	3 ½
1866–67	25	5 9½

The whole number of snow-storms in Boston for the past twenty-four years is six hundred and ninety-two; depth of snow during the same period, one hundred feet seven and three eighths inches.

The average number of snow-storms during the above period (twenty-four years) was a fraction less than twenty-nine; and the average depth of snow is about four feet and one half-inch.

And here is a record from the same paper of the snow of the past season in Boston.

"The first snow-storm was on the 23d day of November, 1866, at which period sufficient snow fell to make the ground white; and the succeeding ones were as follows: November 25, ground white; December 16, 3 inches; 17th, ½ inch; 20th, ¼ inch; 27th, 1 inch; and 31st, 3½ inches; January 1, 1867, 2 inches; 6th, 4 inches; 12th, ground white; 17th, 21 inches (toughest snow-storm experienced in Boston for many years); 21st, 6 inches; and 26th, ½ inch; February 4, ground white; 20th, 1½ inches; 21st, 4½ inches; and 23d, ½ inch; March 3d and 4th, 5 inches; 7th, 4 inches; 10th, ground white; 12th, little snow; 16th and 17th, 12 inches; April 24, little snow. Total number of storms, 25. Depth of snow, 5 feet 9½ inches.

Next in interest to the snow-storm come the "cold snap" and the "January thaw." Mr. Meriam, the weather-wise man of Brooklyn, has attempted to show that the cold snaps, as we commonly call them, are governed by a law which he explains as follows. A circle representing three hundred and sixty hours is divided into eight parts of forty-five degrees each. The cold

"cycle," as he calls it, may last through one or two or more of these divisions, that is, forty-five hours, or ninety, or a hundred and thirty-five, and so on up to three hundred and fifteen hours, or three hundred and sixty. He finds an average of between five and six of these cold cycles in a winter. Whether this is fanciful or not, these paroxysms of cold alternating with milder temperatures are familiar facts.

February 8, 1861, is said to have been the coldest day in this region for thirty-seven years. The thermometer fell to from 12° to 20° below zero in Boston, and from 22° to 30° in the neighboring towns. Disagreeable surprises are common when the temperature is of this quality, or approaches it. I met a young lady one very cold day a winter or two ago, who looked blooming, except that a snow-white *stripe* ran directly down from the centre of the tip of her nose between the nostrils, to the upper lip. She was beginning to freeze along the middle line of the face, where the blood-vessels are smallest. You may know it is a cold day when you see people clapping their hands to their ears, and hoisting their shoulders and running. I see them on the long West Boston Bridge every winter from my warm home in Charles Street, Boston, — I am afraid with that wicked pleasure Lucretius speaks of.

The "January thaw" brings the avalanches mentioned above, the discomfiture of sleighing parties, the destruction of skating, horrible streets, odious with the accumulations which the melting snow uncovers, and a corresponding demoralization of the human race. Then comes the cold day, with the slippery sidewalks, and broken arms and legs, or at least constant anxiety to avoid getting them, so that between the snow-slides from the roofs and the danger of tumbling, there is no peace in walking during a good part of the winter. One cannot think his own thoughts, while he has to keep looking up, ready to jump, or looking down ready to save himself, and all the while his eyes aching with the glare of the snow.

The official seal of winter, as before said, is the closing of the Hudson River. In 1798 it closed on the 23d of November; in 1790 and in 1802 not until the 3d of February. These were the earliest and latest dates in a record of more than fifty years. The closure happened in December forty-five times, in November eight times, in February twice. Until the seal of winter is broken, the movements of life are all, as it were, under protest, and only in virtue of artificial conditions, — close shelter, thick clothing, household fires. Between the last dandelion and violet, — they have been found in December, — and the first spring blossom which lifts the snow in its calyx, there is a frozen *interregnum* in the vegetable world, save for the life-in-death of the solemn evergreens, the pines and firs and spruces. Yet there is a proper winter life which defies the snow and the cold.

In the animal world there is always something stirring. A considerable number of birds are permanent residents with us. Mr. Cabot mentions the crow, the blue-jay, the chickadee, the partridge, and the quail, and perhaps some hawks and owls. The gulls are well-known winter residents to all of us who live near the mouth of the Charles. Some blue-birds and robins linger with us through the winter, and the snow-bird and snow-bunting, the sparrow, the wren, the nuthatch, and the crossbill, are more or less frequent visitors.

Those who have young orchards know too well that mice will gnaw them under cover of the winter snow. Squirrels and foxes, the large and smaller hares which we call rabbits, the mink, and the musquash are awake and active through the winter.

All these manage to live through the desperate cold and the famine-breeding snow; *how*, let Mr. Emerson's "Titmouse" — as charming a bird as has talked since the days of *Æsop* — tell us from his experience: —

"For well the soul, if stout within,
Can arm impregnably the skin;
And polar frost my frame defied,
Made of the air that blows outside."

The moral of the poem is as heroic as the verse is exquisite; but we must not forget the non-conducting quality of fur and feathers, and remember if we are at all delicate, to go

"Wrapped in our virtue, and a good surtout,"

by way of additional security. Even Thoreau recognizes the necessity of clothing and a shelter for the human being in this climate, though he says, as if to show that the last is of the nature of a luxury, "There are instances of men having done without it for long periods, in colder countries than this."

The most rudimentary form of shelter is the screen the fisherman puts up on the ice to keep off the wind. A wall without a roof to keep off the winter's blast, — a roof without a wall to shield from the summer sun; here are the beginnings of domestic architecture.

Those screens of sail-cloth fastened to two poles, which I see every winter from my parlor windows, recall the old delight of boyish days, in fishing through the ice. It was not sport of a lofty order, but it had a pleasure in it for unsophisticated youth, to whom the trout was an unknown animal, and the fly a curious thing to read about in "The Complete Angler." This is, or was, the order of winter fishing.

Your tackle shall be a heavy sinker, with a wire running through it, with a hook suspended to each end of the wire. The end of your line shall be fastened to one end of a half-parenthesis of wooden hoop), the other being thrust into a hole just at the edge of the opening in the ice through which you fish. Your bait is a most ill-flavored, flat, fringed, naked worm, dug out of the mud of the river-bank.

Plump go sinker and baited hooks through the oblong square opening, down, down, until the line hangs straight from the end of the curved elastic hoop. Presently bob goes the hoop, — bob, — bob, — bob, — bob-b-b-b-b! Pull up, pull up! Oo! Oo! how cold!

There is your prize, a tomcod, or *Tomcodus*, as Cuvier has it; and a meaner little fish never rewarded an angler. Two thousand bushels of them used to be taken annually at Watertown, — in nets, of course, — and sold to the wretched inhabitants of the neighboring city.

Try once more. Ah! there you have a couple of smelts on your hooks. That will do, — the smelt is a gentleman's fish; the other is of ignoble style and destiny. I cannot make this river fishing as poetical as Thoreau has made pickerel fishing on Walden, yet it is not without its attractions. The crunching of the ice at the edges of the river as the tide rises and falls, the little cluster of tent-like screens on the frozen desert, the excitement of watching the springy hoops, the mystery of drawing up life from silent unseen depths, and the rivalry with neighboring fishermen, are pleasant recollections enough to account for the pains taken often with small result. But fishing is an emotional and not a commercial employment. There is our West Boston Bridge, which I rake with my opera-glass from my window, which I have been in the habit of crossing since the time when the tall masts of schooners and sloops at the Cambridge end of it used to frighten me, being a very little child. Year after year the boys and the men, black and white, may be seen fishing over its rails, as hopefully as if the river were full of salmon. At certain seasons there will be now and then captured a youthful and inexperienced codfish, always, so far as I have observed, of quite trivial dimensions. The fame of the exploit has no sooner gone abroad, than the enthusiasts of the art come flocking down to the river and cast their lines in side by side, until they look like a

row of harp-strings for number. That a codfish is once in a while caught I have asserted to be a fact; but I have often watched the anglers, and do not remember ever seeing one drawn from the water, or even any unequivocal symptom of a bite. The spiny sculpin and the flabby, muddy flounder are the common rewards of the angler's toil. Do you happen to know these fish?

With all its inconveniences, winter is a cheerful season to people who are in comfortable circumstances and have open fireplaces. A house without these is like a face without eyes, and that never smiles. I have seen respectability and amiability grouped over the air-tight stove; I have seen virtue and intelligence hovering over the register; but I have never seen true happiness in a family circle where the faces were not illuminated by the blaze of an open fireplace.

In one of those English children's books which we used to read was a pleasant story which, next to "Eyes and No Eyes," I remember with most gratitude of all those that carried a moral with them. The boy of whom it tells is discovered sporting among the daisies and cowslips and lambkins. He takes out his *tablets* (why didn't American boys carry tablets? why didn't I have tablets?) and writes, "O that it were always Spring!" By and by enters luxurious Summer with her full-blown glories, and out come the precious tablets again to receive the inscription, "O that it were always Summer!" The harvest moon shines at length, bringing with it the ripe fulness of the year, including the fruits of the orchard and garden; which so pleases the young gentleman with the tablets, that he writes once more, "O that it were always Autumn!" And at last, when the ice is thick enough to slide upon, and there is snow enough to make a snow-ball, and the cold has made him ruddy and lively, this forgetful young person lugs out his tablets for the fourth time and writes thereon, "O that it were always Winter!"

I am sure I got a healthy optimism out of that story which has lasted me to this day. But for grown people there is nothing that makes the seasons and the year so interesting as to watch and especially to keep record of the changes by which Nature marks the ebb and flow of the great ocean of sunshine which overspreads the earth. I have thrown together a few discursive hints; but if you wish to go a little further, read White of Selborne, the pattern of local observers; follow Miss Cooper in her most interesting walks from March to February; squat with Thoreau in his hovel by the side of Walden; ramble with keen-eyed Mr. Higginson among the flowers of April; listen to Mr. Cabot's admirably told story of "Our Birds and their Ways"; enjoy the enthusiastic descriptions of Mr. John Burroughs expatiating among the songsters, and marvel at Mr. Wilson Flagg's rendering of their notes in musical characters, — the last four writers all to be found in the Atlantic Monthly. Search through the thirty-two volumes of the American Almanac, for records of the flowering of trees, — taking care not to overlook Professor Lovering's learned article on Meteorology in the thirty-second volume (for 1861). Unearth the contribution of Dr. Bigelow, and the meteorological tables of Dr. Holyoke, buried in the quartos of the American Academy, and get Professor Cleveland's weather-history of fifty-two years, published by the Smithsonian Institution. And do not neglect to seek out the Reports of the Regents of the University of New York, full of detailed accounts of the seasons in different parts of that State through a long series of years. If you would institute comparisons with Europe, you can begin with Quetelet's series of observations on the leafing and flowering of plants in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Belgium. By the time you have ransacked these books, you will have got on the track of

others, and will have learned that here is room for a most fascinating labor in a branch of knowledge that comes home to our every-day life, — the construction of a *natural calendar* for different latitudes, which shall be to our common almanac columns of months what the natural system of Jussieu is to the artificial arrangement of Linnæus.

And so, my fellow-spectator at the great show of the Four Seasons, I wish you a pleasant seat through the performances, and that you may see as many repetitions of the same as it is good for you to witness, which I doubt not will be arranged for you by the Manager of the Exhibition. After a time you will notice that the light fatigues the eyes, so that by degrees they grow dim, and the ear becomes a little dull to the music, and possibly you may find yourself somewhat weary, — for many of the seats are very far from being well cushioned, and not a few find their bones aching after they have seen the white drop-curtain lifted and let down a certain number of times. There are no checks given you as you pass out, by which you can return to the place you have left. But we are told that there is another exhibition to follow, in which the scenery will be far lovelier, and the music infinitely sweeter, and to which will be asked many who have sat on the hard benches, and a few who have been in the gilded boxes at this preliminary show. Dear reader, who hast followed me so graciously through this poor programme of the fleeting performance, I thank thee for thy courtesy, and let me venture to hope that we shall both be admitted to that better entertainment, and that thou and I may be seated not far from each other!

ALL SEASONS BLESSED.

BY ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THE village lies in mist; the rounding hills
Are nowhere seen; the rime lies white along
The fields; and on the gable robin trills
His lone late autumn song.

The trees droop in the fog, their dank leaves fall
Sheer down, like dreaming stones that make no sound;
The unseen mill and far-off trains seem all
Beat, beating under ground.

The life of summer has gone out; but, lo!
Each season takes the heart: to-day we miss
The balmy sunshine, lightly let it go,
And turn to fireside bliss.

THE VARYING YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curled,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

JANUARY.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.	TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	SAN FRAN.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.		
1	1	Wd.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
2	2	Th.	29	39	25	44	19	50	5 52	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	Circumcision.	
3	3	Fri.	29	40	25	45	19	51	6 38	13	13	11	17	☾ FIRST QUARTER, 10:54 P.M.	1st.
4	4	Sat.	29	41	25	45	19	51	7 27	1 16	1 15	1 13	1 18	Venus rises, 9:3 A.M.; sets, 6:33 P.M.	Portland,
5	5	S.	29	42	25	46	19	52	8 20	2 20	2 19	2 16	2 22	Jupiter sets, 8:55 P.M.	3:17.
6	6	Mo.	29	43	25	47	19	53	9 16	3 29	3 27	3 23	3 28	Second Sunday after Christmas.	Boston,
7	7	Tu.	29	44	24	48	19	54	10 16	4 33	4 30	4 26	4 35	Epiphany.	3:46.
8	8	Wd.	29	45	24	49	19	55	11 19	rises	rises	rises	rises	Saturn rises, 4 A.M.	New York,
9	9	Th.	29	46	24	50	19	56	morn.	4 49	4 57	5 2	5 12	Mars rises, 5:31 A.M.; sets, 4:35 P.M.	0:15.
10	10	Fri.	29	47	24	51	19	57	22 6	3 6	6 6	6 11	6 20	☉ FULL MOON, 5:45 P.M.	Old Pt. Com.
11	11	Sat.	28	48	24	52	18	58	1 24	7 18	7 21	7 24	7 33		0:42.
12	12	S.	28	49	24	53	18	59	2 23	8 28	8 31	8 33	8 43	First Sunday after Epiphany.	San Francis.
13	13	Mo.	28	50	23	54	18	50	3 18	9 40	9 42	9 43	9 51		4:52.
14	14	Tu.	28	51	23	55	18	1	4 11	10 49	10 49	10 49	10 55		
15	15	Wd.	28	52	23	56	18	2	5 1	11 53	11 53	11 52	11 59	☾ LAST QUARTER, 11:55 A.M.	
16	16	Th.	26	54	22	58	17	3	5 49	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.		
17	17	Fri.	26	55	22	59	17	4	6 36	57	56	54	54	☾ ☽ ☽	15th.
18	18	Sat.	26	56	22	50	17	5	7 22	1 55	1 54	1 51	1 57	☽ ☽ ☽	Portland,
19	19	S.	25	57	21	1	16	6	8 9	2 55	2 53	2 49	2 54	Second Sunday after Epiphany.	3:32
20	20	Mo.	24	58	20	2	16	7	8 56	3 51	3 49	3 44	3 47		Boston,
21	21	Tu.	23	59	19	3	15	8	9 44	4 45	4 42	4 37	4 40		3:10.
22	22	Wd.	23	51	19	5	15	9	10 32	5 35	5 32	5 27	5 29	☽ ☽ ☽	New York,
23	23	Th.	22	2	18	6	14	10	11 19	6 18	6 16	6 13	6 16		0:29.
24	24	Fri.	21	3	17	7	13	11	ev. 6	sets	sets	sets	sets	☉ NEW MOON, 2:10 P.M.	Old Pt. Com.
25	25	Sat.	20	4	16	8	12	12	12 52	6 9	6 12	6 16	6 24	Conversion of St. Paul.	0:56.
26	26	S.	20	5	16	10	12	14	1 37	7 6	7 9	7 11	7 19	Third Sunday after Epiphany.	San Francis.
27	27	Mo.	19	6	15	11	11	15	2 21	8 4	8 6	8 8	8 14	Occult. of Jupiter, 3:30 P.M.	4:56.
28	28	Tu.	18	7	14	12	10	16	3 5	9 3	9 4	9 4	9 12		
29	29	Wd.	17	8	13	13	7	17	3 49	10 2	10 3	10 3	10 10		
30	30	Th.	16	10	12	15	8	19	4 34	11 4	11 4	11 3	10 59	☽ ☽ ☽	
31	31	Fri.	7 15	5 12	7 12	5 16	7 8	5 20	5 21	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.		

A TALK ABOUT THE YEAR.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

WINTER TALK.

I DON'T think I ever chanced to see the picture of a city lamp-post in an Almanac, or of an omnibus, or street corner, or the portrait of an alderman, — outside of Punch. The book of all other books which makes us count our time, and change our dates, and reckon the seasons, — I mean the Almanac, — gives us flight into the country. Who cares when the moon quarters in the city, or when the sun rises, or when the tide falls? We want open fields to get good sight of an eclipse; a comet is but half a comet, seen from a city sidewalk; and as for the good old stretchy predictions, "Expect — rain — about — this time," which used to be sliced into the calendars, they never would have had any interest for a man who could call a cab at the next corner, or who had no cabbages to plant. The reading of court calendars, and prices current, and election records, carries us straightway into the atmosphere of cities, and calls up the close smells of conventions and of exchanges; but a record of the seasons, and a calendar of the months, measured, as they are, by the uprising and the down-setting of the sun and of the moon, somehow makes us yearn countryward. The Almanac demands an horizon; and what horizon is possible to a man pitted under the slanting roofs of a city? The sound of the marching of the years is heard never so distinctly as when we have an ear upon the turf. It is hardly possible to call the roll of the months, without calling the roll of the fruits and of the roses. The Almanac-makers could hardly do other than wed their pages with ruralities, — flinging an arabesque of flowers over the tale of the spring and of the summer, and bordering their winter calendar with the wonderful snowy cornices which the winds fashion along the edges of the hills.

All the pretty legends of soft winters in the tropics, and of oranges in January, — however true they may be on the warm bights of the Florida shores, or by Pontchartrain, — will never make us forego that old association of snow and rime and icicles with winter. Even the English ruralists, whose practical knowledge of snow-storms is limited to the feathery wonders of a day, cannot abjure the grand sights which roofs laden with snow will throw into their pictures of winter. The mistletoe and the holly of the poets of the holidays are never so green, and never so glowing with crimson, as when they shine against a background of wintry white. I suppose that Thomson (of "The Seasons"), being a Scotchman, may have seen a good many sharp flurries of snow, and possibly may have assisted at the digging out of buried flocks on a wintry morning, after a great night of storm, under some lee of the Cheviot hills; but it is certain that the story of such work is to most of Southern readers of the poet only a snowy legend.

Still more apocryphal, apparently, is the frosty selvage with which Horace, again and again, edges his songs or odes; but though we think of Italy as a land of summer and sunshine, these descriptive dashes of the poet who rusticated amid the Sabine hills are true to the occasional wintry phenomena of that region to-day. The Albanian hills have their exceptional cloakings of white, and Soracte lifts over the horizon "like a snowheap." I can recall vividly a day some ten years gone by, when the deep snows over all the flat lands which lie about Padua so encumbered the roads that no diligence would venture out. What a dull January day it was, to be sure! The peasants slumping in through the freezing slough; the long-horned cattle treading with curious reluctance through the strange white mire; the thinly clad street people rubbing their hands with true Italian

significance, and declaring it "a miracle, — *sicuro!*" The weak blaze in the yawning fireplace, whipping out great clouds of smoke; the great roof of the great hall of Padua all streaming with the unaccustomed drip; the marble palace of a *café* all a-stream with soaked feet, — I would have given the best book in my luggage for a fresh reading about Shylock and Portia that day; but there was no Shakespeare in the market.

Amid all the discomfort, however, of such January weather, the peasants wore pleased and hopeful faces, and quoted their proverb, *Multa neve, multo pane*, — "Much snow, much bread." If the benefit arising from the infrequent and fleeting snows of Italy can have given rise to this proverb of the South, how much more reason have we of Northern latitudes to bless such a tender protection of the grain roots! Nor is it protection of the grain only; we, just now, in this summer of 1867, are rejoicing in a luxuriance of grass and pasture that we have not known for many a year, and we are attributing it all to the season of abundant rains; but I think more than half of the overplus might be safely credited to that persistent covering of snow which through the last winter kept the grass roots warm, and gave an accumulated vigor to support the growth of the summer. The chemists tell us, moreover, (if I do not mistake,) that snow-water carries with it a larger proportion of ammonia than an equal weight of rain, by which it would seem that these feathery white clouds of snow sweep down from the atmosphere a great amount of available nitrogen which would else be lost; and it is certain that what gifts they do bring in this way they keep nestling close to the little rootlets which so crave it, and so riot under supply.

Let no man then sneer at the snow. It kills only where rash adventurers intrude upon its storehouses, — as on the slopes of the Swiss mountains. It warms and cherishes and fertilizes (in its quiet way) we know not how many acres of grain land and sward land. Its crystals are all jewels, so rare that the handling wastes them; its bulk so vast as to make the sources of rivers; its tint so pure that the artists despair of it; its fall so gentle that the grass bends not, and yet is buried. Let me commend as a topic for a country clergyman in winter that text of Job, "*Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?*"

There is an old artistic tradition which puts the month of January in the guise of a young babe (typical of the New Year of course), making a bold front of it, and not — like Shakespeare's babe —

"Mewling, and —"

to the great discomfort of the nurse. For my own part, I can never think of January as a babe, whether methodical in its habits, or the contrary, but rather as a fine old gentleman with frosted beard, who has seen his best days, and is content to take his ease by his own chimney-corner. And if I were to symbolize February, it should be as a decorous, white-haired, venerable lady, — something shorter than January, — who is not over-clamorous for rights, but yet has her storms, and who is most effective when most serene; as for March, she should be some shrew of a maid, following up the old people with a tremendous clatter of brooms and great clouds of dust.

Everybody supposes that these three opening months of the year are hard ones to struggle with in the country (where the Almanacs, as I have said, always invite us). But let us test the matter in the most prosaic way in the world, — by actual summing up of their chills and cares and opportunities.

Paterfamilias, bestirring himself at sunrise, scratches a hole through the frost-work upon the window, and looks out. There is a world of snow upon the lawn, and upon the fir-boughs, and upon the rooftops of every gateway and arbor; even the twigs of the maples carry their narrow burden, and the rosy light of the new-risen sun puts the whole scene aglow. No thought obtrudes

of delayed and over-crowded horse-cars, of weary tramp over neglected sidewalks. Already the pet Alderney has broken her path to the spring in the meadow, and the twin calves are snuffing and pawing at the strange spectacle of the snow. The doves are alight upon the stones at the edge of the fountain, and are cooing and billing in the low-slanted sunlight, as if the whole white covering of ground and tree were only a bridal decoration. Upon some bit of high-road, gleaming through under the loaded trees, there is a long trail of oxen, coiling down the hills; a half-dozen stalwart neighbors, each with his team and his goad, are breaking the path and breaking the silence with a muffled murmur of speech and laughter. Pat, too, near by, is shovelling briskly at the footways, and a lorn sparrow or two, catching sight of the welcome gravel, come twittering to their old forage ground.

There is a gay clamor of young voices, and a half-distinguishable odor of steaming dishes, as if breakfast were nigh; not a strong odor, but just enough to carry a little flavor of hospitality in it, and a quickening of the morning appetite. This latter is sharpened too, very likely, by the slightest possible chilliness of the chamber atmosphere. I could never fancy those country houses where the temperature above and below is kept up to full city figures, so that a hot sameness is round the occupant, into whatever room he may wander. A little smack of frostiness in the air, that puts a healthy tingle in a man's nose and cheeks before toilet is done, seems to me a very capital appetizer, and a great preparative for enjoyment of the keen blaze that shall presently greet the master, flashing out over hearth and rug and faces. I love to think of our country gentleman marching up to his fireside of a winter's morning, and chafing his hands—almost in the blaze, as if it were a Heaven's blessing. I can't think of his entertaining any such gratitude for a patent steam-heater, that has kept his blood in a sort of tropical lethargy all the night and all the morning. Of course such labor-saving, underground contrivances will be adopted; but why work them up to the city scale of the seventies and the eighties? Why not keep them to the honest, healthful range of a good May-day morning,—in such sort that the children may carry roses in their cheeks, and the blaze of a breakfast fire be counted a godsend? A practical word I want to drop here, in regard to those wood fires; you think they must be of seasoned hickory, or that all counts for nothing. It is a grand mistake. If your wood be of oak, or basswood, or poplar, or of apple-tree (for old orchards are coming down in these days), by all means have it well seasoned. But if of hickory, or black-birch, or white-ash, or rock-maple, you may get as cheery a flame out of the green wood as out of the dry, and will beside enjoy something of the aroma of its freshness. I speak of the fire, of course, after it is fairly ablaze. The kindling process must have proper kindling material.

The winter's breakfast in the country being done, what then? I naturally suppose there may be another fire sputtering and flashing on some library hearth, whereat a quiet pipe is not absolutely tabooed, and I am certain that the blaze and the broad-mouthed chimney will together whisk away the wreaths of smoke as fast as they are formed.

The morning paper is necessarily a thing foregone; it may be eleven, under the snowy time of the year, before the day's budget of news shall be opened; but what shall we say to a page or two out of some convenient and manageable and dainty volume of *Pickwick*,—bringing to the hearth the hospitalities of Dingley Dell, and the tender humanities of the stout man in gaiters? Will not this, possibly, be as good an aid to digestion, whether of breakfast, or of any moral purpose suffering entertainment, as any morning paper of them all?

Then what good, square, quiet working-hours affront one in

the country, with breakfast (and pipe) done, and the sun streaming into the south windows, and the fire leaping on the hearth! Or if no hard work is in hand, 't is only a longer dalliance with the loves of Mr. Tupman, a little lingering at the *fête* of Mrs. Leo Hunter, a fingering of the freshly-cut magazines, and tender conversation with the flowers that are blossoming in the window. The bulbs must have their water changed; the mosses a fresh sprinkling; and some radiant purple *Cyclamen* must have its dead bloom plucked away.

Or, there is some pet Alderney to be visited, who is near her time, or some bevy of Southdowns; or, a tramp in high water-proof boots to some corner of the woodland, where a clearing is to be made, and where a half-hour's swing of a cleverly hung axe will set all the blood astir, and more than equal a draught of the best bitters upon the market.

A little later, Jack, a stout cob, is harnessed to the "cutter," and one may whisk away to town,—not one of the metropolitan centres, maybe; but in the days of telegraphing who cares for centres? The budget of letters and of papers, with which the dinner-table is presently overspread, makes home the centre. There is all the news without its jostling and its uproar. Even the worst stories, by reason of intervening space and time, will be winnowed of their harshness; the master may read of political schemings with the same trustfulness with which better-informed men would read of schemes of benevolence. Could anything speak more strongly for rural innocence?

If there be letters, there is abundant time for reply; two hours or more for work, in door or out, if hard work is in hand; abundant time too, before candle-lighting, for a new drive to town, in the which certain little ones—their school-hours being over—can put new roses in their cheeks, and laugh away the frostiness of the winter's twilight. Between fire-light and lamp-light, the country twilight vanishes, and the winter night begins.

"Long?"

Yes, long; three, four, five hours with (maybe) no visitor from without.

"Dull?"

As you count dullness; but with a good book and a good blaze at one's side, it would seem easy to keep dullness under; even if there be dullness in the book in hand, the fire-light makes one a kindly critic. The slightest touches of humor grow broad, and dimple out into great pools of mirthfulness, if the reader can but keep his feet warm at a good blaze. Then there are books which seem to belong to the season of evening firesides in winter, which take their best coloring under such a light, and the big-hearted men and women of their pages step out of their wordy enthrallment, and sit with us in the fire-light. Shall I name them, and turn the *Almanac* into a catalogue? It is better that each reader should find them for himself,—the books that make him the kindlier, that give image and fulness to his humanities of speech or action; old books, many of them, of which he first stole the reading under cover of the lid of his school-room desk; books he hid under his pillow at night; books whose story twined with his dreams.

The youngsters too, through those first hours of evening, are busy with their games, or with "*Eton Montem*" and "*Lazy Lawrence*," or the mechanic of the little crew is plotting a new hutch for the rabbits, which are reported to be outgrowing utterly the old quarters. To-morrow there will be a plan for another dove-cote, where a new couplet of the fantails is under report, since yesterday.

What if little jokelets run round the board ('t is a generous table where "our young folks" are grouped): Who has given away that first-blooming primrose in the window, and to whom? Who lost their locket at that last sleigh-drive, and who found it?



ROBETT AND HOOPER. - IMP. N. Y.

WINTER

Up to a certain point the little creatures, Mag and Jim and Harry, will take the jokelets kindly, with a just perceptible tinge of red (not from the fire-light) running over their fair faces; but if the matter be pressed uncannily or stoutly, there comes a crimson shadow, and a shiver, and, maybe, a great fresh burst of tears.

Well, well, 't is to be hoped no more grievous tears will ever come,—only a May shower, that May-flowers will be sure to follow.

Possibly—though staid neighbors might shake their heads—there is a little side-table drawn out, and four oldish ones, grouping themselves thereat by a kind of free-masonry, set their wits to a good old-fashioned rubber of whist,—according to Mrs. Battle (whose record is on the shelf in Lamb).

Not so dull after all; and a half-moon, shining full upon the snow, doesn't decoy to a drive to town. Nine—ten—eleven—the little ones all drifted away; the last rubber ended; the hearth all white and red; the moon still shining on the snow; to-morrow, the bulbs which have been making roots in the dark must be potted, and the *Beurre d'Anjou* grafts looked after, and Daisy's calf. A half-hour before midnight, and the frost we brushed away from the window-pane in the morning is all alive again, shot and reshot in marvellous white crystals. My lady's lace in the city is not prettier; my lady's lace in the city is not purer.

There are storms in February,—fierce, mad, driving storms; let them patter and beat and roar; the fresh-cleft hickory or birch, all aflame, will roar them back again. I think a man never feels his proprietorship of house or home more bravely or more boastfully than when, with a good fire leaping on his hearth, he looks out upon roads all turned to rivers, and the sky covered with a maze of dripping and pouring gray.

But St. Swithin (whatever may be his dim history) yields at last to St. Valentine, most rollicksome and piquant of saints. Have we watched the stationery latterly to see what wonderful arabesque borders have grown upon the note-paper? Have any pair of little fingers been practising upon doves a-cooing?

Well, let us say no harm of St. Valentine; a weak saint, no doubt, but kindly disposed, and with a smack of mirth in his saintship. We lift our hat to him, and turn to our cucumber pits.

Whoever wishes good cucumbers in the early spring must see to their planting in February. The early frame or Russian, I should say, for seed; and let no one be misled by the books into trusting to the heat of an exhausted salad pit. I have yet to learn of a crop, whether of field or forcing house, which will do its best in the trail of another crop, without fresh treatment and appliances. Least of all is a good crisp cucumber an exception.

The ordinary salads for Easter day should be coming forward now,—chiefest among them that rare one, the *French Romaine*, a *congener* of the Coss lettuces which we know by the British catalogues, but more delicate and varied than they. The Parisian gardeners (without the *Banlieu*) count some fifteen varieties; and, well grown and well bleached, an adroit person can break the leaves of either by a tap of the finger. It is a pleasure to *fatigue* such a salad in March; its crispness is a last reminder of the icicles.

Before we know it, the bees are out, languid in the sunny weather,—such sunny weather as the harridan March vouchsafes,—about the clustering purple blossoms of the *Mezereon*, the first floral venturer of the year. It is a pretty shrub, and cherished by reason of its earliness; but its poisonous berries must be plucked away betimes, lest they tempt the little ones by their brilliant color.

Following fast upon the purple of the *Mezereon* come the

woolly tufts of the wild swamp-willow,—whose downy bud is more graceful and winning than its blossom. And then—two soft sunny days only intervening—there is a rush over the doorstep, and a hurried tale that a white anemone has come to light in the corner of the wood. Even before the remnant of the snows is wholly gone, this little tender messenger of the flower world peeps from the woodland. It is greeted with a loud and ringing huzza, and the huzza is a signal to pull down the flag of Winter, and run up to the mast-head the little pennant of Spring.



JANUARY.

BY ALICE CARY.

WHEN Winter sends
The frost to make his rude alarms,
The frozen dove doth leave her mate,
And, wintering in my love's white arms,
Doth for her melancholy fate
Find fair amends.

When winds unblest,
Blow down the chimney night by night,
And all the heavy ashes stir,
And from his song the cricket fright,
They do not dare to come to her,
In her warm nest.

When from the skies
The lady-moon goes in white grace,
(No matter in what sacred nook
My love be hid,) she finds the place,
And leaves a tender, piteous look
In her dear eyes.

When snow-drifts drive,
And all the other flowers expire,
Or beds of quiet slumber seek,
The red rose maketh up a fire
Upon my modest darling's cheek,
And there doth live.

From the illustrated edition of "*The Lover's Diary*,"
published by Ticknor and Fields.

FEBRUARY.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.	TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
32	1	Sat.	7 14	5 13	7 12	5 16	7 7	5 21	eve.	morn.	12 5	12 2	12 7	D FIRST QUARTER, 1: 7 P.M.	1st. Portland, 4: 21. Boston, 4: 33. New York, 1: 13. Old Pt. Com. 1: 44. San Francis. 5: 19
33	2	S.	13	14	11	17	6	22	7 3	1 11	1 8	1 6	1 11	Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.	
34	3	Mo.	12	15	10	18	5	23	7 59	2 19	2 17	2 13	2 18	Venus sets, 7: 53 P.M.	
35	4	Tu.	11	17	8	20	4	24	8 58	3 21	3 21	3 14	3 22		
36	5	Wd.	10	18	7	21	3	25	9 59	4 26	4 23	4 18	4 26	Mars rises, 6: 43 A.M. ☿ ☿ ☿	15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
37	6	Th.	9	19	6	22	2	26	11 1	5 28	5 25	5 20	5 27		
38	7	Fri.	8	20	5	23	1	27	morn.	rises	rises	rises	rises	☉ FULL MOON, 4: 27 A.M.	
39	8	Sat.	6	22	4	24	0	28	2	6 0	6 3	6 6	6 15	Septuagesima Sunday.	
40	9	S.	5	23	2	26	6 58	30	1 0	7 14	7 16	7 18	7 23		15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
41	10	Mo.	4	24	1	27	57	31	1 56	8 27	8 28	8 28	8 36		
42	11	Tu.	2	26	0	28	56	32	2 49	9 34	9 34	9 34	9 43		
43	12	Wd.	1	27	6 59	29	55	33	3 40	10 42	10 41	10 37	10 44	Jupiter sets, 7: 10 P.M.	
44	13	Th.	0	28	58	30	54	34	4 29	11 43	11 41	11 39	11 46		15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
45	14	Fri.	6 58	30	56	32	53	35	5 17	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	15th ☿ ☿ ☿	
46	15	Sat.	57	31	55	33	51	37	6 5	12 46	12 44	12 41	12 45	☾ LAST QUARTER, 4: 8 A.M.	
47	16	S.	56	32	54	34	50	38	6 53	1 44	1 42	1 38	1 40	Sexagesima Sunday.	
48	17	Mo.	54	34	52	36	49	39	7 40	2 39	2 36	2 31	2 33		15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
49	18	Tu.	53	35	51	37	48	40	8 28	3 30	3 27	3 22	3 24		
50	19	Wd.	52	37	50	38	47	41	9 15	4 17	4 14	4 9	4 10	Saturn rises, 1: 36 A.M.	
51	20	Th.	50	38	48	40	45	43	10 2	4 57	4 57	4 52	4 53	Mercury sets, 7: 15 P.M.	
52	21	Fri.	49	39	47	41	44	44	10 49	5 38	5 36	5 29	5 33	☿ ☿ ☿ 23d ☿ ☿ ☿	15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
53	22	Sat.	47	41	46	42	43	45	11 34	sets	sets	sets	sets	23d ☿ NEW MOON, 9: 12 A.M.	
54	23	S.	46	42	45	43	42	46	ev. 19	5 59	6 2	6 4	6 11	Quinquagesima or Shrove Sunday.	
55	24	Mo.	44	44	43	45	41	47	1 4	6 57	6 59	7 0	7 7	St. Matthias.	
56	25	Tu.	42	45	41	46	39	48	1 48	7 58	7 59	7 59	8 6	☿ ☿ ☿	15th. Portland, 4: 44 Boston, 3: 32. New York, 1: 33. Old Pt. Com. 2: 7. San Francis. 5: 26.
57	26	Wd.	40	46	40	47	38	49	2 33	8 56	8 56	8 56	9 2	Ash Wednesday.	
58	27	Th.	39	47	39	48	37	50	3 19	9 58	9 57	9 55	10 2	Venus sets, 8: 51 P.M.	
59	28	Fri.	38	48	38	49	35	51	4 7	11 2	11 1	10 58	11 6	Mars rises, 6: 15 A.M.	
60	29	Sat.	6 36	5 50	6 36	5 51	6 34	5 53	4 58	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.		

THE RAG-MAN AND THE RAG-WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

"It was a downfall indeed, — or it seemed so then.

"There was I, as comfortable a young fellow as wore nice kid gloves in Boston. My place was easy enough and hard enough. My salary was eighteen hundred a year. I had a reasonable vacation. I liked the other clerks, and they liked me. I understood my business, as it proved, only too well. Best of all, perhaps, I had fitted up my two rooms at Mrs. Thayer's as prettily as heart could wish. The bed was large enough, and you could air the bedroom. The carpets were ingrain, of small figure; they were cheap, but of that dark claret and black which give a warm tone and make things feel comfortable. Not too many pictures, — but those hung low enough. Not too many books, but the free list at the old Boston Library, four or five cards at the Public Library, and three or four friends on the staff there, a minister's right at the Athenæum, and a pleasant intimacy with Loring. I owed no man a dollar. I had no enemy in the world. I was at home in a dozen nice cordial families of friends; and what more could man require?

"Of a sudden the bolt fell! Or is it a sword that falls? I believe it is a sword. Make it 'sword,' Mr. Proof-Reader. Of a sudden the sword fell!

"Thus: —

"The office that I was in was the newly established 'Methuselah and Admetus Life-Assurance Company.' To say Assurance, instead of Insurance, is rather natty; it sounds English, and people fancy the Barings and the Bank of England pay the bills. 'Methuselah' was to attract the biblical, and 'Admetus' the classical gudgeons. For, though the great hope of the man who insures his life is that he may be beloved of the gods and so die young, yet practically people insure in the vague feeling that they thus take a bond against Death, or turn him the cold shoulder. It is somewhat as you carry an umbrella in the hope of preventing rain.

"We had got our advertisements and prospectuses out, and really we had a great many new features. If you held our scrip eleven years and four months, and then did not sell it for two years and one month more, at the end of that time we declared a dividend of four nineteenthths of all the profits before undivided, after striking a balance between two eleventhths of the risks, and seventy-three per cent of the premiums, reserving, of course, \$37,273,642.17 to secure the cousins of the bond-holders. That feature may have been in some other companies, but I never saw it. We had a very fine sign in front of our office in Queen Street, with a picture of Methuselah kissing Admetus, and Alcestis crying in the corner, because her husband could not die, I believe. Within, we had a velvet carpet for the President's room, a tapestry carpet for the Directors' room, English brussels for the Secretary's, American brussels for ours, and that nice, clear Russian mat, that smells so pleasantly of tar, for the customers. We had comfortable chairs, and all the newspapers.

"I should have been there to this hour, I suppose, but that one day a very stupid customer came in. Not but this often happened. But, this day, the President found his velvet lonesome, and had come forward into our office. I thought he was reading the 'Cornhill,' but, as it happened, he was listening over his spectacles to me. That sentence is not quite right, but I cannot alter it. People do not listen over their spectacles, — they listen over their collars; they 'peek' over their spectacles. Perhaps he did that too.

"Well, I explained and explained to the customer, who finally went away without customing. He took the little pink book,

and the large blue pamphlet, and the card with the head of Methuselah, and both the little cards, but he did not take out a policy, and he did not say he would. I am sure I did not wonder, but it seems the President did.

"What did you say to that man?' said he.

"I explained the system of Life Insurance, — I mean Life Assurance,' said I, 'as well as I could.'

"Yes,' said the President. 'But what did you tell him about invalid lives?'

"O, I had shown him the Northampton tables, and the Carlisle tables, and the Equitable tables, and I repeated to him Cowper's lines to the Registrar.'

"I know, I know,' said the President who is a little hasty, though he is my aunt Lucy's brother-in-law, which accounts for my being there indeed. 'I know all that, but what were you saying about invalid lives?'

"Why, I explained to him that nothing was so certain as the average law of death. We had these tables, — and so we knew, on an average, just how long people would live. And we fixed our risk accordingly, so as to meet the average. And he asked me why he was to go to a medical examiner then. And I told him that it was because we only wanted to insure healthy lives. And he asked me whether only healthy lives came into the tables of mortality, — whether they were only healthy people who lived in Carlisle and Northampton and the rest, — and why we did not do our business on our own principles, and take healthy people and sick people together. And I told him that if the company did not make any profit, we could not keep up the office. And he asked me why we did not say so in the prospectus, and what was the use of making so much talk about the certainty of the average of mortality, when we had nothing to do with the average of mortality, but only with some of the best lives in the community. I told him that was our business, and not his. And he said he thought the profit of the business ought to come to the people who paid the money. And I said if he thought that, he had better go to a mutual company, he would find one the other side of the street. And then he went away.'

"It was the longest address I ever made to my aunt's brother-in-law, and it did not seem to be satisfactory. He scowled and said, 'I don't wonder.' And then he went away.

"The next day I received a note informing me that my services were no longer needed. He enclosed a check for the balance due me, — fifty-seven dollars and eleven cents, — and that was all. I took my umbrella and my office coat, bade the clerks good by, and went home. And I have never been there since."

We were sitting in Haliburton's smoking-room in his nice house on Commonwealth Avenue, when he told me the story above repeated. It is the only house I thoroughly like in Boston. He bought eight lots, and so got a front of near two hundred feet. Then he was able to extend his house on the floor, instead of running it up into sky-parlors. He was able to have the air on every side, as they have in Sybaris, — and a little garden on every side too. If I had been he, I would have had no staircase but those which went into the cellars. But he yielded to the popular taste enough to have his house two stories high. If you care to look for it, I think you will find it between Fairfield Street and George the Third Street, — if that is the next in the alphabetical order.

We had just dined, — the girls had gone up to see the babies, and Haliburton told me this story. It was a bad tumble, I said, and I asked how he got out of it.

"Well," said Haliburton, "they say everything is an accident. For me, I say nothing is. You shall judge. I went home to my pretty crimson and black ingrain carpet, and I

thought I looked my last on it. The rent was paid till the end of that month. And what was I to do then? I could not dig, and the one thing I was sure of was, that I would not borrow. I was a little blue, I can tell you, when George Plunkett, whom I had met at Lebanon not long before, came in. He was down in Boston, it seemed. I tried to be hospitable, found two chairs for him; we talked over the Columbia House and the rest, — what had become of the partners of the summer, — and I offered him a cigar.

"As it happened, I twisted up the back of a letter for him to light it with, and so it happened that you and I are here.

"For Plunkett lighted the cigar, — gave me back the paper, — I lighted mine, and threw the rest of the scrap into the grate.

"He made sure of his light, and then said, 'So you burn paper here?'

"'Why, I burnt that,' said I, 'because I had to light the cigars. For a regular fuel I burn Lehigh coal.'

"'Pretty expensive fuel,' said Plunkett, 'to burn paper at two hundred and twenty dollars a ton.'

"I suppose at another time I should have let it go with a laugh. But I felt wretchedly poor, and was not above sixpences, I can tell you. Plunkett, who is a thorough gentleman, would gladly have dropped the subject with his joke; but when I pressed him, he said, earnestly enough, that they had occasion to see the shocking extravagance of the country in their business, that they were at their wits' end to get material for paper, — this was in the war when paper stock was very high; that every man in the country was paying twice as much for his newspaper as he need pay, because every man and every woman was wasting like all the Danaides together; and that that was what had moved him to speak. If I felt sore he would apologize.

"No! I did not feel a bit sore. To tell the truth, even then, I felt a little comforted. And when Plunkett went away, — good fellow, he and his wife are coming to stay with us when the Italians are here, — send Polly round to see her, — I say, when he went away, I got up to examine my stock in trade. And I made this calculation.

"I could stay with Mrs. Thayer, and live just as before, for four dollars and ninety-three cents a day. That is, I could pay my board; I could send home two hundred dollars to my mother; keep up the policy on my life at the old New England Mutual; lay out a hundred and fifty on my summer journey; and have as much for the poor-box, or any poor rascal that had not thriven as well as I. Four dollars and ninety-three cents, with old paper at eleven cents a pound, would be forty-five pounds a day. Thunder! Had not there been days in the past week when I had given away more than that weight of prospectuses? I think poor Dennis would say so, who used to carry them to the post-office! Let me see what I had got on hand.

"First eleven volumes of the Atlantic Monthly, or rather fifty-five numbers. By a curious fatality there were regularly two numbers lost in every year, so I never could bind them. Lucky for me now. For, if they had been books, I might not have thought of them. I took them down, blew off the dust, — and 'hefted' them. Wished I had practised more often on cakes at fairs. Could not guess the weight. So,

"2d. I took down one hundred and eighty-one odd Harpers, 'hefted' them.

"3d. Files of the Transcript and Advertiser, not bound for four years. How fortunate that I had had this passion for filing journals. And never once had I unrolled one of the files!

"4th. Play-bills, concert-bills, private theatrical programmes, &c., &c., from a large travelling-trunk, where they had been waiting for me to find the leisure to file them.

"5th. Envelopes for the last eighteen months. I had pitched

them all into two empty coal-barrels in my wood closet for some philanthropist to take off stamps for one of the postage-stamp people who are to be fitted for the University by the dextrine on the back of a million cancelled stamps. Nobody had appeared to claim them; so here was an accumulation of about seven cubic feet of paper, pretty tightly crammed down.

"6th. Reports of charitable societies, copies of the laws, quarterly school reports, and a thousand other pamphlets which I had always kept, I knew not why till now; on the principle of the Chinese, whom I was now learning to respect as a most intelligent nation, never to destroy a piece of paper.

"All these I piled together in a corner of my bedroom, and I gloated over them. I did not know how much they weighed, but I fancied that they weighed a great deal more than they proved to. Not that I deceived myself for an instant. I knew that here were the accumulations of six years. I knew that in sending them to the mill I was but cutting down the ancestral oaks. Still, if by so doing I could be learning how to sell oak timber, and at the same time could plant new acorns for new harvests, and could myself subsist till those new harvests budded, bourgeoned, and fell before the axe, my modest destiny was secure. To this future I addressed myself. I saw I had first to arrange for my sales. Then I had to arrange for packing and transportation; and, essential to the whole, I had to be sure of the sources of supply. But when I thought of the acres of useless paper which were thrust every day across my line of march, I could not but hope that they were thick enough, in all their flimsiness, to weigh on the average forty-five pounds.

"If the thing were to be done, of course it was to be done with system. I remember perfectly the feeling with which I lay in wait for Nolan the teamster, whom we used to employ at the store, and arranged with him to call at my side door early every Tuesday morning as he drove down for his day's work. Nolan was fond of me, for I had many a night kept the store open that he might get through his jobs the easier, when I was the youngest apprentice. And I arranged on very cheap terms that he should call early in the morning every Tuesday for my stock, and that on Friday night as he came home after the day's work he should bring me home a crockery crate from Basset's. Cromyn, you know, who is now in the East Indies, arranged about crates for me. I found I could not manage to have them returned to me after they were emptied. Eventually it proved best only to send off one every fortnight. All this detail stands out in my memory now as freshly as if it were yesterday. It was like a boy's examination to enter college. It was really to me the shoving off into a wholly new career.

"But I do not mean to tell you the details, even of that whole year, as I tell you this beginning. Many a begging circular, many a shop advertisement, stuck into my letter-box, many an explanation from Jew oculist about his pebble glasses, and from eclectic physician about the days he would be in Boston and the days he would not, many a notification from Mr. Secretary McCleary that I was to give in my ballot, many a hint from the water commissioner that I must not waste Cochituate, went into my Balaam basket, of which no sign is left beyond what is in my little day-books yonder, and those, I think, will never be edited by living man, or by admiring biographer of mine.

"It is — if you will think of it — a very strange passion we have in our age, this of printing circulars. So far as I know, it works no good under heavens, excepting to rag-men and to printers. No one answers a begging circular, no man goes to the exhibition which is announced by a printed circular, no one remembers even the number in the street on the corn-doctor's card. Yet we print them and send them round as a salve for a wounded conscience. It is as people leave cards when they cannot call. I

know I ought to ask John to contribute ten dollars to the Orphan Asylum; I hate to do it, and I therefore excuse myself by printing a hundred circulars, asking a hundred Johns to contribute, and leaving them at a hundred doors. Or, it is as people leave tracts. The Master virtually prohibited sowing seed by the wayside; he said the Devil ate up all such seed, and he most certainly does; he said that if we had any seed to sow, we should sow it in good ground; that we were not to stop to talk by the wayside, and, if we could possibly help it, we were never to waste any seed there. Yet there are even Tract Societies that, for want of good ground, print what they call "Way-side Series," and give them to children in the streets, or people who want shaving-paper, or leave them on the seats of railroad cars. As if Infinite Wisdom had not taken pains to prohibit that very thing.

"These tracts have made me infinite trouble. Because, in forty-five pounds of paper, a good many of them would stray in, and I always had to pick them out and get them back to the offices they started from once a year. I made that distinction between people who wanted to save my soul and people who wanted to line their own pockets. And, while I sent a quack doctor's almanac relentlessly to the mill, I always returned to the office that issued it any short-metre guide to heaven that in its kindness it had sent to me.

"Well, here is one of the day-books; you see how methodical I grew. I knew, as I say, that I could not rely on past accumulations. My business was practically to develop such a movement as should bring into those rooms forty-five pounds of paper a day. The receipts varied with the season. After Congress met, the mail supply was always the largest; next to that generally the 'delivery' boys; and least, my own walks. But on election-days, or when there was a circus, I often picked up as much as the boys brought in. There, over here, December 31st, is the footing carried out for that year, you see:—

	lbs.	oz.
Mail	13,623	4
Delivery	2,119	3
Pockets	1,863	11

By delivery, I mean things poked under the door or in at the box.

"What are pockets?" O, I had my exercise to keep up, you know, and I had really a good deal to do in so large a business as I soon carried on with the manufacturers. So, after allowing an hour after breakfast to set the batteries running, I walked down town and met all the boys who poke papers in your face, always was pleasant to them, read what they gave me, and put it in my pocket. If you have leisure for such things, you meet at the reading-rooms and libraries a great many men who would not have thought of you, who ask if you have seen their statement of the method of resuming specie payment, and hand you a copy. As old as you and I are, you are entitled to a good many things by dint of old assessments. You are entitled to a copy of the laws, and the catalogues of a vast number of schools and libraries, to the School Committee's Report, and many other things for which you pay taxes, and it is but fair that you should have back some return. In fact, if you only will take such things, there are a great many people in the world eager to get them out of their offices. Do you not know that the last phase of that precious old humbug, the Smithson, is that they circulate through the world the publications of societies who cannot otherwise get their volumes off their hands? A great central express office for distributing knowledge in the concrete! But if you want to see the detail, look at any page of my journal."

Accordingly I opened.

"At November 8, 1862, went to vote. Voted straight ticket. Lots of split tickets. I told them I should not vote them, but they made me take them. Passed the Ward Ten office. They pressed votes on me there. Told them I had voted already. They seemed to want to get rid of the things. Called on Fergus. He asked me to accept some Reports on Emigration which had been sent him from Belgium. Told him I had no use for them (which was not true). He said they were in his way. Passed ward-room of Ward Eight. More tickets. Told them I had voted. They would crowd them on me. Called on Mrs. Fettyplace. She gave me memoir of her husband's uncle. Stopped at Longmans'. They asked me to notice their reprint of Gulliver. Said they would send it home.

"Home at eleven. Large mail. Clara's wedding-cards. What a nice girl she is, and he is a good fellow. Cards thick and heavy. Four of them, too. Two lottery advertisements; a pamphlet about Sozodont; a prospectus of building-lots; circulars of three joint-stock companies; requests to furnish my works for the Adelpic Harmonian Society of Bushrod University, Wisconsin; three requests for autographs; four catalogues of book sales; two more duplicates of the fifth volume of the President's Message of four years ago. They seem behindhand in the printing.

"Walk again before dinner. Election still brisk. They tried to give me more votes, but I would not take them. Four bills of fare; notices of auction sale at Greenville; of new shop opened in Tyler Street; of opposition dentist at No. 111 Fulton Street; and of a new medium in Lowell Street. Dined at club.

"Afternoon. Our majority is immense, they say. Witherspoon, who had been at work all day, trying to run in Ingham to the Legislature on a split ticket, came home to take a cigar. Ingham had but four votes, after all. Witherspoon left here all the tickets he had not distributed. I could not make him take them with him. He seemed cross and out of spirits. Did not stay long. Afternoon mail good. Exhibit of National Steamship Company; three life insurance circulars; memorial for signature against liquor law; another for it. Representation (too late) that Waldo was left off the ticket by a cabal; another (also too late), that he was not. Circular requesting all Republicans to contribute for the expenses of head-quarters. Four other circulars. Full set of documents of Anti-take-hold-of-the-Fork Society, forwarded by Izaaks, good fellow.

"Delivery for the day small; two quack almanacs; notice from city to put out ashes Tuesday morning; notice that grocer has moved to the other corner of the street; that Frye has a new partner, and the firm will be Frye & Co.

"Called on Bertha by appointment, and took her to the Howard. Maggie Mitchell. They have a new style of bills,—a little newspaper. Brought Bertha's home by mistake, but sent it to her afterwards.

	lbs.	oz.
* "Account for day, Mail	37	11
Pockets (3 walks)	8	9
Delivery, papers, &c.	5	2
	51	6

"A good day. Oh! *Si sic omnia!*"

I handed back the book to Haliburton, a little puzzled. I said I did not see how he came to have so many of these things. I had more or less of them,—more than I had ever known what to do with, indeed, more rather than less. But I never had quite forty-five pounds in a day, I thought.

"As to that," said he, "you have had more than you think for. As Plunkett said, a vast deal goes in fuel which you are not aware of. But, I confess, I cultivated my crop. I am, and always was, curious that way. And when I once found that

MARCH.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.	TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.				
61	1	S.	6 34	5 50	6 33	5 51	6 31	5 53	eve.	12 6	12 4	12 1	12 9	12 9	First Sunday in Lent.		
62	2	Mo.	32	52	32	52	30	54	6 47	1 10	1 8	1 3	1 14	1 14	1st, ☽ FIRST QUARTER, 11:41	1st.	
63	3	Tu.	31	53	30	54	28	56	7 45	2 14	2 11	2 6	2 11	2 11	☽ ☾ ☾ [P.M.]	Portland,	
64	4	Wd.	30	54	29	55	27	57	8 44	3 14	3 11	3 6	3 10	3 10	Ember Day.	3:56.	
65	5	Th.	29	55	28	56	26	58	9 44	4 7	4 4	3 59	4 5	4 5	Mars rises, 5:54 A.M.	Boston,	
66	6	Fri.	26	56	25	57	24	59	10 42	4 56	4 54	4 50	4 54	4 54	Ember Day.	4:4.	
67	7	Sat.	25	57	24	58	22	6 0	11 38	5 53	5 55	5 57	5 39	5 39	Ember Day. ☽ ☿ ☾	New York,	
68	8	S.	23	59	22	6 0	21	1	morn.	rises	rises	rises	rises	rises	Second Sunday in Lent.	0:50.	
69	9	Mo.	22	6 0	21	1	20	2	12 33	7 11	7 11	7 11	7 19	7 19	8th, ☾ FULL MOON, 3:14 P.M.	Old Pt. Com.	
70	10	Tu.	19	1	19	2	18	3	1 25	8 18	8 18	8 17	8 26	8 26	9th, ☽ ☽ ☾	1:19.	
71	11	Wd.	18	2	17	3	16	4	2 16	9 24	9 23	9 20	9 30	9 30	Venus sets, 9:18 P.M.	San Francis.	
72	12	Th.	17	3	16	4	15	5	3 6	10 27	10 25	10 22	10 32	10 32	☽ ☽ ☾	4:15.	
73	13	Fri.	15	5	15	5	14	6	3 56	11 27	11 25	11 21	11 31	11 31	morn.		
74	14	Sat.	12	6	12	6	11	7	4 45	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.			
75	15	S.	11	7	11	7	10	8	5 34	12 25	12 23	12 18	12 26	12 26	Third Sunday in Lent.		
76	16	Mo.	10	8	10	8	9	9	6 22	1 19	1 16	1 11	1 19	1 19	15th, ☾ LAST QUARTER, 10:20	15th.	
77	17	Tu.	7	9	7	9	7	10	7 10	2 8	2 5	2 0	2 7	2 7	[P.M.]	Portland,	
78	18	Wd.	6	10	6	10	5	11	7 57	2 52	2 49	2 44	2 52	2 52	Saturn rises, 11:29 P.M.	4:8.	
79	19	Th.	4	12	4	12	4	12	8 44	3 33	3 31	3 27	3 33	3 33	Spring begins, 2:27 A.M.	Boston,	
80	20	Fri.	2	13	2	13	2	13	9 30	4 10	4 9	4 5	4 10	4 10	☽ ☽ ☾	4:18.	
81	21	Sat.	0	14	1	14	1	14	10 15	4 45	4 43	4 40	4 45	4 45	Fourth Sunday in Lent.	New York,	
82	22	S.	5 59	15 5	5 59	15 5	5 59	15 11	0 5	17	5 16	5 14	5 19	5 19	☽ ☽ ☾	1:1.	
83	23	Mo.	57	17	58	16	58	16	11 45	sets	sets	sets	sets	sets	☾ NEW MOON, 1:51 A.M.	Old Pt. Com.	
84	24	Tu.	55	18	56	17	56	17	ev. 30	6 49	6 49	6 48	6 56	6 56	Annunciation.	1:31.	
85	25	Wd.	53	19	54	18	54	18	1 16	7 52	7 51	7 49	7 56	7 56	☽ ☽ ☾	San Francis.	
86	26	Th.	52	20	53	19	53	19	2 4	8 58	8 55	8 52	8 58	8 58	Jupiter rises, 5:25 A.M.	4:28.	
87	27	Fri.	51	21	51	20	51	20	2 55	10 2	9 59	9 55	10 1	10 1	Occult. a Tauri, 10:13 P.M.		
88	28	Sat.	48	22	49	21	50	21	3 47	11 7	11 3	10 59	10 59	10 59	Fifth Sunday in Lent.		
89	29	S.	47	23	48	22	48	22	4 42	morn.	morn.	12 0	morn.	12 0			
90	30	Mo.	46	24	46	23	46	22	5 39	12 10	12 5	morn.	12 5	12 5			
91	31	Tu.	5 45	6 25	5 45	6 24	5 45	6 23	6 36	1 11	1 6	1 1	1 4	1 4	☽ FIRST QUARTER, 7:17 A.M.		

'lists of respectable names' were considered 'property' in this world, bought and sold by people who distribute circulars,—advertised and bragged of, I saw no objection to my name going in on as many as might be. Thus I wrote one day, in perfectly good faith, for a sort of sun-dial they advertise in New York,—they call it a gilt time-keeper. I got my dial, and forgot it. Now, do you think that letter put my name on 'a list,' and once a month, I suppose, I now receive lottery prospectuses,—schemes for making money out of nothing, proposals to become an agent in this or that rascality, I know not what. There is no way known to me by which to get your name off one of these 'lists,' and so I e'en turn the circulars into white paper as soon as I may.

"I suppose the largest single return I ever got was by starting 'The Unfortunates' Magazine.' I studied the thing with care, and it turned out well. Magazines do not always; but that is because the publishers are over-ambitious. We only printed two hundred and fifty copies of 'The Unfortunates' to begin with. We sent them free to ladies' schools and colleges. We got very few subscribers. We never had two hundred and fifty, and never had to print five hundred copies. We had good large type and cheap paper, so that it was not very burdensome; only forty-eight pages a number, you know. And we had, I can tell you, contributions by the hundred-weight. The rule was to be very generous to new contributors, and we got the reputation in the Sigma Delta Societies, and United Sisters, and all that kind, of introducing many of the younger and newer lights. I think Marie Montrose and Nannie of Nonantum and Olive Oglethorp and Pollie Playfair and Quinsie Quiggle all made their first appearance before the public in 'The Unfortunates' Magazine.' The year we offered our first premiums, fifty dollars for the best story, twenty-five for the second, and twenty for the third,—all manuscripts to be at our disposition,—we had enormous receipts. I think we had four thousand and odd pounds of manuscript. Stock was very high that year, and thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds paid the prizes, so the rest was clear profit."

I suggested that it was hard-earned profit, if Haliburton had to read all the manuscripts. But he explained that it would be entirely improper for the editor himself to make the decision, and that the custom was to select a committee of clergymen of different denominations to read the papers and award the prizes. "We sorted out a dozen or two," said he, "that seemed to be worth saving, but really it was a charity to society to put the rest into the pulp-mill."

"And I do not mean to say," said he, "that I had no conscience about the pulp-mill. If I could have dumped in all the paper that came, without opening envelopes, it would have been another thing. In fact, I only felt at liberty to do so where men were trying to use me to serve their own interest. Then I thought tit for tat was fair. You would be surprised, though, to know how easily a wave would get started. Ingham coaxed me out of twenty dollars for Antioch College one day: I wish it had been twenty thousand. Then my poor twenty was printed in his acknowledgment of contributions. From that hour to this, I have received begging circulars for every cause that has a name under heaven, having got my name, I suppose, upon the 'list' of somebody that manages such matters."

The people wanted to clear the dinner-table, and we went into the back parlor and sat on the veranda. There Haliburton told me the other half of the story.

"I had been in the paper business more than a year," he said "and I found it was a cash business, needing and giving no credit, and therefore a comfortable one, when one day, as I was coming home, I was poking through Oswego Street, when a

pretty little girl in front of me ran suddenly into the middle of the street. I saw in a moment that she was chasing a bit of rag which was blown off the sidewalk. Poor child; she was not quick enough, or she was too eager; she tripped and fell,—struck her head heavily, and did not, at the moment, rise again. I ran after the little thing, and found her stunned by the blow. I carried her into the grocer's shop, washed her, and waited till she came to. She was confused for a few minutes, and then said she could go home,—that she knew she could. She asked eagerly for her large bag, which I gave her,—and tried to take it with her.

"But this I would not have. I carried the bag, and led her; or, rather she led me, into one of the parallel South Cove streets there. I fairly carried her up three flights of stairs, and there, in attic rooms as sweet and pretty as ever Rigolette's were, we found her sister.

"A charming person, I can tell you. I thought so then, and I have never changed my mind. Broad, sunny forehead, large hazel, wondering eyes, perfectly cut nose, rather large mouth,—all this tells nothing, I know,—head wonderfully poised, voice very sweet, ears—did I say—no bigger than little shells, hair light and dark at the same time,—but what nonsense to talk detail! Some women have an atmosphere, some do not. If they are beautiful as Juno, it is no good if they have no atmosphere. If they have the atmosphere, I believe their cheeks might be pea-green and it would make no difference. My little girl's sister had more atmosphere than any woman I had ever seen.

"I told my story, and received her thanks. I saw I must not stay. I could not pretend the doctor was needed. I saw she wanted to put Elsie to bed; so I bowed myself down stairs, and—called the next night to inquire, taking round Miss Leslie's 'Girls' Own Book,' for Elsie. And I called the next night, and I called the next night. But the third night I found Miss Anna was not at home.

"None the less, though Elsie got well obstinately soon, did I call frequently. I made another excuse for calling after Elsie was at school again, in discussing business arrangements. But it seemed that Miss Anna understood enough more of my business than I did. Since her father and mother died, she had supported herself and Walter and Elsie and little Phil by rag-picking, with its professional accompaniments of sorting and packing. I found great help from her experience and suggestions, though it was some time before I told her that I was an humble beginner in her line.

"Of course, if a woman or a man chooses to go about in rags into the dirt, with a long stick pointed as in the pictures of professional chiffoniers in the magazines and in the exhibitions, either of them may become a very disagreeable being to others or at home. But Miss Anna had no such views for Elsie or the others. Indeed, she said, the profession involved no special hardship, but that of very early hours for the children. She had them up before it was light every blessed day. They had a very merry breakfast, always by lamplight. Then she started them, Walter alone, Elsie and Philip together, with their wagons. These were just such wagons as boys call 'trucks,' with champagne baskets tied on. The children spent an hour,—much more in summer,—in going to the out-door places as they called them. I coaxed them one morning to let me go with them. They knew every back door of every large work-shop, where there would be any form of shred swept out by lazy or careless porter. They knew as well what shops were well administered, so that there would be no need even of looking at the gutter. To my surprise they did not stop for paper. Elsie had said to me, when I first knew them, with perfect unconsciousness, that paper was a different business, and that her sister found it did not pay to mix them.

The child did not know then why I blushed, nor did I know, — I certainly was not ashamed that I was in that branch of the calling. This hour's out-door work was a good brisk tramp, with the little wagons rattling behind in the still streets. But neither of them was half filled when we came home again, — meeting, almost, at the lower door. I said to myself that there was nothing like forty pounds, there were not five pounds in both baskets. But Walter claimed me this time, — it seemed we were to go to the 'depos' as they called them, — and now I understood matters better.

"It seemed that these nice, well-behaved children, partly, I suppose, by Miss Anna's introduction, and partly from their own good sense, had ingratiated themselves each in eight or ten of the large clothing establishments; not with the chiefs, who probably did not know that there were such children in the world, but with the parties, — younger apprentices, charwomen (the proper spelling would be *chore* women, I believe), or whoever else had the last charge of cleaning up at night for the next day. In many of the work-rooms the small rags — clippings and parings — are the perquisites of these people; all larger pieces belonging, of course, to the establishment. The children had made their own bargains. From five in the afternoon till six or seven, and sometimes till nine, in the evening they were busied in these shops, — sweeping, or running errands, carrying water, doing messages for the sewing-women, according as the bargain might be. And so at each shop every night they left the bag of scraps which, on the morning's trip, was to be collected and carried home. They had a reputation, it was clear enough, for neatness, quickness, honesty, and good-nature. They were favorites, I could see, at all these places where they looked in for their store. At one or two Walter supplied the girls with the Herald; that was the contract, he said. At one he carried up a block of ice for the water-pitcher; that was in the contract. Two or three times he only nodded, but there he had done what he had bargained for the night before. It took two trips back to their house to carry home these collections; and when Elsie arrived, a little after us, her stores were quite as large as ours.

"The children washed themselves, told their times, and sat down to rest, while Miss Anna weighed their morning's work. Again it reminded me so of home. She marked it down in their little books, 'Elsie and Phil, twenty-six pounds three ounces. Walter, twenty-four pounds eleven ounces.' The boy doubled up his fist at his sister, but it was clear that he was glad of her success. 'I'll beat you to-morrow,' he said. 'Dear old Morris says they are to take account of stock to-day, and that somehow that is to bring great things into my net.' And so, well pleased with the morning's tramp, they went off to school.

"'Poor things,' said Miss Anna; 'it seems hard they should have it to do. But I had a great deal rather have them with me so, than put her to sewing, or him to carrying parcels in a store. From now till five they will have only to study or to play. Then come from two to four hours of pretty hard work. But it is varied, — and so far they stand it well.'

"'Fifty-one pounds and fourteen ounces would be a very good average,' said I, more professionally than I meant to do.

"She stared at me a moment with her great eyes, and then said it was higher than her year's average, but that the children grew stronger and better acquainted every year. 'I am laying up for something better for them,' said she; 'and we get on so well, that I am quite encouraged. My part begins now that all this trash is to be separated into linen white, cotton white, hemp-cord, cotton-cord, junk, silk, and shoddy.' And after this suggestion of her part, I had to bow myself away.

"'Was that all?' No, it was not all, at all; it was only the beginning of all.

"I got in the habit of calling there every Wednesday evening. Miss Anna would not let me come more than once a week, — I found that out very soon. She would not accept any of my invitations, even for the most modest dissipations. She would not take one of the seats I could offer her at church. She let me take the children to the circus, — but she would not let me join her if I met her walking in the mall, far less would she walk with me. I had dead-head tickets for rehearsals and concerts, because 'The Unfortunates' Magazine' had got on the list of journals in the Directory; yet she would not use them if I sent them, but she would let Walter and Elsie go with them. So I got in the habit of always calling there Wednesday evening, and, unless I met her by good luck in the street, I never saw her at any other time. Walter liked to come up to my room to see my coins and my autographs, and I was always glad to have him, to lend him books, and to help him in his map-drawing.

"Well, we did not always talk shop; but one night I had carried her up Gisquet's Memoirs, with his queer account of the French rag-pickers. She had asked me for this; and this led to my asking her if the children never found things of value in the streets.

"She said they had, two or three times, the more was the pity. She did not want them to get the piratical feeling, but to understand they were in an honorable, above-board business, — earning their living honestly, and serving the country by cheapening paper, as bravely as if they were ramming down cartridges or wiping the brows of sick soldiers. When the children did bring home anything of value, there was the plague of advertising, of watching the advertisements, and all that, — it excited them and did no good to anybody. Then Miss Anna stopped, — began to speak again, — and stopped again. I got confused, and, of course could not think of anything to say; she blushed and laughed, and said, 'I will tell you of our most remarkable prize, — I do not know why I hesitated'; and she took out from her drawer a steel-mounted pocket-book, — a lady's, — which she said Elsie picked up in the fresh snow, in the evening, ten months ago. It had nearly eighty dollars in it, two or three of the owner's cards; and yet Miss Anna had never been able to find her.

"'The name is not in the Directory,' said she. 'I have advertised it at three several times. They have a memorandum of it at the Chief of Police's office; but here it is. Nobody has ever claimed it.'

"'The children used to be immensely interested,' she said. 'They liked the handwriting of the cards, and took it for granted that a tin-type there is in it was a portrait of the owner. If it is, she is a very pretty girl. We have made up a great many stories about her. Sometimes we have her an English lady on her travels. Sometimes we have her a distinguished Italian in disguise. Sometimes we have her a hidden agent of Jeff Davis. Indeed,' said she, after another pause, 'the reason I stopped and blushed so absurdly was that I think of her more than you would suppose. It really seems to me sometimes that her destiny was interwoven with mine'; — and she blushed again.

"Now, for myself, I have plenty of such imaginations, and they make me very happy. I once wrote an article for 'The Unfortunates' Magazine' on Castles in the Air, but it got crowded out. But this was the first confession of weakness I had ever heard from this lonely, well-poised, independent girl, who had had to be father, mother, sister, and all, to these children, and who had almost provoked me sometimes by being sweet-tempered, calm, and gentle, when I should have been blazing with rage. I laughed heartily, and cried out: "'The Pocket-Book Recovered; or, The Double Destiny,'" — or better, "The Lost Destiny, and the Recovered Pocket-Book," — no, let us have it,

"The Destined Pocket-Book; or, Two Hearts in One." I foresee a serial for "The Unfortunates' Magazine." Surely this time you will write for me."

"No, Mr. Haliburton," said she; "and if I did, I would write on tissue paper, in a microscopic hand, so that the article might be placed on a sixpence, like the Declaration of Independence. I am not going to fill up your old crates for you. But why do you not look at the princess?"

"I opened the pocket-book, took out the picture, and recognized it in an instant. 'Why,' said I, 'it is Bertha Traill!'"

"And do you know Bertha Traill?" said Miss Anna, fairly pale this time.

"I danced with her at Mrs. Gordon's last night, took her down to supper, and afterwards handed her to her carriage," said I, laughing.

"You danced with Bertha Traill!" said she; and still she did not get back to her quiet manner, to those average tones, under which it is our general duty to conceal all emotion.

"Why yes," said I, "I know Bertha better than I know almost any one. I have known her since I was in college. She calls our class her class. Witherspoon, her guardian's son, is a great ally of mine. He is as much at home at my mother's as I am, and I am as much at home at his father's. So I have known Bertha since I taught her how to scan; and a very charming person she is too."

"Miss Anna fairly put down her eternal sewing, and looked me through and through. I tried to keep up the laughing tone I had begun with, or at least the familiar tone of our ordinary conversation. But she was too intent for that. I felt that she had been day-dreaming so much and so long, as she sat there sewing, that she was giving quite too much importance to the accident of my knowing Bertha. And I tried, as quickly as I could and as wisely as I could, to relieve the strain on her mind, and to let her down.

"Why in the world," said I, "did she never see your advertisement. I knew she lost her money. She hated to tell old Mr. Witherspoon; as for the Chief of Police, I thought I went there myself. No, George undertook to. But it was just as they were going to Florida with poor Bessie, — and it was all confusion."

"Miss Anna had recovered a little, and said she advertised in the Transcript and the Advertiser. That, too, accounted for her failure in part. The old gentleman was as seecish as Bertha was loyal, and would not have either paper in the house. But why had not George seen it? George always was a goose. So I ran on, — trying to give her time.

"And she became wholly herself again in two minutes. Indeed, she almost seemed to avoid the subject. I tried to tell her about Mrs. Gordon's party. I wanted to let her know what a really nice person Bertha is. I thought all that pretty story about the poor child's own mother would please her. But she had got at her sewing again, only said what I made her say, and was more quiet than I ever saw her. But when I got up to go, she took up the pocket-book, and said she wished I would take it to Miss Traill, and say she had done her best that she might have it before.

"I shall do no such thing," said I. "I shall bring Bertha here, and you shall give it to her yourself."

"She turned as pale as a sheet, as if Bertha belonged underground. 'No! — no! — no! Mr. Haliburton. Do not do that. You must not do that. I — I — I beg you, do not do that.'

"Why in the world not?" said I. "Bertha is not the ghoul, Amine. She does not eat people's hearts with the end of a bodkin. I know you will like her, and I know she will like you."

"Why not?" repeated the poor girl wistfully, — "why not, indeed? Why, because I had rather you should not. Do not

bring her, Mr. Haliburton. Pray, do not bring her. I ask it as a favor, really."

"Of course, I shall not bring her," said I; and I bowed: the only formal words I ever said to her.

"Thank you ever so much," said she, and she tried to smile; still so excited, however. And she gave me the pocket-book, and said, 'Pray, take it to her.'

"I walked home, and I lay awake all night. Anna had asked a favor of me. 'A favor,' — the first time she had said such a word. This lovely girl, — this even-tempered, gentle, kind, true, far-seeing, wise, inspired girl, — this girl who had let me see her and talk with her, and play with her playmates, but had kept me just in my place, no hair's breadth nearer, — had asked a favor of George Haliburton, and George Haliburton had the good luck to be able to grant it.

"What a pity she could not have asked something more!

"But why was the whole thing so dramatic? Why was this pocket-book such a Leyden jar that one could not touch it, inside and outside, without a jump and a quiver? How could it be that Anna and I, — in bed, to myself, I could call her Anna, and, save to Phil and Walter and Elsie, I had never named her name aloud, — how could it be that Anna and I should have been in a gale like that? Were we possibly a little nearer together? Could she perhaps see that there was something in the truth and loyalty and devotion of a poor penniless dog of a rag-picker, which made him, so far, the equal of herself, perfect woman though she was, so nobly planned? No! that was nonsense, and I was a fool. But what made her blush? And what made her turn pale? I was a fool. Somehow or other I had managed to wound acutely the noblest woman in the world, whom I knew I loved with all a man's worship. That was bright in me. Women know women. I had ten minds to tell Bertha the whole story, and ask her why Anna turned pale.

"But of course I did not. I was a fool, but not so bad a fool as that. I took the pocket-book round, gave it to Bertha; and Bertha was amazed indeed. She explained some things which made it not so strange that they had missed the advertisements. But more than her interest in the pocket-book was her interest in Anna. 'Let me go see her,' said she. 'Take me now.'

"I told her that was just what I wanted to do, but that Anna would not let me.

"Of course not," said Bertha, turning round in a flash, as is the custom of some sexes, to sustain the opinion which was precisely the reverse of that she had expressed just before, — "of course not. Do you suppose I should let you bring any girl you chose to call on me, or that I should think much of anybody who let you bring her? I shall call myself on Miss Davenport. I dare say I am the older person, or that I know Boston better than she. Where shall I find her?"

"I felt that I should like to have Bertha know Anna, should like to have her call. But I did not choose to tell her how to find her. Anna had asked as a favor that I should not bring her, and I had promised. I was not going to dodge — or to seem to — by letting her go alone. So I refused to tell. Bertha pressed: I was firm. She persevered: and I. She scolded: I said nothing. She grew angry: and I. It ended in an up-and-down quarrel, — the first we two ever had. I bowed myself to the door. She would not say good by, and I pensively went home. I had three things to think of now: first, why did Anna turn pale, and then blush, when I told her about Bertha? second, why did she refuse to see Bertha? and, third, why did Bertha want to see her? On these points I meditated much that afternoon, and after I had turned off my gas at night. How little things affect you at such a time! I could tell you now how bad the delivery of that day

APRIL.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.		TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.			
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.										
																h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
92	1	Wd.	5 42	6 26	5 43	6 26	5 45	6 24	7 34	1 46	1 43	1 38	1 57	Venus sets, 10 : 2 P.M.	1st. Portland, 5 : 50. Boston, 5 : 37. New York, 2 : 32. Old Pt. Com. 3 : 17. San Francis. 5 : 47. 15th. Portland, 5 : 23 Boston, 5 : 33. New York, 2 : 7. Old Pt. Com. 2 : 48. San Francis. 0 : 48.			
93	2	Th.	40	27	40	27	42	25	8 31	2 52	2 50	2 46	2 48	Jupiter rises, 5 : 1 A.M.				
94	3	Fri.	39	28	39	27	40	26	9 26	3 35	3 34	3 30	3 34	Saturn rises, 10 : 19 P.M.				
95	4	Sat.	37	29	38	28	39	27	10 20	4 16	4 14	4 12	4 36	Sixth Sunday in Lent.				
96	5	S.	35	30	36	29	37	28	11 12	4 50	4 51	4 51	5 41	Mercury rises, 4 : 40 A.M.				
97	6	Mo.	34	31	34	31	36	29	morn.	rises	rises	rises	rises	☉ FULL MOON, 2 : 9 A.M.				
98	7	Tu.	32	32	32	32	34	30	12 3	7 7	7 6	7 4	7 11	☾ 3 2				
99	8	Wd.	30	34	31	33	33	31	12 54	8 13	8 11	8 9	8 15	☾ 3 2				
100	9	Th.	28	35	29	34	31	32	1 44	9 16	9 15	9 11	9 17	☾ 3 2				
101	10	Fri.	27	36	28	34	30	32	2 34	10 17	10 15	10 11	10 15	☾ 3 2				
102	11	Sat.	25	37	27	36	28	34	3 24	11 14	11 11	11 6	11 11	EASTER.				
103	12	S.	23	38	24	37	27	34	4 14	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	☾ LAST QUARTER, 5 : 26 P.M.				
104	13	Mo.	22	39	23	38	25	36	5 3	12 7	12 3	11 57	2					
105	14	Tu.	20	40	21	39	24	36	5 51	12 52	59	12 54	49					
106	15	Wd.	18	41	20	40	22	38	6 38	1 34	1 32	1 27	1 24					
107	16	Th.	17	42	18	41	21	38	7 24	2 13	2 10	2 6	2 9					
108	17	Fri.	15	44	17	43	20	39	8 9	2 46	2 45	2 42	2 46					
109	18	Sat.	13	45	15	43	18	40	8 54	3 19	3 23	3 15	3 16					
110	19	S.	12	46	14	44	17	41	9 38	3 50	3 49	3 47	3 50	First Sunday after Easter.				
111	20	Mo.	11	47	13	45	16	42	10 24	4 19	4 19	4 29	4 22	☾ 2 2 ☾ 3 2				
112	21	Tu.	9	47	11	46	14	43	11 10	4 48	4 49	4 50	4 54	Venus sets, 10 : 37 P.M.				
113	22	Wd.	7	48	9	47	13	44	11 58	sets	sets	sets	sets	☉ NEW MOON, 3 : 12 P.M.				
114	23	Th.	6	49	8	48	11	45	ev. 48	7 49	7 47	7 44	7 53	25th, Occult. α Tauri, 4 : 26 A.M.				
115	24	Fri.	4	51	6	50	10	46	1 41	8 57	8 55	8 51	8 57	Mars rises, 4 : 12 A.M.				
116	25	Sat.	3	52	5	50	9	47	2 35	10 2	9 59	9 54	10 1	St. Mark. ☾ 2 2				
117	26	S.	1	53	4	51	7	47	3 34	11 4	10 61	10 56	11 1	Second Sunday after Easter.				
118	27	Mo.	0	54	2	53	6	49	4 32	12 0	11 57	11 52	12 0	Jupiter rises, 3 : 42 A.M.				
119	28	Tu.	4 59	55	1	54	5	50	5 30	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	☾ FIRST QUARTER, 1 : 10 P.M.				
120	29	Wd.	57	56	4 59	55	3	51	6 26	52	50	45	47					
121	30	Th.	4 56	6 57	4 58	6 56	5	2 6	52	7 21	1 36	1 31	1 34					

was; and, of course, I had almost nothing in my pockets,—one or two dentists' cards, and a puzzle Bertha had given me, were all. I know that, all told, that night, there was not fifteen pounds on the balance. Misfortunes never come single.

"And Bertha, as I learned afterwards, as soon as I left the house, put on her hat and shawl, and went to the Quincy School-house. She remembered Walter's name, which I had mentioned; and she guessed rightly that this was his school, down by the South Cove. She asked the head-master which room he was in; then told his teacher that she wanted to find his sister, but had not her address. The teacher gave it, of course; and so, by the time I was well at home at Mrs. Thayer's, Bertha was timidly knocking at Anna Davenport's attic door.

"Anna called, 'Come in,' cheerfully; and Bertha, eagerly, but frightened to death, went in, to Anna's entire surprise. Bertha saw her, felt the atmosphere, loved her; put out both hands to her, and told her how much obliged she was to her; how her brother Fergus gave her the pocket-book; how she hardly ever carried it; why she took it that particular day; how she went back to look for it; how she cried when she found she had lost it; and then, all wrought up and mixed up with the various successes of the day,—the recovery of Fergus's present, and the outgeneralling me, and the finding Anna so sympathizing and truly lovely,—poor, grand, triumphant Bertha broke down, and had a good cry.

"Which was probably, under her circumstances, the best thing she could do. Anna soothed her; made her sit on the sofa, and put up her feet; brought her cologne, untied her hat, and petted her in general. Then got her talking about details; and before Bertha knew it, she was telling all about Fergus and his letters from Freyburg, and reading little scraps from them. How women carry such things round in their pockets! And before Anna knew it, she was telling about Walter, and Elsie's smart sayings, and showing Bertha about Elsie's new frock. And so it happened that Bertha stayed there till dark. And Elsie herself came in; and Bertha kissed her, and had a frolic with her, and made her promise to come and see her, and got up to go away. And she and Anna felt as if they had known each other for a thousand years.

"And so it happened that the two next afternoons Bertha called, and took Anna to ride with her, went to church with her Sunday, and insisted on her coming round there to tea Monday night. And that was the way that it happened that, at the theatre that evening, when I caught sight of old Mr. Witherspoon's figure in the balcony, and went round to the other side to see who were the ladies he had with him, I got a very triumphant bow from Miss Bertha, and a very modest pretty bow from Miss Anna. But I could not get in to speak to them. And I had to go away and guess why Anna would go to the theatre with Bertha, when she would not let me take Bertha to see her.

"She would see Bertha without me. She would not see her with me. Could it be that my personality, my Ego, as Kant would say, was of any kind or sort of consequence to her? Did she think of me enough to care two straws whether I knocked at her door or went and peddled matches in Perth, in West Australia? I thought of her day and night. Had she so little to think of that she ever thought of me, when I was not lecturing there Wednesday evenings? I and Bertha must not go there together. Was there then—could it be possible—was it crazy conceit to suppose that my being mixed up with Bertha was anything of a midge's importance to her, even-balanced, self-sustained, independent Anna? I was an ass to think it. But it was by no means the first time I had been an ass. And thinking it, I was happier than I had been since Wednesday.

I knew now, at the least, what I would do on Tuesday morning, or as soon as it was noon. And I did it.

"I walked round to Anna's, and, the hour being wholly unusual, I got in. I told her I loved her, had loved her, and always should love her; that I was as poor a stick as she thought me, but that I was always true to my friends; and that I should always be true to her, whatever she chose to say to me; that I had longed to say this before, but never dared to; that now she had asked one favor of me, and had broken her guard by doing it, so that I could not help asking another.

"And she—said nothing. And that is the way we came to be here.

"I do not know how long we might have ground on, but for the pocket-book. I do know that she was right when she said her destiny pivoted there,—and mine did as well.

"Bertha was married, you know, that winter, and Anna was a bridesmaid. Anna and I were married in the spring, and Bertha danced at the wedding. And that is the way we came to be here, as I said before."

I intimated that I had not always observed that when two young people married on a limited income, a handsome house on eight lots on Commonwealth Avenue was the direct or logical consequence. Polly and I had done the same thing, and were well satisfied with our own house three doors from the corner of D Street, as you go south from the Capuchin's. So Haliburton explained.

He took Anna and the children to Mrs. Thayer's. Mrs. Thayer had got tired of keeping lodgers, and went to Seattle, leaving all the house to them. Anna insisted on it that the children should keep at work till they could do something better. The business on each side reinforced the other,—the union indeed made savings in correspondence and expressage and other expenses. She was a nice accountant as well as a perfect housekeeper, and all ran smoothly. Soon enough, indeed, Anna found her Kelts burning newspapers in kindling the range and furnace fires. "Like the Jew in Thackeray's story, who used Bank-of-England notes to light the candle," said she. This would never do. She made Haliburton send her round a barrel of shavings, and made the women promise, gladly enough, to kindle with them.

Haliburton paid nothing for the shavings. But he had to send down a barrel to the carpenter's and pay fifteen cents for sending it; he had to pay as much more for bringing it back; then he forgot all about it; and so the first morning that the thermometer was eighty-four degrees below zero, he came down stairs to find no fire, and Bridget and Mrs. Flynn triumphantly informed him that this was because the shavings were all gone. Haliburton could not stand that of course. He made the fire without swearing. Good practice that in saving one's soul alive, or learning to possess it in patience, which is the same thing. Then he made the range fire. Meanwhile Anna had boiled some water over the gas, scrambled some eggs on the same furnace, made her dip-toast ditto ditto; and had her coffee done and her milk hot by the time he had washed his hands. They ate their breakfasts shawled and coated. And Haliburton at once proceeded to Nolan's.

He started Nolan's son Stephen that morning with a one-horse express wagon, paid for the horse and for his keeping for three months. Steve was a bright boy: he is now running a lumber-mill on the North Magnadavick. Every morning he took on his wagon ten barrels of shavings, as soon as fire-lighting began. He carried them from house to house till he got his regular customers. He sold them, not for money, but for newspapers. A barrel of shavings for twenty-five newspapers, after

you had paid for the barrel. The profit, of course, was enormous, — too enormous, you would have said, to last; only house-keepers stand everything. The shavings really cost Haliburton almost nothing. They were glad to have their shops regularly cleared. The business grew. One man and cart with a boy could distribute in a winter's day an immense number of barrels, as soon as they got it in system. Haliburton said a steady man, with a bright boy, would distribute in ten hours two hundred barrels when the route was all adjusted. Two hundred barrels, with paper stock at eight cents, brought them in forty dollars a day; and even after they started their own planing-mills, and had to buy their own lumber, half this forty dollars was profit. By this time the business was established. There was not a family in Boston, Chelsea, Dorchester, Cambridge, Brookline, or Roxbury that had not rather kindle with shavings; and when Haliburton had sixty-three carts running regularly, as he had when he told me the story, one thousand two hundred and sixty dollars' profit a day through the winter made a very pretty business. Naturally, at the same time, he got into lumbering and paper-making; he knew the business in its detail, which is always good training for the general, you know; and so it was that he felt able to build his pretty palace in which we were sitting.

He said they had asked him to be President of the Seventy-second National Bank; but he had said, though his fortune was made of rags, he preferred the crude to the manufactured article.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

By R. W. EMERSON.

I AM afraid that our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships of the citizen are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affectation, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must be seen in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then Convenience and Pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness, in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops, where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends house-keeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest; it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

If we look at this matter curiously, it becomes dangerous. We need all the force of an idea to lift this load; for the very wealth and multiplication of conveniences embarrass us, especially in northern climates. The shortest enumeration of our wants in this rugged climate appalls us by the multitude of things not easy to be done. And if you look at the multitude of particulars, one would say, Good housekeeping is impossible. Order is too precious a thing to dwell with men and women. See how,

in families where there is both substance and taste, at what expense any favorite punctuality is maintained. If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, attended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents, — then does the hospitality of the house suffer. Friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apartments are slovenly. If the linens and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth, or persons are treated as things.

The difficulties to be overcome must be freely admitted; they are many and great. Nor are they to be disposed of by any criticism or amendment of particulars taken one at a time, but only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our dwellings are usually built and furnished. And is there any calamity more grave, or that more deserves the best good-will to remove it than this? — to go from chamber to chamber and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise. This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging, — being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of heavenly culture, and the inmost presence of beauty.

It is a sufficient accusation of our ways of living, and certainly ought to open our ear to every good-minded reformer, that our idea of domestic well-being now needs wealth to execute it. Give me the means, says the wife, and your house shall not annoy your taste nor waste your time. On hearing this, we understand how these Means have come to be so omnipotent on earth. And indeed the love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the Beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is not the love of much wheat and wool and household stuff. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts. We desire the elegance of munificence. We desire at least to put no stint or limit on our parents, relatives, guests, or dependents. We desire to play the benefactor and the prince with our townsmen, with the stranger at the gate, with the bard, or the beauty, with the man or woman of worth, who alights at our door. How can we do this, if the wants of each day imprison us in lucrative labors, and constrain us to a continual vigilance lest we be betrayed into expense?

Give us wealth, and the home shall exist. But that is a very poor solution, a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. "*Give us wealth.*" You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, that cannot be the right answer; there are objections to wealth. Wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. Our whole use of wealth needs revision and reform. Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so-called *goods* are only the shadow of good. To give money to a sufferer is only a come-off. It is only a postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence, — a credit system in which a paper promise to pay answers for the time instead of liquidation. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man. If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withheld from him. He should be visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with manly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the

utmost benefit, but by your heroism, by your purity, by your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding,—health and self-help. To offer him money in lieu of these is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed virgin a sum of money to release him from his engagements. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and Virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set,—set in lead, set in poverty. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with the captains and sages of Greece and Rome,—with Socrates, with Epaminondas? Aristides was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. “Poor,” says Plutarch, “when he set about it, poorer when he had finished it.” How was it with Æmilius and Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul and John? by Milton and Marvell? by Samuel Johnson and Jean Paul Richter?

I think it plain at first sight that this voice of communities and ages — “Give us wealth, and the good household shall exist” — is vicious, and leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form, “Give us your labor, and the household begins.” I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste, and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance on the part of each man of his vocation,—not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by reforming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in despair. For our social forms are very far from truth and equity. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep: but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims: they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life, and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and Poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and lux-

ury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere: only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county,—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never anywhere the State has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, many in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, and who can see, unmoved, under a humble roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read a few pages more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother,—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with scraps of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Maecady, Booth, or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they give the honey which opportunity offers for the ear and imagination of the others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of their early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together. What is the hoop that holds them stanch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, spite of themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature, and of man! too happy could they know their advantages. They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

MAY.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.		TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.			
122	1	Fri.	4 54	7 0	4 58	6 57	5 2	6 53	8 14	2 16	2 10	2 4	2 26	St. Philip and St. James.	1st. Portland, 6:44. Boston, 6:20. New York, 3:24. Old Pt. Com. 4:17. San Francis. 6:55.	
123	2	Sat.	53	1	57	58	1	54	9 5	2 52	2 50	2 49	3 4	Venus sets, 10:48 P.M.		
124	3	S.	51	2	56	59	0	54	9 55	3 24	3 25	3 24	3 40	Third Sunday after Easter.		
125	4	Mo.	50	3	54	7 0	4 58	55	10 45	3 58	3 59	3 59	4 14			
126	5	Tu.	49	4	53	1	57	57	11 34	rises	rises	rises	rises			
127	6	Wd.	48	5	52	2	56	57	morn.	7 1	7 0	6 57	7 12	○ FULL MOON, 1:29 P.M.		
128	7	Th.	47	6	51	3	55	58	12 24	8 4	8 1	7 57	8 11	☾ H ☾		
129	8	Fri.	46	7	50	4	54	59	1 14	9 2	8 59	8 55	9 7	Saturn rises, 7:57 P.M.		
130	9	Sat.	45	7	49	5	53	7 0	2 4	9 57	9 56	9 49	10 0			
131	10	S.	44	8	47	6	52	1	2 54	10 47	10 43	10 38	10 49	Fourth Sunday after Easter		
132	11	Mo.	43	10	46	7	51	2	3 43	11 30	11 28	11 23	11 34			
133	12	Tu.	41	11	45	8	50	3	4 31	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.			
134	13	Wd.	40	12	44	9	49	4	5 18	11	8	4	15			
135	14	Th.	39	13	43	10	48	5	6 3	46	44	41	52	☾ LAST QUARTER, 0:7 P.M.		
136	15	Fri.	38	14	42	11	47	6	6 48	1 20	1 18	1 15	1 26			
137	16	Sat.	37	15	41	12	46	6	7 32	1 50	1 49	1 47	1 59			
138	17	S.	36	16	40	13	46	7	8 16	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 30	Rogation Sunday. ☾ H ☾		
139	18	Mo.	35	17	39	14	45	8	9 1	2 47	2 48	2 48	3 2			
140	19	Tu.	35	18	38	15	44	9	9 48	3 18	3 19	3 20	3 35	☾ J ☾		
141	20	Wd.	34	19	38	16	43	10	10 38	3 49	3 54	3 56	4 11	Saturn rises, 7 P.M.		
142	21	Th.	33	20	37	17	43	11	11 30	sets	sets	sets	sets	Ascension.		
143	22	Fri.	32	21	36	18	42	12	ev. 25	7 46	7 44	7 39	7 56	● NEW MOON, 1:28 A.M.		
144	23	Sat.	31	22	35	18	41	13	1 24	8 53	8 51	8 45	9 0	Venus sets, 10:44 P.M.		
145	24	S.	30	23	35	19	40	14	2 23	9 55	9 52	9 47	10 1	Sunday after Ascension.		
146	25	Mo.	30	24	34	20	39	15	3 23	10 49	10 46	10 42	10 56	☾ ♀ ☾		
147	26	Tu.	29	25	33	21	39	16	4 21	11 46	11 34	11 30	11 45	Mars rises, 3:5 A.M.		
148	27	Wd.	28	26	33	22	38	16	5 18	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.			
149	28	Th.	27	27	32	23	38	17	6 11	18	17	14	28	☾ FIRST QUARTER, 6:34 P.M.		
150	29	Fri.	27	28	31	23	37	17	7 2	54	53	51	1 7			
151	30	Sat.	26	28	31	25	37	18	7 52	1 28	1 28	1 27	1 43	Jupiter rises, 1:46 A.M.		
152	31	S.	4 26	7 29	4 30	7 25	4 36	7 19	8 41	1 59	2 1	2 1	2 11	Whitsunday.		

SPRING TALK.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IF March may be likened to a shrewish and vixenish maid-of-all-work, with hair flying and dusty gown, I think we may call April an uneasy young fellow, of fitful humors, who has traditionally a far better reputation than he deserves. He cannot be depended on in any Northern latitudes; if he smiles to-day, he will be sulky to-morrow, and storm the day after. Yet—of such weight is a good reputation—his coming is always looked forward to with eagerness, and he is greeted with a heartier welcome than his fitfulness should warrant.

I say nothing against him as he first sets foot upon our Southern capes, treading with flower-muffled step through the woods, and painting green lines over all the cultivated lands. Even the dreary apologies for lawns which our Southern neighbors of the Gulf boast of wear a verdant look at his coming, and it is only when he saunters northward, changing his coronet of gay blossoms for a scant bouquet, that he turns gay deceiver, and belies his sunniest promises with snow and rain. We would not give him so much as complimentary mention, save that he always leads in that pretty coquettish sister of his, May, and that far lovelier cousin, Miss June.

May has her frowns indeed, as every coquette should; but with what tenderness she shakes them off! Beguiling, bewitching, promising roses (but scarce ever giving them), most lovable until the riper June comes, and, with a glory of green, and blushes of real roses, makes herself mistress of our hearts and of the season.

We ring down the curtain (after the manner of the stage tactician) upon this grouping of a triad of months, and, stepping before the foot-lights, will deliver our little talk,—something wayward, yet something practical,—about *spring-time in the country*.

There is no denying that, to one used to the civilization of cities, there are many disagreeables about the country in spring-time.

First of all, the pavements are limited, or should be; and there is a sloppiness about that inevitable season between frost and thaw which does not invite to out-of-door walking. The gravel paths, however judiciously made, will carry somewhat of the general ooze and flux that belong to the refining process of an April sun; the garden *parterres* are worse, and our lady friend, wandering thither to look upon the budding hyacinths and jonquils, may very possibly sink slipper-deep in unctuous mud. The lawn and croquet-ground, besides being soberly brown of hue, and streaked in sheltered places with muddy-looking remnants of old snows, are spongy and poachy and springy, unlike as possible to a summer's turf or to a city pavement. If the pedestrian take to the country high-road, he is no better off; nay, so grossly managed are these thoroughfares in most country towns, that he will be in danger—between frost and thaw—of fairly bogging himself in the April mire. A clean boot is not indeed a great desideratum in the country; but a good, firm foothold upon Mother Earth is; and I know of few walking-bouts so elaborately fatiguing as those which compel a tedious lifting of the feet, one by one, out of a sucking vortex of spring mud. Sufferers in this way ought, at once and everywhere, to make themselves the missionaries and teachers of more civilized processes in respect to country road-making, by which the low parts should have complete drainage, and all have coating of coarse gravel. The underlaying, too, of private paths with coarse rubbish and cobble-stones—without which security against spring upheaval and dampness, no permanent paths should ever be made—would contribute vastly to the comfort of the walking cousins from town, as well as to the neat air of a country place.

It must be remembered, moreover, in the interests of economy, that the more thoroughly a path is underlaid with such rough draining material as I have hinted at, the more secure will it be against the encroachment of weeds. A soil made up of coarse gravel, with only enough of clay to bind it well, and lying above eighteen inches of brick-bats and cobble-stones, is not an inviting one for either weeds or grass to fasten themselves strongly upon.

But however prudently and judiciously paths may be planned and constructed, there must be a season, longer or shorter, between frost and thaw, when country walks will not have the enjoyableness of a city pavement. There is enlivening occupation enough, it is true, for an enthusiastic proprietor,—the unswathing of the bandaged roses, the lifting of the raspberry canes, the combing of the strawberry beds, the coaxing of the jonquils, the pretty cares of the conservatory; but I would advise no denizen of the cities to affront spring-time in the country till the ground is fairly settled, and he finds firm footing on the lawn.

Again, spring in the country makes no show of that quiet repose which many outside people count upon as giving greatest zest to life there. It is, on the contrary, a bustling and stirring and labor-full period; we are getting the pulleys in order, and the traps, and the scenic machinery, and there is a close smell of oil and lubricants of various sorts, and much sweating and pulling, and, maybe, swearing; and some new assistants have come in, who must be painfully taught and grumbled at and discharged; and in place of lovely green, there are great fields of dirty brown, where seed and filth must lie sweltering together for months; and trees are naked, and gardens are at their worst, and biting storms with snow-flakes spotting them drive in upon fresh-dug ground and chill the nodding jonquils; and there is no leisure for carrying out any little inviting plan of a rustic seat here, or a new path there, for the teams are busy, and the men are busy, and care and every-day oversight tasked to their uttermost. Now all this can be enjoyable to none who do not see the end from the beginning, and whose hearts are not enlisted in country work as well as in country repose. Such know that the curtain will be lifting inch by inch,—that the trailing wood plants, and the scattered streaks of green in sunny places, and the yellow bells of the Forsythia, are promises of the glory that shall presently be opened over the whole scene.

Therefore I would say to all who do not love work in the country, as well as idleness in the country, Stay on the pavements until the gardens are planted, and the fields green, and the apple-trees in bloom.

Now a good disciple of Father Tull, or Cobbett, or of any earnest agriculturist, florist, or simple ruralist you may name, would scorn such a staving off of the real labors of the country, and such deferment of participation until promise had ripened into fulfilment. And I think we can pretty safely gauge a man's really earnest intentions, rurally, by the date at which he leaves city for country. If not till later June, you may be quite sure that he cares as little for grafting as for planting, and that all his knowledge of fruit lies in a good appetite for ripe specimens. Such a man's advice, if he offers it upon a rural subject, is not worth the catkin of a filbert-bush.

If your citizen turns his face field-ward in May, before yet the pear-trees are in their bloom, there is more hope of him; he may come to the grafting of an apple-tree, or the proper planting of his melons. But if he confronts the mud of early April, and is in at the planting of his Early Goodrich (the most profitable, if not the most excellent, of all early potatoes), and the overturn of his winter composts, and the sowing of his Early Bassanos, there is hope that he has good weaning from the pap of city luxuries.

But because a man shows this promptitude and urgency, it is by no means certain that he will keep up what is called a fine

place. A fine place, as popularly understood, grows out of system and precision and nicety and abundant funds, and can be arranged by contract, and put on show at a great lift of the roadside, like a lay figure in a haberdasher's window. But the rural zeal that braves all the awkwardnesses of earliest spring-time is not so much enchained by thought of *ad captandum* results, as by curious and loving study of *processes*.

A fine pear — nay, a very fine pear — can be bought any day in the market; but the amateur can never buy in the market the pleasure with which he watches the healing and re-incorporating process of some grafted scion of a *Beurré d'Anjou*; there is no possible appraisal of the tender and enjoyable pride with which he looks upon the first tokens of a successful knitting of graft and stock, or with which he sees the crimson cheeks coming at last upon his closeted *Bonnes de Jersey*.

Yet there are abundance of amateurs who, having satisfied their special inquiry (by minute observation of daily development) with respect to any particular fruit, abandon or neglect the culture; not from lack of rural appetite, but only because their attention is directed to some new inquiry. Having conquered one fact, they leave it with the good people of routine, and range about the field in search of new conquests. Your gentleman of business method, on the contrary, with no new horticultural scent to divert him from the well-ordered trail of his gardener, is most exact in his labors and most nice in his accomplishment. What may be the quality of his secret gratification at the bestowal of some horticultural premium, it would hardly become us to inquire. Hence, I think it will be found that the most zealous ruralists are rarely the holders of show-places; they are too earnest in search of special facts to give their mind to those harmonious combinations which come within the province of the gardener, and which command popular admiration. The best and most zealous pharmacist is very apt to show but a flimsy array of drugs, and his shop is aptest of all to have the air of a laboratory, rather than the attractive glitter which belongs to the establishment of a popular apothecary. A good gardener, like a good apothecary's clerk, will keep the property of his employer in most excellent order, whether the master or proprietor be an enthusiast in the matter or no.

I have hinted that spring-time in the country, with those who are given over to rural duties, is one of bustle and haste and seeming confusion. It is altogether the poorest time in the year to design cautiously, or to carry out carefully any schemes of improvement. Every open day, when once the ground is fairly settled, must be given to the plough. The fences which winter storms have slanted or flung away must be made straight and sound. The beleaguered water-courses, whether on newly seeded fields or in old meadows, must be cleared. The young clover must be rolled, and, if the land be light, a rolling will do no harm to the winter grain and to the fresh-springing oats. But amidst all the rolling, and the ploughing, and the heavier and less-welcome preparatives for crops to come, let no man who has a home in the country forget or overlook the tree-planting of spring.

Why not in autumn? Surely in autumn; but if a man does his best in that more leisurely season, there will be always something left for spring; it will be all the better, indeed, if the pits have been prepared over winter, and the old turfs with which such holes should be dressed shall have been ripening for plant food, under the snows and frosts. Of all the composts in the world for giving leafy vigor to a newly planted fruit-tree or shrub, I know nothing better than the thoroughly decomposed turf from the borders of an old grass field. The evergreens will take kindly to the same dressing; and except you secure immediate and lusty growth to a young evergreen the season after planting, it will in all likelihood have an up-hill time of it for

years. Later May is, above all others (in this latitude), the season for evergreen planting. All of the fir and pine family hang out too heavy a burden of leaves for safe struggle against the winds of winter, and only in the most protected situations can the autumn planting of the evergreen family be ventured upon with hope of successful results. Let me further hint, that any man possessed of a country place, though it be only of three or four acres of ground, should have his nursery bed for young evergreens, from which he may select at will, and with an eye to form and habit of growth, such specimens as may be thrown in upon corners, upon knolls, upon the flank of a tangled bit of shrubbery, and by one bold dash of dark green color give emphasis to the tamest bit of foliage.

It may be observed, moreover, that, with proper precaution, the transfer of evergreens may be made safely throughout the summer. In view of any such necessity, it is well to keep a few specimens in the nursery bed closely root-pruned, in order that they may have a great stock of fibrous rootlets; the pit to which transfer is proposed should have abundant stock of decayed turf, and this should be kept thoroughly wet for two or three days preceding the transfer; next, a cloudy and still day should be chosen (the wind is a great enemy to the healthfulness of exposed rootlets of any kind); last, mulching should be thorough, and a stake or two with bass matting secure against a sudden flay of wind. By observing these conditions, it will be quite feasible to dress up a knoll, burnt brown by the suns of August, with a great bouquet of Norway or Austrian green. I like these sudden instalments of color, by which we may work out miracles of contrast as deftly and easily as a painter dashes it from his brush.

More hazardous, but for that very reason more captivating, are the startling changes which may be wrought upon a small reach of landscape by dashing out (with the axe) some luxuriant and tossing plume of a locust-tree, that you have tolerated for its June odors and its magnificent wealth of green, and exposing to view some previously hidden border of summer flowers, or bit of rustic trellis with a wild tangle of the bitter-sweet capping it and overlaying it, and reaching out from it its wavy, woody tendrils with such abounding affluence and such wild and winning negligence as I think few climbing plants can match.

But we are running into summer, when we should stay, for this page at least, amidst the bloom of spring. Is there any bloom like it? Not narrowed to glass houses, like the winter bloom, not exceptional like the summer's bloom, not hiding in secluded wood-paths like autumn bloom, but riotous and exultant, and filling the fields and covering the woods. Is there anything more beautiful in nature, in a flowering way, than an old apple-orchard, its rows so broken by age, that all traces of art-arrangement are gone, its tops so gnarled that you find in them no reminder of the pruning-knife or the saw, its gaunt limbs so massy as to simulate the savagery of a forest, and yet so canopied with tender bloom, — not white, but white blushing into pink, and pink blushing into redness? The fruit will be poor, very likely. We are not talking horticulture just now. In fact, I think nature has shown a nice compensation in this matter; the wretched sour cider fruit has I think a richer bloom than the Nonpareils and the Gravensteins. The seedling peach that lifts its delicate carmine from a chance hedge-row makes a far prettier show of color than the fat Melocoton, whose bloom is but a tawny reddish stain. I think, too, that I have seen very showy colors upon streets and in ball-rooms, which shrewd observers do not seek after to transplant.

There is the white of the pear-orchards too, not so fairy-like and wonderful as the apple-bloom indeed, but singularly pure in color; and when it invests the prim pyramids of a dwarf-garden that sentinel you and flank you right and left with long rows of



ROBBETT AND HOOPER.—IMP. N. Y.

SPRING



white soldiery, it charms (or should) as much as any of the embroidered *parterres* of the gardeners. I have no scorn for these last, to be sure; the pansies and the daisies (red and white), and the jonquils, are full of regalement to the eyes of those who have liberty of gardens; but the pear and the apple bloom, and flowery sheets upon the meadows, bless the vision of the poorest. If even the humble dandelion involved great appliances of bottom heat, and glass fondling to bring out its golden brand, I think we should give it a praise that we now deny. Its eyelets, dropped like new-coined eagles over an acre of greensward, are not least among the floral wonders of the spring.

I hear that the newer gardeners are condemning the lilac as something vulgar; well, so are green grass, and the apple-blossoms, and the blue sky, and a thousand of Heaven's gifts of spring-time. When I live beyond a tender feeling for such old-fashioned favorites as the lily of the valley and the lilac and the Guelder rose as accompaniments of a country home, I will take to wax flowers, — feeling that nature is not equal to the supply. But a love for the common does not forbid a love for the uncommon; if I choose to cherish tenderly the old white rose, — the only Northern rival of the *Lamarque*, — though its period of bloom is so short, it no way unfits me for a hearty welcome of the gorgeous red face of the *General Jacqueminot* or for a coquettish dalliance with the pretty *Madame Louise Carrique*.

I cannot close the spring talk without some honorable mention of the fruits and vegetables of spring.

You have them better in the cities?

Doubtful. First, that little crisp, scarlet, round-bellied fellow, — the olive-shaped radish (the most tender and delicate of all his tribe), he, at least, is impatient of long journeys after he is plucked out of the brown mould of the forcing-bed. His crispness bleeds away fast by contact with the air; and when once the wilt of long exposure has come upon him, the marketers can never build it up with sprinkling or cold water *douches*. But pulled at sunrise, for a breakfast at seven, on an April morning, with judiciously broiled chops, and feathery rolls to flank them, and the little scarlet radishes are a very grateful reminder of the garden.

Still less will the salads proper permit of package in barrels, and overturnings on market floors, and the crude handling of raw market-boys; a good head of lettuce must carry all its delicate fibre unimpaired to the table, — most of all that best of lettuces, the White Coss (the French dub it *Romaine Blonde*), which must be deftly tied up with bass matting five or six days before its true fitness comes; and then, by plucking away the outer and enwrapping leaflets, you shall come to such blanched and dewy and cool vegetable fibre as crackles under the tooth like thin plates of ice. Crown this bountifully with Bordeaux oil, a pinch of salt, the merest *souppçon* of vinegar (in which the peeling of an onion has had preliminary soak), and I think the bounties of a spring garden can do nothing more for you.

In later May comes the Early Bassano, with its delightful flavor of the earth (they bear forcing as well as cabbages, and well repay the trouble); at a quick pace, after this first garden tenant of the spring pot (I make no account of spinach and asparagus, which are legacies from autumn), there come the Dan O'Rourke, or the Tom Thumbs, — not much to choose between them, save that the latter will involve none of the awkward labor of "bushing." The snap-bean (the dwarf China is best) tempts you a while by the variety it affords, but gives place presently to that glory of the cabbage tribe, and king of vegetables, — the cauliflower. He is terribly impatient under the hot suns, even of latter May, and must be humored at times with a little artificial shade; but no product of the garden pays better for extraordinary care.

In way of garden fruits, I think none can be fairly claimed as

a spring visitor, except that prince of all, — the strawberry. It pains me to think that there are here and there, scattered about the world, individuals who, by some inscrutable providence, are unable to eat of this fruit without bodily detriment. I regard them with the same kind of pity with which I regard people who are bereft of their hearing. In latitude 41° or thereabout, the first gathering of garden strawberries dates from the 10th to the 25th of June. In a record of ten years, I find these the two extreme dates. Through all of latter May, especially if the season be exceptionally dry, I should advise the garden proprietor to give to his man Patrick the diversion of watering the strawberry bed two or three times a week, with a weak wash of guano, but let him see to it carefully that no blossoms are injured; I would further advise a coy bespreading of the whole surface, with the young grass clipped from the garden terrace; and when the berries are fairly formed, I would advise him to look about the neighborhood for a good Alderney cow, in her first milk; but let no butter be made, — whatever the mistress may claim, — while strawberries last. Following these advices, and I think the most arrant citizen will find a dish, morning, noon, and night, upon the country table which denizens of the cities pray for and pay for in vain.

I shan't enter into a discussion of varieties. The pomologists have come to such a pass in their rivalries, and jealousies, and mutual abuses, as to remind one of the virulence of the art writers and book critics. I can only say that if I were to have a good dish of old-fashioned Hovey's to my breakfast, I think I should prefer the *Triomphe de Gand* for dinner, and am quite sure that I should sup upon Downer's Prolific, and very likely send my Wilson's to market (people who buy in market should not be particular). Again, if it were not a matter of dishes, but if, upon a garden stroll, I had a lively desire for a *bonne bouche*, that should be full of aroma, and require no condiment of sugar or cream, I am sure that I should pluck a goodly specimen of Lennig's White. For such wayward, stolen tastes, I know no berry that is so inviting.

What sport is there of spring time in the country? Tree planting, gardening, — these smack too much of positive labor perhaps. Croquet is for youngish blood; billiards belong to winter; boating carries one into August; the gun is hanging idle on the wall since last November.

But athwart the gun there is a landing net, and a rod and a creel, dedicated to the prince of all sports; not angling in general, but that charmingest of angling, whose prey and glory is the little golden spotted swimmer, *salmo fario*.

It should be a mild afternoon of June (April will do, and so will May, and so will morning, if one can be astir at sunrise), — a mild afternoon with a gentle wind blowing up the meadow at your back, — a wind that scarce shakes the solemn tops of the hemlocks, and yet sets all the aspen-leaves astir; the brook should be fairly full with yester-nights rain, — the sun to your left and westering fast, and throwing long shadows of maples and hemlocks and cliff, across valley and stream; there should be such solemn quiet as to make the chirp of a garrulous and inquisitive chickadee in the near bushes painfully distinct under these conditions, and with creel half full, — a most delightful burden, — we may safely leave our spring sportsman, sauntering under the stately oaks that dot the meadow, casting his brown hackle lightly on the water over every lurking-place which he knows of old, mindless of the lengthening shadows and of the dews, — cheated of all the village sounds that betoken eventide, by that swift music of his reel, — till at the last, far down in some narrowed ravine, the sunset and the blackness of the overhanging hemlocks bring his June day to a close.

To-morrow the summer will have come.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.					TIDES.
			Latitude of Boston.		Latitude of New York.		Latitude of Washington.		East of Rocky Mts.	Boston.	New York.	WASH- INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.						
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.								Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.			h. m.					
153	1	Mo.	4 25	7 30	4 31	7 25	4 36	7 19	9 29	2 33	2 34	2 35	2 40	Venus sets, 10 : 30 P.M.	1st. Portland, 8 : 17. Boston, 8 : 11. New York, 5 : 7. Old Pt. Com. 5 : 51. San Francis. 9 : 10.						
154	2	Tu.	25	31	30	26	36	20	10 18	3 6	3 8	3 11	3 16	Jupiter rises, 1 : 36 A.M.							
155	3	Wd.	25	32	30	26	35	21	11 7	3 39	3 43	3 46	3 52	Ember Day. ☾ h ☾							
156	4	Th.	24	32	29	27	35	21	11 57	rises	rises	rises	rises	5th, ☉ FULL MOON, 1 : 47 A.M.							
157	5	Fri.	24	33	29	28	35	22	morn.	7 48	7 44	7 40	7 44	Ember Day.							
158	6	Sat.	23	34	29	28	34	23	47	8 40	8 36	8 32	8 35	Ember Day.							
159	7	S.	23	34	29	29	34	23	1 36	9 28	9 24	9 20	9 23	Trinity Sunday.							
160	8	Mo.	23	35	28	29	34	24	2 25	10 9	10 5	10 2	10 4								
161	9	Tu.	23	35	28	30	34	24	3 12	10 46	10 43	10 40	10 42	Venus sets, 10 : 12 P.M.							
162	10	Wd.	22	36	28	30	34	25	3 58	11 20	11 17	11 15	11 17								
163	11	Th.	22	36	28	31	34	25	4 43	11 51	11 49	11 47	11 49	St. Barnabas.							
164	12	Fri.	22	37	28	31	34	26	5 27	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	Saturn sets, 3 : 37 A.M.							
165	13	Sat.	22	37	28	32	34	26	6 10	19	19	18	21	☾ LAST QUARTER, 5 : 5 A.M.							
166	14	S.	22	38	28	32	34	26	6 54	48	48	48	52	First Sunday after Trinity.							
167	15	Mo.	22	38	28	33	34	27	7 39	1 17	1 17	1 18	1 23	14th, ☾ ☾ ☾							
168	16	Tu.	22	38	28	33	34	27	8 26	1 47	1 49	1 51	1 57	Mercury sets, 9 : 13 P.M.							
169	17	Wd.	22	39	28	33	34	27	9 17	2 21	2 23	2 26	2 33	☾ ☾ ☾							
170	18	Th.	23	39	28	34	34	28	10 10	2 59	3 3	3 6	3 13	Mars rises, 2 : 22 A.M.							
171	19	Fri.	23	40	28	34	34	28	11 7	sets	sets	sets	sets	20th, Summer begins, 10 : 54 P.M.							
172	20	Sat.	23	40	28	34	34	28	ev. 8	7 40	7 35	7 31	7 36	☉ NEW MOON, 9 : 37 A.M.							
173	21	S.	23	40	29	34	34	28	1 9	8 39	8 36	8 31	8 36	Second Sunday after Trinity.							
174	22	Mo.	23	40	29	35	35	29	2 10	9 32	9 28	9 25	9 29	☾ ☾ ☾							
175	23	Tu.	24	40	29	35	35	29	3 10	10 17	10 14	10 12	10 15								
176	24	Wd.	24	40	29	35	35	29	4 6	10 57	10 55	10 52	10 56	Nativity of St. John the Baptist.							
177	25	Th.	24	40	30	35	36	29	4 59	11 32	11 31	11 30	11 37								
178	26	Fri.	25	40	30	35	36	29	5 50	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.								
179	27	Sat.	25	40	31	35	36	29	6 39	5	5	5	9	☉ FIRST QUARTER, 0 : 42 A.M.							
180	28	S.	25	40	31	35	37	29	7 28	36	37	39	43	Third Sunday after Trinity.							
181	29	Mo.	26	40	31	35	37	29	8 16	1 8	1 10	1 13	1 19	St. Peter.							
182	30	Tu.	4 26	7 40	4 32	7 35	4 38	7 29	9 4	1 41	1 44	1 47	1 53								

SUMMER TALK.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I PICTURE July as a stout woman, with a liberty-cap (of '76) upon her head, and perspiring fearfully. Yet she wears a cheery, honest face, and, if she have none of the bridal freshness of June or May, she wears the honors of maternity, and leads in a great brood of flowers and fruits in her train. August is a dark-eyed Senorita, languishing and sighing, and with a sultry sulkiness that bursts out from time to time into clanging and thunderous storms. September is a calmer personage in the family of months, — golden-haired, I should say, with a round-moon face, and more matronly even than her sister of July, — with a sickle at her girdle, and sheaves of grain for dower.

I am credibly informed that there are a large number of people who annually pass the Fourth of July in cities. They are proper subjects of commiseration for all good men. I remember, some years ago, to have been waylaid in a metropolitan hotel upon that festal day of the summer, and my regard for country quietude and my love for country seclusion have been, I think, intensified by that day's fearful experience. A great annoyance of sound can be borne; but little ones are exasperating. A roar of storm or of cannon has something pacifying in it; but the pestilent iteration of crackers and of pistols at one's elbow is maddening. I can imagine no better figure of a Tantalus than that of a palsy man perspiring in the heats of July, with a din of exploding crackers at every hand, and with no power in him to stretch out an arm and shake the life out of the little urchins who keep up their tormenting *routade*.

That odious metropolitan July day is remembered like a hobgoblin dream, full of whizzing sounds and cinders.

There was another Fourth, equally well remembered, and more pleasantly, when four of us, sworn comrades of travel, broke bread together, and toasted the famous anniversary in bumpers of sour Swiss wine upon the top of the Rhigi Culm, with Lake Zug lying like a mirror under the eye, and all that wondrous panorama of mountain, field, and flood simmering in a glorious sunshine.

I do not know what the habit of the boys' schools may be now-a-days: but in those old times when we wore roundabouts, and studied Adam's Latin Grammar, the head-master used to give us a day's excursion by omnibus or stage-coach on the Fourth. And we piled into and all over such vehicles, by the dozen, infesting the doors and windows and roof, — hanging about the beloved stage-coach like bees on gone-by fruit, — making the hills resound with our jollity, and waking every old farmer's barn by the wayside with the echoes of our mad mirth. The old ladies, standing akimbo in the doors, stared blank astonishment at us through their iron-rimmed spectacles, and shy girls caught admiring glimpses of our spick and span new white drilling from behind the farm-house curtains. What a triumphal progress it was, to be sure! Dew on the grass, larks singing, late roses blooming, cherries ripening, tall rye waving, the old coach creak-cracking, Tom (our wit) chaffing the driver, and the new-mown hay filling all the air with its sweet perfume. Do lads of our time know anything of such gay coaching-bouts, I wonder?

Then we stopped toward high noon at some huge, lumbering village tavern for dinner. A tavern dinner! my mouth waters even now to think what ambrosian fare had been provided (by previous arrangement of the "Principal") to cheer us boys who had been depleted with three hard months of boarding-school diet. A turkey — positively a turkey (and stuffed too) — at one end of the long table, and at the other — great heavens! — a dapper, crisp, curled-tailed pig, with a sprig of parsley in his

mouth, and giblets and what not in a little pot-bellied turcen of gravy close by.

Tim Turner had never eaten roast pig; how we watched him as he slipped the tines of his fork into the first crisp morsel, and put the toothsome dainty to its crackling, final account.

"Eh, Tim, is n't it prime?"

No wine for boys in those days. I think the old master would have been mellowed by it, and very likely was, out of his private locker. But our banquet boasted a half-dozen of hop-beer, and there was music in the pop of the corks, and uproarious jollity when an over-ripe jug discharged itself full in the face of the English master, and bespattered his white waistcoat.

I wish I could hear jokes to laugh at now as heartily as we laughed at those which went crackling up and down along that Fourth-of-July table. I think there was not a kink in the roast pig's tail but gave pleasant handle to some gibe that set the whole boy company in a roar. In short, we admired each other as persistently and loudly as if we had formed a bevy of brilliant literary men. Then we toasted the day at last, and went home through the woodlands, carrying a flag and singing songs; and there was a secreted pistol (such weapons being forbidden) which one adventurous boy loaded (he had loaded hundreds, he said), and another adventurous boy, stealing into the corner behind the wood-house, fired it off in the shades of evening, and never one of us knew who did the firing!

Another "Fourth" of the boy times I remember being billeted upon some kind old relatives of Tim Turner, — grandparents, if my memory does not misgive me, — and there were two other boys — favored ones — who shared the invitation. A queer, cockloft old house, and tall cherry-trees in the garden, some of them almost reaching their boughs to the chamber windows; what a wealth, too, of ox-hearts, and white-hearts, and black-hearts (names smothered now under a cloud of pomologic lore), and what havoc we made among them! Tim Turner suffering by his excess of zeal with a cruel indigestion, and a stripping, and I know not what other domestic infelicities, above stairs, at the hands of the white-haired, stately grandmamma. But cherries did n't make *us* sick, — not *us*. Yet I have even now crude recollections of a horrible nightmare, provoked on thought of being taken suddenly sick in a strange house, and of being subjected to the peremptory nursing orders of the stately old lady in white-hair and white bed-gown.

This mention of cherries reminds me that the fruit is no longer what it was, — a fruit associated in the old days as intimately with the "Fourth" as the fire-crackers themselves I see nowhere, save on the exhibition-tables. Such luscious cherries used to hang temptingly over every door-yard fence of New England. The trees now show cancerous black tumors, or the bark gapes open and the life oozes away in great gummy clots. I hear of no definite and effective remedy for these ailments. And if these could be conquered, there remain the canker-worms, which over wide belts of land entirely defoliate the struggling trees, and the curculio, which, in fault of its old friend the plum, inflicts its Turkish sting, and forbids development.

I think the time is soon coming — if it be not already come — when we must look at the East for the old beauty of this July fruit only upon dwarfed trees which have nice garden treatment. It may be even necessary to revive the protective method of Sir Francis Carew, who, as far back as the latter part of the sixteenth century, delayed the ripening of his cherries, and secured a rich show of fruit by extending a gauze screen over the whole tree.

There is no doubt of the fact that, in all the old-settled portions of the country, we are meeting with more difficulties, year by year, in the raising of superior fruits. We are conquering the difficulties, to be sure, and keep the markets in fair trim; but the

day when a man could stick in his sapling of a cherry, or a plum, or an apple, in good garden ground, leaving it thereafter to grow at its own will, and be confident of a full harvest when bearing-season came, is utterly gone. There must be nursing and watchfulness and pruning, and a hand-to-hand combat with a great brood of pestiferous insects.

Who that feels the gray shadows of middle age thickening over his head (for my part, I confess to it) does not remember the peach-orchard near to every old homestead of New England, and the rich burden of rarieripes and free-stones and cling-stones (before yet the magnificent melocoton was known), and how round-jacketed school-boys, with big pouches of pockets, thought it no theft to abstract a few from between the fence bars, and went their way rejoicing in spoils and perfume? Nay, there were times when we used to bring a spotted bandanna handkerchief, with the corners tied together, to the massing of such stores of peaches and blue plums as an old ninepence (as rare as the fruit in our time) would buy. I think I could find my way in the night-time, even now, to the locality of an old tree that bore "June-eatings" (so the farmers called them), upon the flank of the hill that lay westward of a certain high-school; but the tree is dead, and the plunder plunderable no longer.

With the abundant and easy crops of those days, I doubt if the small school-boy thefts were ever very noticeable, economically considered. I suspect Deacon McCrea would have given us all we asked, if we had ventured the request; but then what would have become of all the romance of the rope ladder which we let down coyly from the second-story windows, after the master was asleep, and the wonderful Sinbad adventures which we had to recount? I trust the present race of school-boys never steal apples; it is very wrong.

Next after cherries, in the pleasant summer weather, came raspberries; not the modern berries, which, under pomologic manipulation, have become so dainty of stem and stalk that we must needs bury them in the winter, or lash them in straw cloaks like a *remontant* rose, but the sturdy old black and yellow caps, that lifted their thimble-like cones along many a country hedge-row. We strung them on stalks of timothy grass; I do not know if that is a child habit to-day; but three or four and thirty years ago it was in great vogue. I have a vague recollection that certain childish attentions to a blue-eyed angel in short dresses and red-morocco shoes found their climacteric in the transfer of a half-score of black-caps from my spear of grass to her spear; what came of it cannot so well be recalled; but when I think of the berrying, and the July warmth, and the callous men at their mowing (it being daytime), and the red-morocco shoes, a golden mist steals over the memory and obscures the scene.

I like the good old sturdy black-cap berries, because they take care of themselves. They want no gardener's strawing and bundling. They are proof against all the insects which beset the multitude of fruits. They are rampant and vigorous and abounding. The red Antwerps and Philadelphias and Brinckle's orange (a rarely good berry, it must be said) want petting and nursing; and, ten to one, disappoint you by dying some hard winter, in the middle of their straw sheathing. But the honest black-cap is always itself, and can hold its own with the willows and alders. Not very exquisite in flavor, maybe,—not soft and spongy, but almost suffering an honest bite,—yet having a wild, forest aroma of its own, and a sure bearer.

Huckleberries (the printers may spell it whortleberries, if they like) come in August. I have been looking in these days of New Rochelle and Kittatinny and farmers' clubs (which might as well be called advertising clubs) for a Dumptabunny or a New Bordeaux huckleberry. Why not? Is not the little, old-fashioned

shrub worth revision? Is there no fruit innocence left that can rejoice itself with huckleberries and milk? Is it a corrupt taste that covets that dish when first the summer evenings smack of the coming coolness of autumn? Then, for one, I have not yet outlived corruption. I am quite sure that the pomologists will have their hand (and their handbills) upon this old berry before many years are past; and I dread to think what they may make of it. Large, possibly, and juicy, and tender no doubt; but the old aroma of the wild pasture-lands, will they guard that? Can it be guarded under domestication? I have never yet eaten a tamed partridge or prairie-hen; but it appears to me that a generation or two of cage life would dissipate all the gaminess which gives now a relish to these estimable birds.

Of summer wild fruits there remain the blue-berries, the bilberries, the choke-berries, and a certain unnoticed little fruit (at least unnoticed by the fruit books) which in our boyish times was known by the name of shad-berry, the product of that earliest flowering tree, which trails its white glory along the banks of our rivers and inland lakes through latter May and early June. If I put a botanical pin through this old friend, it must be with the title of *Amelanchier Canadensis*. The country people call it shad-blow; and the name has so far vulgarized the shrub—it will come to be a goodly tree under fair treatment—that it is hardly allowable in well-ordered collections. Yet its feathery trail of bloom—coming before all white-tree bloom of the year—is a spring messenger of peace; and if my recollections are not wrong of certain bathing-bouts to Lake Snipsic, near to Ellington, along whose borders this tree grew in profusion, the fruit is by no means to be despised. The wood of this tree has the singular peculiarity of being traversed by minute red veins; whence it came about that some of us philosophers of the jack-knives entertained a theory that it must be the Judas-tree, which thus carried all through its heart, and evermore, the signet of the bloody betrayal.

Turning gardenward in September, we meet—the grapes. But there is a war about the grapes in which we—yearly annalists of the bounties of the gardens—cannot mingle. A word must be said in praise of that vine which shows the first downy-blue clusters of the season,—the Hartford Prolific. Not over-rich in either perfume or flavor, but honestly doing its best year after year; not taking a double twelve months' rest to recuperate; not prone to mildew or other ailments; not dropping its leaves and showing bare clusters; but a steady, homely, certain bearer, not resenting lack of attention, not caring for over-much pruning, but year by year showing its modest purple clusters in early September.

After this earlier vineyard show comes first in order and in rank the little copper-colored Delaware. But, if I am not mistaken, it is slipping away from favor. It shows a bad trick of dropping its leaves in August, leading thenceforth a pinched and asthmatic life. The berries, too, at their best and under highest culture, are not generously large; two or three together hardly make an honest freight for the tongue; then—the flavor? Rich enough, luscious enough; but, after all, somewhat tamely luscious, suggesting the word *claying*, and lacking that brilliant piquancy which so emphasizes the sweetness of a perfect fruit as to make you forget its sweetness altogether.

The Iona, which takes to blushing very shortly after the Delaware, is to my notion a far better fruit, with no smothered sweetness, but great briskness and a noticeable character of its own. The bunches, too, are broad-shouldered, ponderous, and the berries are not wearisomely small, but as generous in size as the clusters. Of course, I speak of it at its best. At its worst, the vine grows haltingly, invites the thrips, drops its leaves, and shows a scant array of miniature clusters.

It is not a grape to be recommended to careless cultivators, not even to good second-rate cultivators. It demands absolutely the highest culture and extremest care. With this, and in its own zone of soil and climate (and I believe every grape has its own), it will reward magnificently. Nothing less than deep trenching and thorough drainage will serve as a preparative; after this, there should be no number twos or number threes ventured on; plants should be number one or no number at all. If with these precautions, and deep planting, the vines sicken and grow pale, and show shrivelled leaves and weak clusters (say on the third year), exposure or soil is unsuited, and no redemption is possible. But do not make haste to condemn too broad a zone of country, because your own plants fail. Going only thirty miles away from my own poor, disconsolate-looking vines (in this last September), I found such luxuriant growth of the Iona, and such burden of sturdy clusters (even in this wet year), as made me shiver with covetousness.

The old Concord is a steady grower, — a little disposed to mildew at the Eastward, and having a habit (unlike the Hartford) of now and then skipping a year's crop, to recuperate energies. Westward of the mountains it is surer, and is in every point a far finer grape.

The Diana, shy and uncertain bearer as it is, and showing the unwelcome habit of pressing its berries into unevenness of shape and premature decay, will always be a favorite for its rare keeping qualities, and its piquant muskiness of flavor. But this is no *catalogue raisonné*; so I slip away from the vineyard, with only a single word more for that rampant and abounding grower, the Clinton; hardly worth mentioning for its fruit, though those who recall the boy-days of frost-grape hunting will be cheated into pleasant reminiscences by its tweak of acidity and big bundle of seeds; but as an ornamental vine I bespeak favor for it, — so abounding in tendrils, so glossy in its green, so sure and firm in its foliage, so riotous in fruitage, that it is the very thing to give its thronging embraces to rustic columns, to bits of old slatternly fences, to dead trees, to staring

outbuildings, to bald surfaces of wall, and to awnings of village shops.

I said September should wear a full, round face, like her harvest moon. It should be calm, too; she represents a season of repose; all profitable growth is fairly over when her face beams its broadest, and the sun nears "the line." The grain is ripe, the roots are ripe, the fruits are ripe, the leaves are ripe, and in all their axils the germs of another spring struggle and growth are coiling into shape. No wood growth or vine growth after September comes in is worth its cost; 't will not harden so as to bear the blight of winter. Foolish old vines and rampant trees attempt it, and show sometimes lusty green shoots or tendrils; but it is a vain show. It reminds me always of the wanton fop-petry of an elderly man, whose years should make him sedate; or of the vain millinery which misguided womanhood will sometimes affect, after fifty years have placed their successive seals upon forehead and figure.

Repose is written on all the landscape of later September. The hurry of the grain harvest is over; the mowing — even for aftermath — is over; the weed destruction is over; the training of the vines is over; we who live in the country and read almanacs rest upon our oars, looking back on the frothy wake of our labors, which is fast subsiding into the serene surface, that widens out far to the right and far to the left and farther yet in front.

We count a few more clusters of grapes, — a heavier burden of grain, — a score more of treelets, — a newly opened vista in the landscape, — a shaking in the joints of the old house that shelters us, — an unmistakable increase of silver to the hair (but not much to the pocket); and with the katydid's a-chirp, and a neighborly owl lifting its *too-whoo* in the edge of the wood, and the broad moon shining, this ripe month goes out.

Seated under our bower of vine-leaves, we wave it a kindly adieu; waiting patiently and hopefully for the fairy October, which to-morrow shall kindle a new and a fiery glory over all the landscape.

A JUNE DAY.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Attilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?



From the illustrated edition of Lowell's "Sir Launfal," published by Ticknor and Fields.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.	TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- INGTON.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
183	1	Wd.	4 27	7 40	4 32	7 36	4 38	7 30	9 53	2 17	2 21	2 25	2 32	♄ ♃	
184	2	Th.	27	40	32	36	39	29	10 42	2 56	3 0	3 5	3 12	Venus sets, 8 : 33 P.M.	
185	3	Fri.	28	40	33	36	39	29	11 31	3 39	3 43	3 48	3 56	Jupiter rises, 11 : 41 P.M.	
186	4	Sat.	28	40	33	36	40	29	morn.	rises	rises	rises	rises	☉ FULL MOON, 3 : 31 P.M.	
187	5	S.	29	40	34	36	40	29	20	8 7	8 3	8 0	8 2	Fourth Sunday after Trinity.	
188	6	Mo.	29	39	34	35	41	29	1 8	8 46	8 43	8 40	8 40		
189	7	Tu.	30	39	35	35	41	28	1 54	9 21	9 18	9 16	9 18		
190	8	Wd.	31	38	36	34	42	28	2 39	9 53	9 51	9 49	9 52	Mars rises, 1 : 49 A.M.	
191	9	Th.	32	38	36	34	42	27	3 23	10 23	10 21	10 20	10 23		
192	10	Fri.	33	38	37	34	43	27	4 7	10 51	10 50	10 50	10 53		
193	11	Sat.	33	37	37	33	44	27	4 50	11 18	11 19	11 19	11 24	12th, ☾ LAST QUARTER, 7 : 32	
194	12	S.	34	36	36	33	41	27	5 33	11 47	11 49	11 50	11 55	Fifth Sunday after Trinity.	
195	13	Mo.	35	36	39	32	45	27	6 18	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	12th, ☽ ♄	
196	14	Tu.	36	36	40	32	46	26	7 6	18	21	23	29		
197	15	Wd.	36	35	41	31	47	25	7 56	53	57	1 0	1 7	16th, ☽ ♃	
198	16	Th.	37	34	41	30	47	24	8 51	1 33	1 37	1 41	1 49	Venus rises, 5 : 3 A.M.; sets, 7 : 1 P.M.	
199	17	Fri.	38	33	42	30	48	24	9 49	2 20	2 25	2 30	2 39		
200	18	Sat.	39	33	43	29	49	23	10 49	3 16	3 21	3 26	3 36	19th, ☉ NEW MOON, 4 : 43 P.M.	
201	19	S.	40	32	44	29	50	23	11 52	sets	sets	sets	sets	Sixth Sunday after Trinity.	
202	20	Mo.	41	31	44	28	50	22	ev. 53	8 9	8 6	8 2	8 6	19th, ☽ ♀ ☾	
203	21	Tu.	42	30	45	27	51	21	1 53	8 53	8 51	8 48	8 52		
204	22	Wd.	43	29	46	26	52	20	2 50	9 31	9 30	9 29	9 33		
205	23	Th.	44	28	48	25	53	20	3 43	10 6	10 6	10 6	10 10		
206	24	Fri.	44	27	48	24	53	19	4 35	10 38	10 39	10 40	10 45	Saturn sets, 0 : 45 A.M.	
207	25	Sat.	45	26	49	23	54	18	5 24	11 11	11 13	11 15	11 20	St. James.	
208	26	S.	46	25	50	22	55	17	6 13	11 44	11 47	11 49	11 55	Seventh Sunday after Trinity.	
209	27	Mo.	47	24	51	21	56	16	7 2	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	26th, ☽ FIRST QUARTER, 8 : 43	
210	28	Tu.	48	23	52	20	57	15	7 50	19	22	26	32	☽ ♃	
211	29	Wd.	49	22	53	19	58	14	8 39	57	1 1	1 5	1 12		
212	30	Th.	50	21	54	18	59	13	9 28	1 38	1 43	1 47	1 55		
213	31	Fri.	4 51	7 20	4 55	7 17	5 07	12	10 17	2 23	2 28	2 33	2 41	Venus rises, 3 : 35 A.M.	

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH IN APPLETHORPE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WE are loyal citizens in Applethorpe, and we always "celebrate." Indeed, our patriotism is of that irrepressible kind which the four-and-twenty hours of Independence Day cannot hold, but it bubbles up and boils over into the preceding evening. There is a warning spurt and sputter of Chinese crackers about the stoop of the "cheap cash store," and through the dewy darkness come mingled voices in shout and laughter, and mingled odors of powder and brimstone. But we are not in the full tide of our successful career till midnight. When the clock strikes twelve, the Abbot of Misrule enters in, and takes possession; "the boys" begin their work. The stately church-bell starts up astonished, and clangs out strange greeting to the hills; and the hills, astonished, make answer with the one rusty-throated cannon that has been dragged up the highest hill of all. The villagers stir uneasily in their beds, with dim, momentary dreams of fire and danger, fading gradually into a confused consciousness of "the Fourth." Ding, ding, ding, goes the bell, heavily and sullenly booms the cannon at irregular intervals, and everybody is perforce wide awake. The din is dolorous to those who live under the droppings of the sanctuary, — ear-splitting, brain-wearying, rest-destroying; but to me, far off, it comes no din, but a soft, clear, musical melody, cleaving the silence, the darkness, the heavy fragrance with a sweetness all its own. Ring away, my brave boys! The minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the captain, the grocer, are muttering harsh things of you, but I only thank you for the tuneful voice. It is so pleasant to be awake, alive, in the boundlessness of night. The solitude is utterly satisfying. There is neither near nor far, but the whole universe stretches around you, the one being in infinite space; and the repose is divine. Ding, ding, ding! — a fresh hand is on the bell-rope, and the melody that was faint and far rolls out again full and pealing. The vibrant voice rings royally through the night; the cloud of sleep that was settling over the tired population is instantly dispelled; and again the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker have nothing pretty to say; but I know the little flower-hearts are beating breathlessly, and all the dew-drops tremble with delight. The prairie-rose leans over in its glory, and whispers to the honeysuckle, and the honeysuckle croons back softly to the rose, pouring forth fragrance as lavishly as if humming-birds and honey-bees had not fed on its sweetness all day long. And, spite of the joy, I cannot keep awake. Vain the sweet-toned bell and the delaying perfume. Through the ivory gate my soul wanders, wavers, and is lost.

Snap, snap, snap! the light infantry approaches, armed and equipped with fire-crackers, as the law of boydom directs. They are making a raid through the village, charging upon the inoffensive inhabitants, and driving away every chance of sleep with their talking and laughing, and the uproar of the pert little crackers. Then there is a lull, a murmur of low talk, and suddenly an explosion extraordinary, — a sudden burst of packs of crackers, torpedoes, squibs, and all things that whiz and fizz and hiss and bang, — then a boyish shout and yell, and the talk and laughter dying into silence. So between sleeping and waking the short night speeds on, and before the boys are tired the birds take up the celebration, and trill out from a thousand throats the heroism of our forefathers. The bell gives way to these new re-enforcements; the hot-lipped rheumatic gun is glad to rest its old bones; the sun comes up inquiringly from behind the hills, wondering what all the fuss is about; and the Fourth of July is fairly set agoing.

The day is clear and hot, such a day as Applethorpe always

bespeaks for her Fourth. We are early astir, for our little Celtic handmaid has great expectations to-day. She is a late comer from Green Erin, — a healthy, ruddy girl, with a voice like the north wind, and an arm like the oak that defies it. Her honest face is continually breaking into sunshine beneath the great cloud of glossy dark hair above. I am not yet tired of watching her as she goes about the house with strong and sturdy tread, so ignorant of fatigue, so unacquainted with weakness. The greenness and vigor of her native island linger around her still. All alone, scarcely sixteen, she came to this strange, vast land, and dropped at once into her appointed place as fealty as a marble into its socket on a solitaire board. There is something I do not understand about these Irish. Hardly able to read, seldom to write, not over intelligent, they manage somehow to shoot straight to the mark. When we travel, we bring heaven and earth into requisition. Everything is prearranged. Letters fly back and forth, selecting routes and hotels. The telegraph is brought into play, and relays are set all along the road to keep us in the way we should go; and after all we miss the early train, we stop at the wrong place, and reach our journey's end with the best trunk missing.

But my Irish friend Honora takes it into her head to send for "little Margery," and forthwith comes to me. I despatch the letter, forming the address according to Honora's rapid tongue, revised and corrected by Colton's Maps. That it will ever strike home, directed in that wild way, seems to me very doubtful; but Honora harbors no doubt. "I shall get my answer back the first of March," says Honora in the full assurance of faith, though to my certain knowledge she is innocent of mathematics, geography, and the use of the globes. Yet, sure as the sun in the heavens, the first of March brings her letter. Will you read it? I know she will not mind, and to me it is a pleasant insight into another world.

"DEAR HONORA: —

"I feel most happy to have an occasion of answering your welcomed letter, which I have just received after your long silence, for I was under the impression that I would never hear from you; but it's an old proverb, 'Better late than ever.'

"Honora, I am a poor old man, after rearing a long family, and now I have neither son or daughter to provide for me in my old age, but I have new life in me since I have heard from you.

"Little Margery is quite a young woman, and is very proud that you are going to fetch her out to the United States; you will make it your business to pay her passage at your earliest convenience from Cork in a steamboat. I am rather shy to request of you to send a pound or two to her for to buy a little clothes. Dennis went from here on the 1st of January, and, of course, he left my hand empty, which going has caused me great uneasiness and discontent. Your poor mother is very lonely after Dennis, and after ye all. I trust you will not be so slow in the future in writing, for it gives me great pleasure when I receive your letters. We are all very proud to know that Elfreda is married and well; for Elfreda was a good daughter to me, and I trust she will remember me yet. Dennis will go to Boston, and you will make it your business to inquire for him, and if you meet him tell him to write immediately, and you also will answer this as quick as possible. All the friends around here are well. Your mother and I join in sending you and Elfreda and husband our thousand blessing, and God may prosper ye all. Patrick has a large family and is well. Be pleased to send Michael a newspaper. Write immediately.

"Your poor mother is overjoyed to hear from ye all. Good by.

"I remain your affectionate father,

"MICHAEL O'MORRITT."

Honora flings out another letter with the money so shyly asked, and the winds take it, and bear it to the little cottage across the sea, and out from the little cottage trips little Margery smiling over the ocean, fearing nothing. Safely the trusty ship sets her down in Boston, — Boston, where you and I should lose way and heart twenty times in the tangle of streets and alleys; but Margery somehow thrids them all, and walks into our apple-orchards promptly with the May blossoms, as fresh and blooming as they. As I look into her ignorant young face, I can only say, He giveth his angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. But I cannot help regretting that the good angels, while they were about it, could not also find it within their province to take charge of the "little clothes" so painfully gained, but left them to be stolen by some miscreant at Newfoundland, — the "little clothes," and the pair of stout Irish blankets which the fond old father sent to his good daughter Elfreda, and which she mournfully and truly affirms would have lasted her all her life. Cold comfort be found within their folds by the wretch who stole them, and, like young Harry Gill's, evermore may his teeth chatter,

"Chatter, chatter, chatter still!"

But there is no thought of blankets now. Speedily finishes Margery her morning work, arrays herself, well pleased, in her new-country outfit, fashions a truly Celtic waterfall from her bright black hair, and joins the group of stalwart cousins and cousinnesses who are going to Boston to "celebrate." It tires me to think of what she will do and be and suffer with unfeigned delight to-day, — the tight new dress, the long, hurried walk to the railroad station, the crowded ride, the din and dust and furnace-heat of the city, — but her face is alight with happy anticipations, and I at least enjoy her joy. God speed your merry-making, Margaret!

Now we close the south blinds and windows, shutting out the burning, remorseless sun, shutting in the cool, scented morning air, and loiter on the shady stoop, finding it of all things sweetest to do nothing. I hear the clatter of a mowing-machine in the meadow below, and from the slope above comes the rhythm of the swinging scythe, — for so our haymakers keep holiday. The birds are mostly quiet, but occasionally from the orchard comes a quick "Twhit!" and from the swamp a sonorous "Caw! caw!" The busy, saucy, overgrown robins are hopping over the new-mown hay, the swallows swoop down almost into our very faces, and the whirr of the humming-bird brings me on tiptoe to catch one glance at the mist of his gossamer wings and his flashing splendor among the vines. Now and then the mowers come into view, curving the shell-work of their broad swaths with an easy, graceful sweep that makes mowing seem no toil, but a fine art, — a pleasurable musical motion.

"Going to be a good hay-day, Aleck?" says my neighbor, the President, sauntering over, and leaning his folded arms on the fence.

"Well there 't is," says Aleck, introducing a rest into the music. "The weather's well enough. It's the wind. If the wind gets round to the south, we shall have rain. If it don't, we sha'n't."

"A handsome piece of grass, — if you get it in without rain."

"Can't tell much about the weather. George," to the boy, whose scythe rattles rather suspiciously, "I would n't cut those stones in two, if I 'se you."

"*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*" Trots smartly by a procession, — three or four gay horses, each horse with a shining covered buggy, each buggy with a shining, trim young man all alone. But they will not long be alone. I know the look of them. It is Frederic, it is John, it is Albert, — spruce young farmers dressed in their Sunday best. They have been skimming the cream of the teams all the village round, and

now they are going for their "girls"; and a jolly day they will have of it, and a safe home-coming let us pray, for they will never think to do it for themselves: besides, there is a tradition hereabouts, that if a young man and maiden are upset in their drives their marriage is certain; and I half suspect the rogues plot to knock off a wheel or sidle down a bank with the design of making their election sure. Now the railroad train roars over the causeway, through the peat-field, now it hushes into silence behind the hill, now it whistles out upon the plain, and makes its noisy halt at the village station. It will do a large business for us to-day. Young people will rush from the old farms to the cities, and youngish people will flock from the cities to the old home farms. Far off their coming shines. They are trooping up the hill. They glimmer among the trees. Their chatter floats before. I know them all, what comfort they carry, and what welcome awaits them in homes whose holidays are all too few! Will the tide toss up a little spray to us? Ah! here they come, by twos and threes; we shall not lose our share of greeting and good cheer. "Here's three of us in a row with on pants," calls the Governor, strutting up statelily to show his first "suit of pants," as he calls them; and midget Butternuts, more shy, but equally elate, brings up the rear, and whispers softly, "I've got on panth," and sticks to the word as closely as if it were standard English. The new costumes have to be scanned, discussed, and admired; a tear is attempted to be dropped over the tadpoles thus hopelessly transformed into frogs, news and nonsense are trifled over, and there is an eye to be kept on the wee boys, who have not put on the practice with the trousers of discretion, and are continually disappearing round corners, and potentially falling into wells and running against scythes. Indeed, they will bear watching, for the Governor has a way, strangely disagreeable to mothers, of climbing house-tops and sitting astride ridge-poles; and Butternuts belongs to a family whose ten-year-old boys have been known to cling to a rope, while their eight and ten year old brother and sister stood at the attic window, and drew them up from the ground into the garret. I shudder now to think of it, and say again, "Their angels, their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven."

But the tiny stragglers are gathered in, the groups re-form, the tide recedes, but leaves us not impoverished. Fragrant, fat-sided strawberries, great bold Amazons of cherries, smothered in green leaves, are its palpable high-water marks; and while we are gathering up these spoils of time and tide, my neighbor, the Secretary, bids me a pea-picking into his garden. Not to-day, though peas are sweet and juicy and tender, and it is pleasant picking among his grape-vines and his rose-bushes, his hemlocks and larches; but there will be no dinner cooked, and no fire kindled, in this house to-day. Ambrosia and nectar, manna and quails, bread and milk, butter and honey, — this is our Olympian fare for the Fourth. So the peas may sit unmolested in their pods, and meditate after the fashion of Hans Andersen's, who, observing that themselves were green and the shell was green, thought therefore the whole world was green; in which opinion good Hans admits they were about right.

But the train that brought our friends brought also our mail; and we will run over to the Post-Office and put ourselves in communication with the universe, dropping in on the way at my neighbor's barn to see the new colt, — a shivering little day-old creature, the tiniest morsel of a horse possible, but a two-thousand-dollar beast, and therefore claiming respect, though I must confess my unsophisticated eyes fail to detect the points which make him worth wellnigh his weight in gold. Four long crooked sticks of legs, and a bit of mouse-colored body, — that is all I see for your two thousand dollars.



ROBERTT AND HOOPER—IMP. N. Y.

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The Post-Office is far better worth while. The Post-Office is a blessed institution in the country. It is society where none intrudes. Letters are the cream of social intercourse. In them you taste the wit and wisdom, the thought and feeling, of living persons, without the embarrassments of personal presence. It is conversation at arms' length. The daily paper brings the world's history down to date, and sometimes anticipates it. By an electric mystery you hear what has happened long before it happens, and even when it never happened at all. The continents report progress to me every morning, though I never stir from beneath my own vine and fig-tree. I know precisely what the Queen wore yesterday. Livingstone is circumstantially and definitively killed on the first page of the morning journal, and brought to life and letters again on the third. The tear forgot as soon as shed was but the slow-coaching of the forefathers. Our tear is stopped half-way out, and perhaps will never be shed at all. Ah! but one sad story the paper shows too true. Maximilian, alas! is dead beyond recall. He might have saved himself; home beckoned to him, succor lay within reach, but honor called him back, and death holds him. O the bad kings and princes that live to no purpose, yet live, and live, and live, — and this good, brave man, scholar, statesman, gentleman, the merciful general, the enlightened ruler, the loving husband, mistaken and deluded, yet powerful for good and bent on beneficence, shot down in the flower of his days! Poor Carlotta! I question if the words were last on his lips, but I make no doubt the thought was last in his heart. What tragedy of the past or of poetry surpasses in pain and pathos this tragedy lived out before our eyes? Vain regrets, — needless as well as useless, we hope and believe. It was but a shabby empire that he missed, a bloody, bandit kingdom; has he not found an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, where he may reign forever king and priest unto God?

And here are letters, — letters whose dear, familiar handwriting is like light to my eyes, — letters that bless me with their magnetic touch, even while I hold them in my hand unopened. And then old Puss purrs and wins me out to see her sleeping beauty, her week-old kitten; and while I am out I may as well look into the garden, to see what the sun is doing for my one China aster and my five sweet-peas; for, alas! my seeds refused to come up, and my weeds refused to stay down, and so my garden is a howling wilderness — when I am in it. And then come the nectar and ambrosia, and — must it be confessed? — a hot dinner after all, sent in by these friendly country neighbors, — but nectar and ambrosia too. And then drowsiness and dreams, stillness of noon and afternoon, — then a little of Thackeray and a little of Herder, and then a low, muttering peal like thunder, and we start up to find the heavens overcast. The bright day is utterly gone. The west is lurid and angry. The sky hangs low and sullen. A livid, leaden look is on the frightened earth. The silence is portentous. We hasten to make fast every door and blind and sash, and the tempest bursts upon us, — rage of wind and roar of rain, the lightning's incessant flash and the thunder's awful reverberations. The unmown grass lies prostrate before the fury of the storm. The rounded hay-cocks are torn apart, and tossed over the field in wild confusion. The tall trees bend and writhe and moan. The house trembles. The water-spouts shriek. There is a snapping, a crackling, a crashing; one tree and another and another are torn up by the roots, and dragged remorselessly through the orchard, or dropped heavily and helplessly out of the track of the tornado. And suddenly as it came the frenzy of the storm

is gone. The cloud still hangs over us, but the wind has died away. The rain falls softly. The lightnings do not rive the whole sky, but only open a portal of heaven in the horizon, and I think more complacently of the dilapidated state of our lightning-rods. The great storm last winter twisted off one at the roof, and after several severe thunder-showers this summer, the other was discovered to have broken near the ground. The blacksmith mended this, but that was not to be so lightly healed. The holder of the patent could not be found, but the owner of a rival patent said he would put up a better set, — these were nothing and worse than nothing, for they had never been safe. This was an alarming state of things, but a mathematical demonstration speedily restored my peace of mind. For, first, the rods had never been safe. Secondly, during the six years they had been up, the house had never been struck. Thirdly, one of the rods was gone, consequently they were only half as unsafe as they were before; therefore the probability of our being struck during the next six years is reduced to one half of nothing. Q. E. D.

The patentee did not seem to see it, but there it is. If anybody can find a flaw in the reasoning, let him show it.

Yet I am fain to confess this demonstration, lucid and satisfactory as it is, to be more comfortable under a clear sky than a clouded one. When the west begins to scowl, I begin to distrust my ciphering, and would give up a mathematical certainty any time for a good set of lightning-rods. Not so my neighbor. "You may stick up as many prongs as you like," she says energetically to her husband, who is dallying with the agent that peddles them, "but I shall go over to Aunt Ruth's and sit, every time there is a thunder-storm, if you do!"

The rain-drops grow fewer and fainter. The birds twitter out afresh. The flowers shake the big drops off, and begin to look about them. The air is heavy with numberless sweet odors, — the newly distilled balm of a thousand flowers. A healthy evening red stains the softening sky. The village girls come loitering down the road; little maids are chattering like magpies, and little boys paddling barefoot through the puddles. Two dainty damsels stroll slowly ahead of the others. The sunset glow lights up the brown curls of one to softest gold, and lends a dazzling bloom to the ruddy cheeks of the other. I know them, good, honest, wholesome country-girls; but gliding along under the trees, their white gossamer garments floating in the evening breeze, they look like angels just alighted, — ah! this is what they are waiting for then! What? Do you think I will tell? If to other eyes than mine they look like angels, and if angels choose to keep tryst under our apple-trees, am I such a marplot that I will blab it to all the world?

The front gate clicks again, — a troop of shining ones come floating up our steps, and more ambrosia, I suspect, lies hidden under that napkin's snowy folds. Lift its fringed edges. Creamy cheese, the clover and violets of our own meadows; golden butter, that has hardly yet forgotten to be buttercups; light, white, toothsome bread; blocks of rich sweetness, that the vulgar call cake; triangles of lemon and sugar and snow-flakes, which school-boys know as pie. Ah! these country neighbors are astir again, and thus their paths drop fatness.

Beloved and beautiful, my Applethorpe! I know not if the stranger's eye finds in you anything to be desired; but I better love the ripple of your quiet stream than all the mountain-waves of the sea. Dear to me is every shadow of your woods, every swell of your hills, every dimple of your dells. Your green lanes woo me through enchanted places, and on your blue lakes rests the smile of Heaven.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.		TIDES.	
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.						
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.						
214	1	Sat.	4 52	7 19	4 57	7 15	5 1	7 11	11 5	3 12	3 17	3 22	3 30	Mercury rises, 3 : 33 A.M.	1st.				
215	2	S.	53	18	58	14	2	10	11 52	rises	rises	rises	rises	Eighth Sunday after Trinity.					
216	3	Mo.	54	17	58	13	3	9	morn.	7 23	7 20	7 17	7 20	☉ FULL MOON, 6 : 44 A.M.	Portland, 9 : 52.				
217	4	Tu.	55	15	59	12	3	8	37	7 52	7 50	7 48	7 50	Jupiter rises, 9 : 39 P.M.					
218	5	Wd.	57	14	5	0	11	4	7	1 22	8 25	8 24	8 23	8 25	Venus rises, 3 : 11 A.M.	Boston, 10 : 26.			
219	6	Th.	58	13	1	10	5	6	2 5	8 54	8 54	8 53	8 56		New York, 6 : 44.				
220	7	Fri.	59	12	2	9	6	5	2 48	9 22	9 22	9 22	9 26		Old Pt. Com. 7 : 26.				
221	8	Sat.	5	0	10	3	7	7	3	3 31	9 50	9 51	9 52	9 57	♂ ♀ ☾	San Francis. 0 : 3.			
222	9	S.	1	9	4	5	8	2	4 15	10 20	10 21	10 24	10 29	Ninth Sunday after Trinity.					
223	10	Mo.	2	8	5	4	9	1	5 0	10 52	10 55	10 58	11 4						
224	11	Tu.	3	6	6	2	10	6 59	5 48	11 28	11 32	11 36	11 43	☾ LAST QUARTER, 7 : 20 A.M.					
225	12	Wd.	4	5	7	1	11	58	6 39	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.						
226	13	Th.	5	3	8	0	11	57	7 33	10	15	19	27	Mars rises, 1 : 1 A.M.					
227	14	Fri.	6	2	9	6 59	12	56	8 31	1 0	1 5	1 10	1 19	♂ ☿ ☾					
228	15	Sat.	7	0	10	58	13	54	9 32	1 58	2 3	2 8	2 18	♂ ♀ ☾					
229	16	S.	8	6 59	11	56	14	53	10 33	3 4	3 9	3 13	3 24	Tenth Sunday after Trinity.					
230	17	Mo.	9	57	12	54	15	52	11 34	sets	sets	sets	sets	Sun eclipsed. Invis. in U. S.	15th.				
231	18	Tu.	10	56	13	53	16	51	ev. 33	7 24	7 22	7 20	7 24	● NEW MOON, 0 : 3 A.M.	Portland, 8 : 38.				
232	19	Wd.	11	54	14	52	17	50	1 29	8 2	8 1	8 1	8 5		Boston, 8 : 35.				
233	20	Th.	13	53	15	50	18	48	2 23	8 37	8 37	8 38	8 42	Saturn sets, 9 : 55 P.M.	New York, 5 : 29.				
234	21	Fri.	14	51	16	48	19	46	3 16	9 10	9 11	9 12	9 20	Venus rises, 2 : 20 A.M.	Old Pt. Com. 6 : 12.				
235	22	Sat.	15	50	17	47	20	44	4 7	9 43	9 45	9 48	9 54		San Francis. 11 : 0.				
236	23	S.	16	48	18	46	21	43	4 57	10 18	10 21	10 24	10 31	Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.					
237	24	Mo.	17	47	19	45	22	42	5 46	10 55	10 59	11 3	11 11	☽ FIRST QUARTER, 7 : 39 P.M.					
238	25	Tu.	18	45	20	43	23	40	6 36	11 36	11 40	11 45	11 53	24th, St. Bartholomew.					
239	26	Wd.	19	43	21	41	24	38	7 25	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	24th, ☾ ☿ ☾					
240	27	Th.	20	42	22	40	25	37	8 14	20	25	30	38						
241	28	Fri.	21	40	23	38	25	36	9 2	1 8	1 13	1 18	1 27	Venus rises, 2 : 9 A.M.					
242	29	Sat.	22	39	24	37	26	35	9 49	2 0	2 4	2 9	2 18						
243	30	S.	23	37	25	35	27	33	10 35	2 54	2 58	3 2	3 11	Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.					
244	31	Mo.	5	24	6	35	5	26	6	31	11 20	3 50	3 53	3 57	4 6	Jupiter rises, 7 : 50 P.M.			

BUGLE SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

VISIT TO AN OLD ENGLISH ABBEY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

YESTERDAY we took a phaeton and went to Furness Abbey, a drive of about sixteen miles, passing along the course of the Leven to Morecambe Bay, and through Ulverstone and other villages. These villages all look antique; and the smallest of them are generally formed of such close, contiguous clusters of houses, and have such narrow and crooked streets, that they give an idea of a metropolis in miniature. The houses along the road (of which there are not many, except in the villages) are almost invariably old, built of stone, and covered with a light gray plaster; generally they have a little flower-garden in front, and often honeysuckles, roses, or some other sweet and pretty rustic adornment, are flowering over the porch. I have hardly had such images of simple, quiet, rustic comfort and beauty as from the look of these houses; and the whole impression of our winding and undulating road, bordered by hedges luxuriantly green, and not too closely clipt, accords with this aspect. There is nothing arid in the English landscape; and one cannot but fancy that the same may be true of English rural life. The people look wholesome and well-to-do,—not specimens of hard, dry, sun-burnt muscle, like our yeomen,—and they are kind and civil to strangers, sometimes making a little inclination of the head in passing. Miss Martineau, however, does not seem to think well of their mental and moral condition.

We reached Furness Abbey about twelve o'clock. There is a railway station close by the ruins, and a new hotel stands within the precincts of the Abbey grounds; and continually there is the shriek, the whir, the rumble, the bell-ringing, which denote the arrival of the trains, and passengers alight, and step at once (as the chance may be) into the refreshment-room to get a glass of ale or a cigar, or upon the gravelled paths of the lawn, leading to the old broken walls and arches of the Abbey. The ruins are extensive, and the enclosure of the Abbey is stated to have covered a space of sixty-five acres. It is impossible to describe them. The most interesting part is that which was formerly the church, and which, though now roofless, is still surrounded by walls, and retains the remnants of the pillars that formerly supported the intermingling curves of the arches. The floor is all overgrown with grass, strewn with fragments and capitals of pillars. It was a great and stately edifice, the length of the nave and choir having been nearly three hundred feet, and that of the transept more than half as much. The pillars along the nave were alternately a round, solid one and a clustered one; now, what remains of some of them is even with the ground; others present a stump, just high enough to form a seat; and others are perhaps a man's height from the ground;—and all are mossy, with grass and weeds rooted into their chinks, and here and there a tuft of flowers giving its tender little beauty to their decay. The material of the edifice is a soft, red stone; and it is now extensively overgrown with a lichen of a very light gray hue, which at a little distance makes the walls look as if they had long ago been whitewashed, and now had partially returned to their original color. I never saw anything like the immense, the noble arches of the nave and transept; there were four of them together, supporting a tower which has long since disappeared,—arches loftier than I ever conceived to have been made by man. They owe their peculiar stateliness and impression of great height to the tall pillars on which the arch is reared. All other arches, as far as I remember, are the sweep and segments of circles, and have not such an effect of lofty elevation. Very possibly, in some cathedral that I have seen, or am yet to see, there may be arches as stately as these; but I doubt whether

they can ever show to such advantage in a perfect edifice as they do in this ruin,—most of them broken,—only one, as far as I recollect, still completing its sweep. In this state they suggest a greater majesty and beauty than any entire human work can show,—the crumbling traces of the half-obliterated design producing somewhat the effect of the first idea of anything admirable, when it dawns upon the mind of an artist or a poet, an idea, of which, do what he may, he is sure to fall short.

In the middle of the choir is a much dilapidated monument of a cross-legged knight (a Crusader of course), in armor, very rudely executed; and up against the wall lie two or three more bruised and battered warriors, with square helmets on their heads, and visors down. Nothing can be uglier than these figures. The sculpture of those days seems to have been far behind the architecture. And yet they knew how to put a grotesque expression into the faces of their images, and we saw some fantastic shapes and heads at the lower points of arches, which would be fit to copy into Punch. In the chancel, just at the point below the high altar, was the burial-place of the old Barons of Kendal. The broken Crusader perhaps represents one of them, and some of their stalwart bones might be found by digging down into the earth. Against the wall of the choir, near the vacant space where the altar stood, are some stone seats with canopies, richly carved in stone, all quite perfectly preserved. Upon these the priests used to sit at intervals, during the celebration of mass.

Conceive all these shattered walls, with here and there an arched door, or the great arched vacancy of a window,—these broken stones and monuments scattered about,—these rows of pillars up and down the nave,—these arches, through which a giant might have steept and not needed to bow his head, unless in reverence to the sanctity of the place,—conceive it all with such verdure and embroidery of flowers as the gentle, kindly moisture of the English climate procreates on all old things, making them more beautiful old than new,—conceive it with grass for sole pavement of the long and spacious aisle, and the sky above for the only roof. The sky, to be sure, is more majestic than the tallest of those arches, and yet these latter perhaps make the stronger impression of sublimity, because they translate the sweep of the sky to our finite comprehensions. It was a most beautiful, warm, sunny day, and the ruins had all the pictorial advantage of bright light and deep shadows. I must not forget that birds flew in and out among the recesses, and chirped and warbled and made themselves at home there. Doubtless the birds of the present generation are the posterity of those who first settled in the ruins after the Reformation, and perhaps the old monks of a still earlier day may have watched them building nests about the Abbey before it was a ruin at all.

We had an old description of the Abbey with us, aided by which we traced out the principal parts of the edifice, such as the church, as already mentioned, and, contiguous to this, the chapter-house, which is better preserved than the church; also the kitchen, and the room where the monks met to talk, and the range of wall where their cells probably were. I never before had given myself the trouble to form any distinct idea of what an abbey or monastery was,—a place where holy rites were daily and continually to be performed, with rooms in which to eat and sleep near and convenient, in order that the monks might always be at hand to perform those rites. They lived only to worship, and therefore lived under the same roof with their place of worship, which, of course, was the principal object in the edifice, and hallowed the whole of it. We found, too, at one end of the ruins, what is supposed to have been a school-house for the children of the tenantry or villeins of the Abbey. All around the room is a bench of stone against the wall, and the

pedestal also of the master's seat. There are likewise the ruins of the mill; and the mill-stream, which is just as new as ever it was, goes murmuring and babbling past the Abbey, and passes under two or three old bridges, consisting of a low, gray arch overgrown with grass and shrubbery. That stream was the most fleeting and vanishing thing about the ponderous and high-piled Abbey; and yet it has outlasted everything else, and might still outlast another such edifice, and be none the worse for wear.

There is not a great deal of ivy upon the walls; and though an ivied wall is a beautiful object, yet it is better not to have too much, else it is but a wall of unbroken verdure, on which you can see none of the sculptured ornaments, nor any of the hieroglyphics of time. A drapery of ivy here and there, with the gray wall everywhere showing through, makes the better picture; and I think nothing is so effective as the little bunches of flowers, a mere handful, that grow on spots where their seeds have been carried by the winds ages ago.

I have made a miserable botch of this description. It is no description, but merely an attempt to preserve something of the impression the Abbey made on me, and in this I do not seem to have succeeded at all. I liked the contrast between the sombreness of the old walls and the sunshine falling through them and gladdening the grass that floored the aisles; also, I liked the effect of so many idle and cheerful people strolling into the haunts of the dead monks, and going babbling about, and peering into the dark nooks, and listening to catch some idea of what the building was from a clerical-looking personage who was explaining it to a party of his friends. I do not know how well acquainted this gentleman might be with the subject, but he seemed anxious not to impart his knowledge too extensively, and gave a pretty direct rebuff to an honest man who ventured an inquiry of him. I think that the railway, and the hotel within the Abbey grounds, add to the charm of the spot. A moonlight, solitary visit in it might be very good, too, in its way; but I believe that one great charm and beauty of antiquity is, that we view it out of the midst of quite another mode of life; and the more perfectly this can be done, the better. It can never be done more perfectly than at Furness Abbey, which is in itself a very sombre scene, and stands, moreover, in the midst of a melancholy valley, the Saxon name of which means the Valley of the Deadly Nightshade.

FIRE-FLIES.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

ERE yet with lingering footstep comes the dark,
In the cool chalice of a twilight bloom,
Or under some low grass-tuft's canopy,
The dainty fire-fly makes her tiring-room,
And trims her wings, and robes her royally,
With cunning which no mortal eye may mark,
For night's grand carnival, erelong to be,
With joy and beauty, music and perfume.

O, could we walk with noiseless, elfin feet
The rare seclusion where the shining queen
Sits listening to the love-lorn cricket's tune,—
That bashful troubadour who sings unseen,—
Making her veiled green bower bright as noon
With a rich golden lustre mild and sweet,
Yet borrowed neither from the sun nor moon,
Nor any fire, nor ray of star serene.

No legend-lover of the lands afar,
No story-teller near an Eastern throne,
Who, uttering all his wildest fancies, weaves
Romaunts and magic tales till night is flown,
So marvellous a heroine conceives
As this, who asks no aid of lamp or star,
But lights her odorous chamber in the leaves,
With a clear conscious radiance all her own.

When headlong beetles boom across the night,
And high the tender-leaved mimosa-tree
Holds her thin flames against the growing dark,
And heavy dew-drops greaten silently,
Up from the grass a mellow opal-spark,
A living gem, instinct with joy and light,
Floats tremulous, like a fairy's tiny bark
Bearing unearthly radiance out at sea.

And then a thousand glitter into view,
Crowding in fleets, or gathering one by one,—
They soar and sink and circle up and down,
And follow where the airy currents run;
But when the white-browed day puts on her crown,
Lo! with the darkness they have faded too,—
Stranded like storm-wrecked ships all bruised and brown,
Their light extinguished and their voyage done.

MY RAVENS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

As it is Mr. Waterton's opinion that ravens are gradually becoming extinct in England, I offer a few words here about mine.

The raven in my story is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth, when he was discovered in a modest retirement in London, by a friend of mine, and given to me. He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Anne Page, "good gifts," which he improved by study and attention in a most exemplary manner. He slept in a stable,—generally on horseback,—and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity, that he has been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off unmolested with the dog's dinner from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.

While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent up to me. The first act of this Sage was, to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and half-pence he had buried in the garden,—a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept, that he would perch outside my window and drive imaginary horses with great skill, all day. Perhaps even I never saw him at his best, for his former master sent his duty with him, "and if I wished the bird to come



			THE SUN.								THE MOON.								PHENOMENA, &c.					TIDES.
Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ington.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.					High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.					
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.											
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.									
245	1	Tu.	5 25	6 33	5 27	6 32	5 29	6 30	morn.	6 28	6 27	6 25	6 27	○ FULL MOON, 10 : 49 P.M.					1st. Portland, 10 : 49. Boston, 11 : 19. New York, 7 : 40. Old Pt. Com. 8 : 21. San Francis. 0 : 38.					
246	2	Wd.	26	31	28	30	30	29	4	6 58	6 57	6 56	6 59	Venus rises, 2 : 4 A.M.										
247	3	Th.	27	30	29	28	31	27	47	7 26	7 25	7 26	7 29	☾ 24										
248	4	Fri.	28	28	30	27	32	25	1 30	7 54	7 55	7 55	8 0	☾ 24										
249	5	Sat.	29	27	31	25	33	24	2 14	8 23	8 25	8 27	8 31	Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.										
250	6	S.	30	25	32	24	34	22	2 58	8 54	8 56	8 59	9 5	Jupiter rises, 7 : 26 P.M.										
251	7	Mo.	32	23	33	22	34	20	3 45	9 28	9 31	9 35	9 42	☾ LAST QUARTER, 4 : 56 P.M.										
252	8	Tu.	33	22	34	20	35	19	4 34	10 7	10 11	10 15	10 23	morn.										
253	9	Wd.	34	20	35	18	36	18	5 26	10 52	10 57	11 2	11 10	☾ LAST QUARTER, 4 : 56 P.M.										
254	10	Th.	35	18	36	17	37	16	6 20	11 45	11 49	11 54	morn.	☾ 24										
255	11	Fri.	36	16	37	15	38	15	7 17	morn.	morn.	morn.	4	☾ 24										
256	12	Sat.	37	14	38	14	39	13	8 16	45	50	55	1 5	☾ 24										
257	13	S.	38	13	39	12	40	11	9 16	1 52	1 56	2 1	2 1	☾ 24										
258	14	Mo.	39	11	40	10	41	10	10 14	3 4	3 7	3 11	3 21	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.										
259	15	Tu.	40	9	41	9	42	8	11 12	sets	sets	sets	sets	Saturn sets, 9 : 17 P.M.										
260	16	Wd.	41	7	42	7	42	6	ev. 7	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 34	● NEW MOON, 8 : 11 A.M.										
261	17	Th.	42	6	43	5	43	5	1 1	7 5	7 6	7 6	7 12	16th, Ember day.										
262	18	Fri.	43	4	44	4	44	3	1 54	7 39	7 41	7 43	7 49	Ember day.										
263	19	Sat.	44	2	45	2	45	1	2 46	8 15	8 17	8 20	8 27	Ember day.										
264	20	S.	45	0	46	0	46	0	3 37	8 52	8 55	8 59	9 6	Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.										
265	21	Mo.	46	5	47	5	47	5	4 28	9 32	9 36	9 41	9 49	St. Matthev. ☾ h c										
266	22	Tu.	47	57	48	57	48	57	5 19	10 16	10 20	10 25	10 33	Autumn begins, 1 : 25 P.M.										
267	23	Wd.	48	55	49	55	49	55	6 8	11 3	11 8	11 13	11 21	☾ FIRST QUARTER, 10 : 14 A.M.										
268	24	Th.	50	53	50	54	50	53	6 57	11 53	11 58	morn.	morn.	Mercury sets, 6 : 36 P.M.										
269	25	Fri.	51	52	51	52	51	52	7 45	morn.	morn.	3	11	Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.										
270	26	Sat.	52	50	52	50	51	50	8 31	46	51	55	1 4	St. Michael and all Angels.										
271	27	S.	53	48	53	48	52	49	9 17	1 41	1 45	1 49	1 58	Venus rises, 2 : 7 A.M.										
272	28	Mo.	54	46	54	46	53	47	10 1	2 38	2 41	2 45	2 53											
273	29	Tu.	55	45	55	45	54	45	10 44	3 36	3 38	3 41	3 49											
274	30	Wd.	5 56	5 43	5 56	5 43	5 55	5 41	11 28	4 34	4 35	4 37	4 44											

out very strong, would I be so good as show him a drunken man," — which I never did, having (unfortunately) none but sober people at hand. But I could hardly have respected him more, whatever the stimulating influences of this sight might have been. He had not the least respect, I am sorry to say, for me in return, or for anybody but the cook; to whom he was attached, but only, I fear, as a policeman might have been. Once I met him unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under those trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump, until overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw, — which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing, — but after some three years he too was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of "Cuckoo!"

After this mournful deprivation, I was, for a long time, ravenless. The kindness of another friend at length provided me with another raven; but he is not a genius. He leads the life of a hermit, in my little orchard, on the summit of SHAKESPEARE'S Gad's Hill; he has no relish for society; he gives no evidence of ever cultivating his mind; and he has picked up nothing but meat since I have known him — except the faculty of barking like a dog.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet:
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.

We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee;

Flowers for the sick girl's silent room;
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, as gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky;
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall look, and think of childhood's day,
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

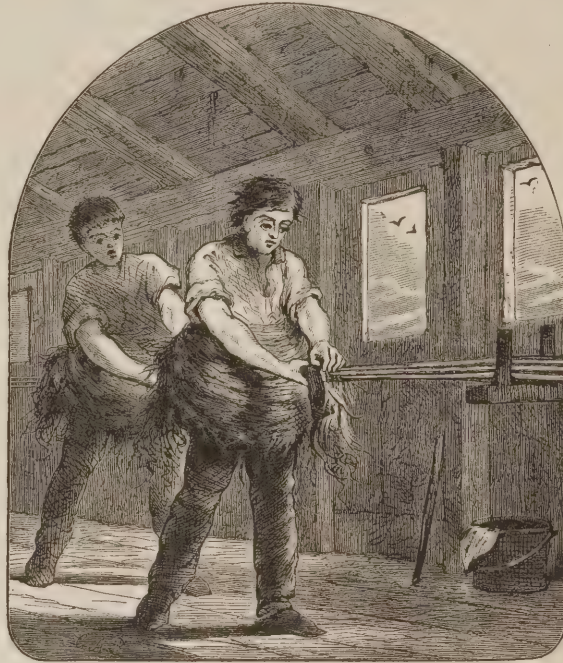
Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower;
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie;
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the sward below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude, but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

THE ROPEWALK.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.



In that building, long and low,
 With its windows all a-row,
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,
 Human spiders spin and spin,
 Backward down their threads so thin
 Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
 Squares of sunshine on the floor
 Light the long and dusky lane;
 And the whirring of a wheel,
 Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
 Downward go and reascend,
 Gleam the long threads in the sun;
 While within this brain of mine
 Cobwebs brighter and more fine
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
 Like white doves upon the wing,
 First before my vision pass;
 Laughing, as their gentle hands
 Closely clasp the twisted strands,
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
 With its smell of tan and planks,
 And a girl poised high in air
 On a cord, in spangled dress,
 With a faded loveliness,
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms
 And a woman with bare arms
 Drawing water from a well;

As the bucket mounts apace,
 With it mounts her own fair face,
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
 Ringing loud the noontide hour,
 While the rope coils round and round
 Like a serpent at his feet,
 And again, in swift retreat,
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
 Faces fixed, and stern, and hard
 Laughter and indecent mirth;
 Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
 Breath of Christian charity,
 Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite
 Gleaming in a sky of light,
 And an eager, upward look;
 Steeds pursued through lane and field;
 Fowls with their snares concealed;
 And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
 Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
 Anchors dragged through faithless sand;
 Sea-fog drifting overhead,
 And, with lessening line and lead,
 Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
 These, and many left untold,
 In that building long and low;
 While the wheel goes round and round,
 With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
 And the spinners backward go.

LUCILE.



THE woman that now met, unshrinking, his gaze,
 Seemed to bask in the silent but sumptuous blaze
 Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,
 Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst
 In despite of the stormiest April. Lucile
 Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal
 To the homage which none but a churl would withhold, —
 That caressing and exquisite grace — never bold,
 Ever present — which just a few women possess.
 From a healthful repose, undisturbed by the stress
 Of unquiet emotions, her soft cheek had drawn

A freshness as pure as the twilight of dawn.
 Her figure, though slight, had revived everywhere
 The luxurious proportions of youth; and her hair —
 Once shorn as an offering to passionate love —
 Now floated or rested redundant above
 Her airy pure forehead and throat; gathered loose
 Under which, by one violet knot, the profuse
 Milk-white folds of a cool, modest garment reposed,
 Rippled faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed.
 And her simple attire thus in all things revealed
 The fine art which so artfully all things concealed.

From the Illustrated Edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile," published by Ticknor and Fields.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c. WASHINGTON.	TIDES. High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.				
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.				
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.				
275	1	Th.	5 57	5 41	5 57	5 42	5 56	5 42	morn.	5 58	5 57	5 58	6 1	☉ FULL MOON, 2:50 P.M.	1st. Portland, 10:56. Boston, 11:24. New York, 7:47. Old Pt. Com. 8:28. San Francis. 5:26. 15th. Portland, 10:41. Boston, 10:44. New York, 7:33. Old Pt. Com. 8:14. San Francis 4:44.		
276	2	Fri.	58	39	58	40	57	40	12	6 26	6 27	6 29	6 34	1st, ☉ ♄			
277	3	Sat.	6 0	38	59	38	58	39	56	6 58	6 58	7 1	7 2	Venus rises, 2:10 A.M.			
278	4	S.	1	36	6 0	37	59	38	1 43	7 29	7 33	7 36	7 42	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.			
279	5	Mo.	2	34	1	35	0	36	2 31	8 7	8 11	8 15	8 22				
280	6	Tu.	3	32	2	33	1	35	3 22	8 49	8 54	8 59	9 7				
281	7	Wd.	5	31	3	32	2	33	4 15	9 39	9 43	9 49	9 58	Jupiter sets, 5:40 A.M.			
282	8	Th.	6	29	4	30	3	31	5 11	10 35	10 40	10 45	10 55				
283	9	Fri.	7	28	5	29	4	30	6 8	11 39	11 43	11 47	11 57	☾ LAST QUARTER, 1:5 A.M.			
284	10	Sat.	8	26	6	27	5	29	7 5	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	☉ ☽			
285	11	S.	9	24	7	26	6	27	8 2	46	50	54	1 4	Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.			
286	12	Mo.	10	23	8	24	7	26	8 58	1 57	1 59	2 3	2 12	☉ ♀			
287	13	Tu.	12	21	9	22	8	24	9 53	3 9	3 10	3 13	3 23	Mercury sets, 8:23 P.M.			
288	14	Wd.	13	20	10	21	9	23	10 46	4 22	4 23	4 24	4 32				
289	15	Th.	14	18	11	19	10	21	11 39	sets	sets	sets	sets	● NEW MOON, 5:53 P.M.			
290	16	Fri.	15	16	12	18	11	20	ev. 31	6 8	6 11	6 11	6 19	Mars rises, 11:54 P.M.			
291	17	Sat.	16	15	13	16	12	18	1 23	6 45	6 48	6 52	6 58	18th, ☉ ♄			
292	18	S.	17	13	15	15	13	17	2 16	7 25	7 28	7 32	7 40	St. Luke the Evangelist.			
293	19	Mo.	18	12	16	13	14	15	3 8	8 7	8 12	8 16	8 25	18th, Nineteenth Sun. after Trin.			
294	20	Tu.	19	10	17	12	15	14	3 59	8 54	8 58	9 4	9 12				
295	21	Wd.	20	9	18	11	16	13	4 50	9 50	9 55	10 0	10 10	Venus rises, 2:35 A.M.			
296	22	Th.	21	7	19	9	17	12	5 39	10 36	10 41	10 45	10 55				
297	23	Fri.	23	6	21	8	18	10	6 26	11 31	11 35	11 39	11 49	☽ FIRST QUARTER, 4:34 P.M.			
298	24	Sat.	24	4	22	6	19	9	7 12	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.				
299	25	S.	25	3	23	5	20	8	7 56	27	30	34	42	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.			
300	26	Mo.	26	2	24	4	21	7	8 40	1 20	1 23	1 27	1 35				
301	27	Tu.	27	0	25	3	22	6	9 23	2 23	2 24	2 27	2 34	28th, ☉ ♄			
302	28	Wd.	29	4 59	26	1	24	4	10 7	3 22	3 23	3 23	3 32	St. Simon and St. Jude.			
303	29	Th.	30	57	27	0	25	3	10 52	4 22	4 22	4 22	4 29				
304	30	Fri.	31	56	28	4 59	26	2	11 38	rises	rises	rises	rises	Saturn sets, 6:23 P.M.			
305	31	Sat.	6 32	4 54	6 29	58	6 27	5 1	5 29	5 31	5 35	5 41	☉ FULL MOON, 5:57 A.M.			

APPLES.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

STRAWBERRIES, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peaches, plums, pears, high and low blackberries, thimbleberries, blueberries, and huckleberries (if the gentle reader prefers to call them or to spell them whortleberries, let him do so), and grapes—even grapes, the most poetic of fruits—might all better be spared than the honest, sound, ruddy apple. Yes,—might altogether be spared rather than the apple. They are the delight of an hour,—the evanescent decoration of a week, or a fortnight, or of a month. They play exquisitely into each other's hands, and wreath the summer with continuous variety and delicate gust. But the apple is a permanent pleasure. It is for all the year. It circles the months. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. The apple is immortal! As it is the most ancient, so it is the most royal of fruits. The apple never dies

The sturdy fruit, delicious in flavor and of an infinite adaptability, is curiously characteristic of the Yankee, who surrounds his farm with its stiff and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to wrestle with the weather as they choose; but, despite his neglect, expects that they will pour rosy plenty into his basket in the soft Indian-summer days. Is his seeming neglect only the confidence of experience, after all? If it be so, how can he look into his orchard without blushing? What a pathetic sermon is each of those uncomfortable trees! No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and scolds his teams, and screams to them that he may not hear the still, small voice of the apple-tree!

"Hullo!" it whispers to him, as the wind rustles through the leaves, "you are a pretty hard-looking customer, as I am. We are both planted on this poor hillside, and we must both grow and bear as we best can. You are fairly honest, they say, if you are as rough and angular as I am. Yet the town makes good roads for you, and educates your children, and helps you help yourself. Good for you and the town. Left to yourself alone, you might moss over with ignorance and dullness, and slide back into barbarism. Luckily for you, you Yankee, you have sense enough to get scraped and to keep so. You get your roots dug around. You have the caterpillars taken off you,—even if you do sometimes cherish a maggot in your brain or catch a bee in your bonnet. Why don't you do to others as you would be done to? Why should I be moss-bound? Why should you leave me to choke with caterpillars, and long in vain to have the band of earth loosened around my feet? Why not wash me once in a while, and dry me with a scraper? I should be all the better for it, and so would you. Don't scream so noisily to those oxen, but hear what I say, and do what I ask."

It is the most generous and unselfish of the fruits, considering how valuable it is. The huckleberry and the blackberry are honest souls too. The firm, hard, black huckleberry, very different from the blueberry, which is a pretty, soft, bastard branch of the family, is as modest and generous in its sphere, perhaps, as the apple. But its time is short; and although the homeliest of berries, it is as capricious as a beauty. The trailing arbutus, the earliest and one of the loveliest of wild-flowers, has the same mingling of humility and caprice. It runs under the old moist leaves of last year,—the most mouldy and old-fashioned society; but it takes dainty little airs, and will not show its face upon aristocratic and high-bred uplands, even when they are in the immediate neighborhood. So the huckleberry bestows itself profusely upon the most barren pastures; but when you go to find it a few fields off, and apparently upon the same kind of soil, the whim has seized it, and it will not be found.

But the noble apple is not whimsical. All through the latitudes where it can live at all, it gives itself impartially and profusely. And everywhere it is a symbol. In the apple latitudes men are of a mingled, temperate flavor, neither too sharp nor too sweet. They are of firm consistency, and sound to the core. They are a wholesome, hearty, sturdy, and trusty race. In the grape latitudes, the wine countries, they have rare and exquisite qualities; but the first gush is the best, and they are not sweet to the very seed and in the seed. In the banana and pomegranate latitudes there is little spirit, no flavor, and an insipid, mushy consistency. Grapes shrivel into raisins, which may be packed in boxes like slaves in a slave-ship. But apples, even in a barrel, preserve their individuality and elbow-room, and touch but at few points; and they nobly endure. If you choose to slice and dry them,—it is not their natural end,—but even then they will return you good for evil in pies that might persuade any pagan to be a Christian. Not doughy, clammy, fatty pies, which are a device of Satan, but those triumphs which have no bottom crust, and in which the spoon sinks and sinks—Selah!

For pies proper no condemnation can be severe enough. It is one of the alarming signs that we are getting to be a pie-eating nation. (Getting to be?) Pies are the staple food at all the taverns in the land. The rural kitchen is full of pies. The railroad stations are piled with pies. The eating-booths in Fulton Market are lined with pies. It is the popular form of taking dyspepsia and ruining the health. The smart Sala, who hired himself to the London *Telegraph* to ridicule this country, sparkled when he wrote of pies; and the worst of his wit was that it was true. It is a prostitution of any fruit, an injury, a crime, to bury it in a pie. But against the venerable and august apple it is a peculiar infamy.

Thus nothing is so improper as a pie proper. But there are preparations called pie which are truly delightful; and chief among them that which slices the apple without making a mush of it, and after it slices it, spices it, and then bakes it under a firm, light, thoroughly browned, and dry crust. Or is there any human food which transcends a Pumpkin or Talman Sweeting, carefully baked, and eaten with cream and new milk? In other days the *Café de Paris* upon the *Boulevard des Italiens* had a toothsome *carte*, or bill of fare. The choicest dishes exquisitely cooked were there. But a certain traveller searched it in vain, and with a sigh, for a plump sweetening apple perfectly baked and submerged in cream. If a Yankee from New England hills had invited Abd-el-Kader, the late guest of Paris, to dine with him in that city, and could have set before him what every Yankee housewife sets before her husband's "hands," the pleased Algerine would have confessed a triumph of the cuisine beyond the reach of his impassioned imagination.

We call the apple venerable and august. What else has descended to us from the garden of Eden but that and sin? Had there been any other fruit there in the blooming youth and glory of all fruits which could have persuaded Adam, the primal and perfect man, surely it would have been chosen. Why was not the luscious peach preferred, or the orange, or the Arabian date? For the joy of tasting an apple, Adam made us all taste sin. For an apple he gave the world.

And in that other heaven of the Greeks it was an apple that sowed discord, from the immortal jealousy of divinities that longed to possess it. . . .

Let the sluggards go to the ant. But the rest of us will learn of the apple. Of the most ancient and honorable ancestry, how humble it is! Under what a plain homespun coat it hides its perennial sweetness and exhaustless virtue! Take diamonds and gold if you will, O Mother Nature, but spare us the kindly apple!—*Harper's Magazine*.



DINING-ROOM AT HYANUARY.

DINNER AMONG THE AMAZONIAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. AGASSIZ.

[From "A Journey in Brazil," by Professor and Mrs. Agassiz.]

ONE does not see much of the world between one o'clock and four, in this climate. These are the hottest hours of the day, and there are few who can resist the temptation of the cool, swinging hammock, slung in some shady spot within doors or without. After a little talk with our Indian hostess and her daughter, I found a quiet retreat by the lake-shore, where, though I had a book in my hand, the wind in the trees overhead, the water rippling softly around the montarias moored at my side, lulled me into that mood of mind when one may be lazy without remorse or ennui. The highest duty seems then to be to do nothing. The monotonous notes of a "Viola" came to me from a group of trees at a little distance, where our boatmen were resting in the shade, the red fringes of their hammocks giving to the landscape just the bit of color which it needed; occasionally a rustling flight of parrots or ciganas overhead startled me for a moment, or a large pirarucu plashed out of the water, but except for these sounds nature was still, and animals as well as men seemed to pause in the heat and seek shelter. Dinner brought us all together again at the close of the afternoon. As we are with the President of the province, our picnic is of a much more magnificent character than our purely scientific excursions have been. Instead of our usual makeshifts, — teacups doing duty as tumblers, and empty barrels acting as chairs, — we have a silver soup-tureen, and a cook, and a waiter, and knives and forks enough to go round, and many other luxuries which such wayfarers as ourselves learn to do without. While we were dining, the Indians began to come in from the surrounding forest to pay their respects to the President, for his visit was the cause of great rejoicing, and there was to be a ball in his honor in the evening. They brought an enormous cluster

of game as an offering. What a mass of color it was! — more like a gorgeous bouquet of flowers than a bunch of birds. It was composed entirely of Toucans, with their red and yellow beaks, blue eyes, and soft white breasts bordered with crimson; and of parrots, or papagaios as they call them here, with their gorgeous plumage of green, blue, purple, and red. When we had dined, we took coffee outside, while our places around the table were filled by the Indian guests, who were to have a dinner-party in their turn. It was pleasant to see with how much courtesy several of the Brazilian gentlemen of our party waited upon these Indian Senhoras, passing them a variety of dishes, helping them to wine, and treating them with as much attention as if they had been the highest ladies of the land. They seemed, however, rather shy and embarrassed, scarcely touching the nice things placed before them, till one of the gentlemen, who has lived a good deal among the Indians, and knows their habits perfectly, took the knife and fork from one of them, exclaiming, "Make no ceremony, and don't be ashamed; eat with your fingers as you're accustomed to do, and then you'll find your appetites and enjoy your dinner." His advice was followed, and I must say they seemed much more comfortable in consequence, and did more justice to the good fare. Although the Indians who live in the neighborhood of the towns have seen too much of the conventionalities of life not to understand the use of a knife and fork, no Indian will eat with one if he can help it.

When the dinner was over, the room was cleared of the tables and swept; the music, consisting of a viola, flute, and violin, was called in, and the ball was opened. The forest belles were rather shy at first in the presence of strangers; but they soon warmed up and began to dance with more animation. They were all dressed in calico or muslin skirts, with loose, cotton waists, finished around the neck with a kind of lace they make themselves by drawing the threads from cotton or muslin, so as to

form an open pattern, sewing those which remain over and over to secure them. Some of this lace is quite elaborate and very fine. Many of the women had their hair dressed either with white jessamine or with roses stuck into their round combs, and several wore gold beads and ear-rings. The dances were different from those I saw in *Esperança's* cottage, and much more animated; but the women preserved the same air of quiet indifference which I noticed there. Indeed, in all the Indian dances I have seen the man makes the advances, while the woman is coy and retiring, her movements being very languid. Her partner throws himself at her feet, but does not elicit a smile or a gesture; he stoops and pretends to be fishing; making motions as if he were drawing her in with a line, he dances around her, snapping his fingers as if he were playing on castanets, and half encircling her with his arms, but she remains reserved and cold. Now and then they join together in something like a waltz, but this is only occasionally and for a moment. How different from the negro dances which we saw frequently in the neighborhood of Rio, and in which the advances generally come from the women, and are not always of the most modest character. The ball was gayer than ever at ten o'clock when I went to my room, — or rather to the room where my hammock was slung, and which I shared with Indian women and children, with a cat and her family of kittens, who slept on the edge of my mosquito-net and made frequent inroads upon the inside, with hens and chickens and sundry dogs, who went in and out. The music and dancing, the laughter and talking outside, continued till the small hours. Every now and then an Indian girl would come in to rest for a while, take a nap in a hammock, and then return to the dance. When we first arrived in South America we could hardly have slept soundly under such circumstances; but one soon becomes accustomed, on the Amazons, to sleeping in rooms with mud floors and mud walls, or with no walls at all, where rats and birds and bats bustle about in the thatch overhead, and all sorts of unwonted noises in the night suggest that you are by no means the sole occupant of your apartment. There is one thing, however, which makes it far pleasanter to lodge in the houses of the Indians here than in those of our poorer class at home. One is quite independent in the matter of bedding; nobody travels without his own hammock, and the net which in many places is a necessity on account of the mosquitoes. Beds and bedding are almost unknown; and there are none so poor as not to possess two or three of the strong and neat twine hammocks made by the Indians themselves from the fibres of the palm. Then the open character of the houses and the personal cleanliness of the Indians make the atmosphere fresher and purer in their houses than in those of our poor. However untidy they may be in other respects, they always bathe once or twice a day, if not oftener, and wash their clothes frequently. We have never yet entered an Indian house where there was any disagreeable odor, unless it might be the peculiar smell from the preparation of the mandioca in the working-room outside, which has, at a certain stage of the process, a slightly sour smell. We certainly could not say as much for many houses where we have lodged when travelling in the West, or even "Down East," where the suspicious look of the bedding and the close air of the room often make one doubtful about the night's rest.

MUSIC OF NATURE. — It is a great gift to be born rich in the eyes and ears. Some men have carried before them an endless procession of beauty. There are charms for them where others perceive barrenness. There is a concert in the air all the time for those whose ears are tuned aright. Trees harp for them; winds roll their tones musically; birds and insects fill up the orchestra. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

AUTUMN DAYS.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

GAUNT shadows stretch along the hill;
Cold clouds drift slowly west;
Soft flocks of vagrant snow-flakes fill
The blue-bird's empty nest.

The wan sea moans on lonely shores;
Above the shelving sands,
Like skeletons the sycamores
Uplift their wasted hands.

The air is full of sounds of grief,
Weird voices touched with pain, —
The pathos of the falling leaf,
And murmurs of the rain!

NOVEMBER.

By THOMAS HOOD.

No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no "t' other side the way" —
No end to any Row —
No indications where the Crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognitions of familiar people —
No courtesies for showing 'em —
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all — no locomotion,
No inkling of the way — no motion —
"No go" — by land or ocean —
No mail — no post —
No news from any foreign coast —
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility —
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

AUTUMN TALK.

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.

OCTOBER is regal, and walks the woods royally with great show of purple and crimson, while a veil of golden mist streams from the tiara of the queenliest of the months. November is a humble attendant, who wears dun-colored garments, but sports a cast-off royal veil of the queenly mistress, and walks in mists as golden as she. December has masculine chill and harshness and frosted beard, not deserving our praises save for the halo that shines round his head year after year, lighted by the wondrous Christmas star.

I believe that boys' vacations, now-a-days, come around in Au-



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.	TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
306	1	S.	6 34	4 53	6 31	4 56	6 28	4 59	mo. 26	6 6	6 9	6 13	6 20	All Saints'.	1st. Portland, 11:45. Boston, 0:5 P.M. New York, 8:36. Old Pt. Com. 9:17. San Francis. 0:31.
307	2	Mo.	35	52	32	55	29	58	1 17	6 47	6 51	6 56	7 4	1st, Twenty-first Sun. after Trin.	
308	3	Tu.	37	51	34	54	30	57	2 11	7 35	7 39	7 45	7 54	Venus rises, 3:10 A.M.	
309	4	Wd.	38	49	35	53	31	56	3 7	8 29	8 34	8 39	8 49	Jupiter sets, 3:30 P.M.	
310	5	Th.	39	48	36	52	32	55	4 4	9 30	9 35	9 40	9 50	7th, ☿ ☿ ☿	
311	6	Fri.	40	47	37	51	33	54	5 1	10 36	10 40	10 45	10 55	☿ LAST QUARTER, 8:39 A.M.	15th. Portland, 11:48. Boston, 0:4 P.M. New York, 8:39. Old Pt. Com. 9:19. San Francis. 0:41.
312	7	Sat.	41	46	38	50	34	53	5 57	11 44	11 48	11 51	morn.	2 Twenty-second Sun. after Trinity.	
313	8	S.	43	45	40	49	36	52	6 52	morn.	morn.	morn.	2	☿ ☿ ☿	
314	9	Mo.	44	44	41	47	37	51	7 45	55	57	56	1 10	☿ ☿ ☿	
315	10	Tu.	45	43	42	46	38	50	8 37	2 5	2 6	2 8	2 20	☿ ☿ ☿	
316	11	Wd.	46	42	43	45	39	49	9 28	3 15	3 15	3 16	3 24	☿ ☿ ☿	29th, ☉ FULL MOON, 7:52 P.M. Advent Sunday. St. Andrew.
317	12	Th.	48	41	44	44	40	48	10 20	4 25	4 24	4 23	4 31	Mars rises, 11:11 P.M.	
318	13	Fri.	49	40	45	43	41	47	11 11	sets	sets	sets	sets	sets	
319	14	Sat.	50	39	46	43	42	47	ev. 3	5 16	5 20	5 24	5 31	● NEW MOON, 5:47 A.M.	
320	15	S.	52	38	47	42	43	46	55	5 58	6 2	6 7	6 15	Twenty-third Sun. after Trinity.	
321	16	Mo.	53	37	48	41	44	46	1 48	6 43	6 48	6 53	7 1	15th, ☿ ☿ ☿ Venus in Perihel.	22d. ☽ FIRST QUARTER, 1:38 Twenty-fourth Sun. after Trinity.
322	17	Tu.	54	36	50	40	45	45	2 40	8 32	7 37	7 42	7 51	16th, ♃ in Perihelion.	
323	18	Wd.	56	35	51	40	47	44	3 30	8 25	8 30	8 35	8 44	Saturn sets, 5:22 P.M.	
324	19	Th.	57	35	53	39	48	44	4 19	9 20	9 24	9 29	9 38	Mercury rises, 5:5 A.M. [A.M.]	
325	20	Fri.	58	34	54	38	49	43	5 6	10 16	10 20	10 24	10 33	22d. ☽ FIRST QUARTER, 1:38	
326	21	Sat.	59	34	55	38	50	43	5 51	11 13	11 16	11 19	11 29	Twenty-fourth Sun. after Trinity.	☿ ☿ ☿ Venus rises, 3:40 A.M.
327	22	S.	7 0	33	56	37	51	42	6 35	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	☿ ☿ ☿	
328	23	Mo.	2	32	57	37	52	41	7 18	10	12	15	24	☿ ☿ ☿	
329	24	Tu.	3	32	58	36	53	41	8 1	1 9	1 10	1 11	1 19	☿ ☿ ☿	
330	25	Wd.	4	31	59	36	54	40	8 44	2 8	2 8	2 9	2 16	Venus rises, 3:40 A.M.	
331	26	Th.	5	31	7 0	36	55	40	9 30	3 8	3 8	3 7	3 14	☿ ☿ ☿	29th, ☉ FULL MOON, 7:52 P.M. Advent Sunday. St. Andrew.
332	27	Fri.	6	30	1	35	56	40	10 17	4 10	4 9	4 7	4 13	☿ ☿ ☿	
333	28	Sat.	7	30	2	35	57	39	11 8	rises	rises	rises	rises	☿ ☿ ☿	
334	29	S.	8	29	3	34	58	39	morn.	4 41	4 45	4 50	4 57	☿ ☿ ☿	
335	30	Mo.	7 9	4 29	7 4	4 34	6 59	4 39	51	5 27	5 31	5 36	5 45	☿ ☿ ☿	

gust, or thereabout; but five-and-thirty years ago, in those boys' schools of which I had painful experience, vacations happened somewhere in October, — possibly running a little into November, — so that the golden months, gilded by vacation, were twice golden.

We fellows, in that time, must have left our homes in April, when as yet no leaves had shown themselves, and but here and there a stray blossom, — when the elders were looking after a planting of the peas and parsnips in fresh-dug ground, that caught a little skimming of frost over-night; but when we came back in those bright October vacations, lo! the trees were all loaded with leaves, and thick, welcome shadows slanted on paths where no shadows lay in April. What a gorgeous thing it was to take that first tramp after the return under the maples just crimsoning, under the vine-arbor all glowing with purple, through the melon-patch where the yellow-faced Cantaloupes smiled at us! We knew well enough that the Cantaloupes would not be gone; we knew some "roasting ears" would be left; we knew the Pound-sweets would be just at their best; we knew the Virgalieus — if not cracked out of all shape — would be in prime condition. And the hazel-nuts, they would be a-ripening, and the Cheeseborough russets, and possibly, *if* frost came early, shagbarks would be ready before vacation was over.

I do not know how a month could have a better naming for a boy than to be called vacation-time. There are hints now and then in the education journals and exceedingly staid newspapers about study being a great pleasure, and about good little children loving school so much that they are sorry to hear the master or the mistress say that the term is ended.

I distrust such statements very much; I think that a good, wholesome longing for vacation-time to come is one of the best possible evidences that a boy is kept up to the notch of a good daily gain. There are a great many serious things which, in our progressive days, are entertained as a joke and made sport of, but I can't help thinking that syntax and vulgar fractions and *Quousque tandem* want such a knuckling down to them from a boy as will give him capital relish for vacation, come when it may.

My impression is that we "fellows" began to score off the weeks before term-time ended fully two months in advance; then we came to scoring the days, and finally to a scoring of the lessons; and there was a certain oldish Adam's Latin Grammar drifting about the Edgewood House, a few years ago, which bore some of these score-marks upon it; and under Rule VII., or thereabout, there was a special score and an October date written in colors, with a halo of glory around it, not very artistic to be sure, but significant and impressive.

But October had another glory for the old boys of thirty-five years ago, — the school closed with dramatic exhibitions, at which Captain Absolute and Diggory (without Miss Hardecastle, it must be said) were accustomed to figure. We studied our parts in the pine-woods, we rehearsed them over the wood-shed, we borrowed wardrobe from the "hired man" and retired troopers, we dressed the hall with evergreens, we learned comic poems for declamation; we struggled hard for a drop-curtain, but the principal decided against it, — 't was too theatrical, — so we turned a recitation-room into a dressing-room, and subscribed for extra candles, and made a night of it. What a strain and press and throng upon the benches! and what weak knees and pale faces in the recitation-room! But we got our courage up under the bright eyes beaming on us, and the extra candles, and went through the matter bravely. There was applause, though the Principal solemnly forbade it (quite impossible to resist Nehemiah Wilkinson, who played our head parts); there was laughter, uproarious, undisguised; somebody said that a young woman on the back benches shed tears at one part. Quite likely. I doubt if

Maretzek, or Mr. Christy, with all their paraphernalia, ever kindled such relish of the dramatic art as we, with a real pistol (the Principal loaded it and put in a thundering wad of Boston Recorder), and a militia-man's coat, altered expressly for our Captain Absolute.

No female characters were allowed upon our stage; no boy was permitted to don crinoline, or what filled the place of crinoline in those times, though we had one or two boys who would have made capital girls. So we played Sheridan without his heroine, and Goldsmith, as I said, without the Hardecastle. In fact, we had emasculated (excuse the word) editions of the plays, with no womankind in them. But a play without a woman in it, when one thinks of the matter, is but a dull affair; virtue does n't get its reward in it, and vice is n't well represented; and though we kept our courage up on these short rations (dramatically speaking), there was a hankering among some of us after the real thing. As chance would have it, another school-master not far away had more progressive views, and at *his* exhibitions allowed one or two of the smaller boys to personate heroines.

I remember finding my way on an October evening (I think it must have been clandestinely) to one of these exhibitions, my first participation in the *real* drama. With the master's injunctions on me, I fear there was a little guilty shamefacedness at crossing the threshold of iniquity (I mean the institution of the neighbor schoolmaster, who was really quite lamb-like in private life). But he had a green drop-curtain, and something that passed for foot-lights, and these things alone made me quake. There was a great hum and buzz and a flutter of excitement, — possibly a fiddle or two, but of this I cannot speak positively. I am quite certain there were some quite innocent-looking middle-aged ladies present; one of them tapped me with her fan and asked me to pass her "the bill." The bill! — the bill of a dramatic performance!

At last the curtain rose, — the fiddles giving a graceful droop to their performance into silence. The curtain rose; there was a sofa, — a real sofa, — and a carpet too, for all the world as if it had been a parlor. Then the men came in, — two of Barnes's fellows (Mr. Barnes kept the school). They talked splendid, and they sat down on the sofa, just as any man — not playing — might have done. If I had known how rare a thing this was, I should have admired it a great deal more than I did.

In *our* school-house on exhibition nights you could see the back wall and the windows, and knew very well that the windows opened on the ball-ground and old McCrea's orchard, but at Barnes's there was a hanging behind the stage with a false door in it and a painted window, which anybody could see was not a real window; yet I kept waiting to see the false door open. At last it did open, — at what stage of the play it is impossible to tell now; indeed, all earlier portions faded in presence of the light of the beautiful Geraldine. Of course it was one of the boys, but I could not conceive of her being a boy; such a trim-fitting pea-green silk, such jaunty little gaiter boots with pearl buttons, such a sash, such cheeks, such a voice! And she went through with all kinds of perils; and the rascal of the play would have run away with her, and I could have jumped over the foot-lights to kneel at her feet and declare myself a sworn lover (though I was of tender age for such risks). In short, the woe and pathos and pea-green silk and foot-lights subdued me utterly. This, to be sure, was real drama! All the evening I was in a tempest of feeling, — one moment assailed by jealousy, when the lover of the piece passed his arm around the waist of Geraldine, and again excited to rage almost, when the villain of the play provoked the poor, unprotected damsel to tears (at least she put her face in her hands as if there were tears). I hoped it

might be so. I wanted it all to be true. If it were only possible to console her!

At last the curtain dropped on her loveliness, and Binks (I found out his name), the odious lover, won her. I went home, — clandestinely again, — thinking of the foot-lights and Geraldine! O for a touch of that sweet little gloved hand of Geraldine! I dreamed of Geraldine. Two days after, I loitered about the Barnes brick building, eager to find some memento of that brilliant illusion, of that fairy scene, — some ring, some locket, some curl, some slate-pencil, — if that were all, — to recall the cruel past. They said it was a boy-player; but it could have been no boy. Ah, Geraldine, Geraldine, what an ocean of sentiment I wasted upon you!

Well, this was one of the old golden October experiences; and, curiously enough, a year or two since I happened to mention this old dramatic performance, and my infatuation with Geraldine, to a friend who had been one of Barnes's scholars. He listened kindly enough, but spoilt all by a great roaring laugh, and said he would take me that afternoon to see Geraldine. And he did; it *was* a boy! He is now butchering in Hamden; he is doing a "fair trade"; he weighs, I should say, two hundred and odd, and chews Mrs. Miller's "fine-cut." Ah, Geraldine! Geraldine! *Spem vanam sequi*, was Ovid's plaint; and it has been that of a good many others.

I credited the grapes to September, the while we were dallying with that moon-faced lady, but a richer show of grapes by far belongs to October; of course a little biting of the early frosts must be looked for, but there is doubt if a twinge of cold that stiffens all the clover-leaves will injure much the flavor of a grape. The frost-grape we know is rather benefited by it, and I am by no means certain that the Isabella would not suffer a refining of flavor under a cold that ravaged the Lima beans and the peppers. And, to tell truth, the Isabella needs refining to make it palatable. We have sworn by it a great many years, and done sufficient honor to the mistress Isabella (of North Carolina, I believe) to allow us now to tell the truth about it, — to wit, that the vine is a free bearer of a grape that rarely ripens, and when ripe is only passable for eating, and thoroughly execrable for wine. It makes indeed — when fully ripe — a wine full of *bouquet*, but for that very reason only fit for giving aroma to wines of better body which lack perfume.

The fact that a grape is fragrant and grateful to the taste (in its perfect state) is, I believe, no proper evidence of its fitness for making a good wine. In respect of cider I think the same analogy holds; the Newtown Pippin makes indeed very good cider, but, if I am not greatly mistaken, the Crab makes a far better cider. The grape from which the best Medoc wine is made — such as Chateau Margaux and Lafitte — has no great reputation as a dessert fruit, and could never have in presence of the Golden Chasselas, which is without special repute for wine-making.

In this very month of October, where we linger just now, I remember having passed through Medoc in the vintage season, and recall distinctly the tameness which belonged to the grapes of the Lafitte vineyard, as compared with the luscious clusters I had eaten at Fontainebleau. And I remember too, very gratefully, how the manager of the Lafitte estate took us — an old college friend being in company — into the private cellar of the chateau, and asked us to make choice of wine for the day's dinner. And there came up for us a dusty bottle dating as far back as the end of the last century, of which only the *bouquet* remained. But when we came to later cherished years, one of them among the teens, and another between twenty and thirty, there was not only delicious perfume, but a good sound body that inspirited and cheered. If there be better wines made any-

where than on that little vineyard of Lafitte, it has never been my good fortune to taste them. The Mouton and the Latour are close by, and the Chateau Margaux less than a half-day's drive away; but between them, singularly enough, are sand-wiched vineyards which bear only ordinary reputations, and command only half-prices. We are slow in learning the lesson, in this country, which must be learned, that the quality of a wine depends upon especial exposure and soil far more than upon the character of the grape, and that a most excellent wine grape may very possibly have only those negative excellences which will forbid its reputation as a table fruit. The taste for grape-eating is not only vastly on the increase in this country, but in Europe also. Many of the vineyards within easy reach of Paris, from which only an ordinary wine has been made (notably those of Pouilly), are now converted into grape-orchards. And Paris has a maw for all the fruit that comes. A million pounds of peaches in a year is its limit of annual consumption; a million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of apricots; while of apples, contrary to popular apprehension, she consumes no less than a hundred and sixty thousand tons, and of pears over two hundred thousand tons; add to this four times as many grapes as pears, and you have a well-fruited city. The figures are something astounding, but they come from M. Andre's pleasant little *Mouvement Horticole* for the past year.

October and November are essentially the months for pushing forward country improvements, of whatever kind. The old race of selectmen understood this matter, (it being among the few things which came within the scope of their comprehension,) and called out the dwellers along the highways to mend the roads. And what a dreary mending it has been, and still is! Our railways stand fairly beside other railways; our machinery of all sorts is in the front rank; our inventive genius foremost; our civilization in most aspects even with that of olden nations. But in the matter of road-making, we are barbarians. You shall go away from a village shop where you can purchase the *papeterie* of Paris, and drive along a highway that would not have been tolerated by the road-masters in the time of Tiberius. We have the fastest trotters, and the lightest carriages, and the firmest skeleton wagons that were ever heard of; and we have for their service and display the most abominable country roads that are to be found in any Christian land.

The race of selectmen — on whom the responsibility falls in most townships — seem to have been breeding in and in, until all vigor of purpose and comprehensiveness of plan are utterly out of their reach. We go on shovelling the old *débris* of the ditch-ways upon the middle of a carriage track, fondly thinking that decayed leaves and old turf will make good metal for the beat of a horse's foot. There are large and thriving towns I could name, with their thirty to fifty thousand inhabitants, — with road metal all made to their hands amidst the *débris* of adjoining basaltic cliffs, — which show all through spring, and every season of wet, such sloughs of streets as are a disgrace to our century and our civilization. And if reforms are undertaken, they are undertaken with a select timidity: fifty feet of new roadway is a great accomplishment; the revision of an outlying bridge is the wonder of a season; there is no largeness of view, no business grasp, no understanding of the fact, scarce anywhere in country places, that good roads are great and Christian civilizers.

I see a reason for our great slackness in this matter in the fact that railways overtook us before any good system of road-making could be matured. If we could swim over fifty miles by steam in a couple of hours, we undervalued the difficulties that might lie upon a three-mile beat of road. The consequence is, that, in any journey before us, we think little of the hundred or two hun-



BOBBETT AND HOOPER.—IMP. N. Y.

1850

dred miles of steam travel, but keep a wholesome horror of the fragment of roadway which joins our railway terminus with the point of destination. The establishment of horse railways, where managers are careful for nothing but their dividends, leaves the whole problem of country road-making in a still more precarious condition. The anti-cruelty to animals society may possibly be doing a good work in the cities, but I would suggest an enlargement of the sphere of operations by a transfer of attention to country roads.

Not only in the matter of road-making, but in all rural improvements which depend upon treatment, or upheaval of land, October and November are the golden months of the year. No earnest ruralist will let them pass unimproved. Whether grading, or clearing, or seeding, or trenching, or planting, or walling be in hand, no pair of months are equal to them in the whole calendar. The teams are in full vigor, the men are stimulated by the cool breath of autumn; there is no panting under August heat; the low marshes are in their best stage for ditching; the ground is friable and gives the best perfume to the ploughman; the nursery saplings have finished their growth, and wait for transfer; the turf has shown its most rampant growth, and will keep a velvet sleekness till snow comes.

And if we come to landscape decoration, whither we must tend if we bring our civilization to its ripest form, autumn is still the time both to plot and to execute. The waning hues of the summer foliage give the best studies of color; and the dropping leaflets, as they leave bare great open spaces in the woods, open the vistas by which we may measure our plans and direct our clearings.

No better timber and no better wood is cut—for whatever purpose—than that which is felled just as the leaves are prepared to drop away from the axils of the newly-formed buds of the year to come. No hickory will crackle in the fire so merrily, and with such outgiving of its nutty aroma, as that which falls under the axe with the great tumult of its ripened leaves sweeping the air in its fall. No cedar, or locust, or aromatic sassafras—for rustic decoration—will hold its bark so surely and firmly, and give such enduring satisfaction, as that which falls under the axe of later October.

Then in the work of tree-planting it is a mistake to suppose that we must needs wait until the leaves have absolutely fallen. It is better by far to anticipate this, and, when once full ripeness of the leafy canopy is assured, make the transfer. We give then a fortnight or more of good settlement of the earth about the rootlets before freezing-time shall have come. I except, of course, in this connection, the evergreens all, whose transplanting season does not fairly come till spring. And if the planting of deciduous trees must be deferred, by all means let the holes be prepared in autumn, and the turf strewn about the bottom, to take all the benefits of the winter's frosts.

Still another item—since I am running strongly toward practicalities here—must be named for the benefit of those who have much tree-planting to do, and large transfer of trees within their own lands,—an efficient root-pruning six months, or, better, a full year, previous to the transfer, will work wonders in developing the little fibrous rootlets, which most of all contribute to the support and vigor of a transplanted tree.

I had occasion to mention shagbarks among the boyish reminiscences a little way back; it has not yet lost its credit as a good old-fashioned American fruit, and I hope it never may. I mention it again for the sake of remarking that, by careful root-pruning six months or a year in advance, (more especially excision of

its long tap-root,) it may be safely removed; and, if we may credit the recent French experiences upon the walnut of France (very like English walnut, and a source of great revenue to many communes by reason of the nut-oil), it may be successfully grafted with the best scions of thin-shelled fruit, by choosing a young and thrifty stock of two years old, and grafting near the root, by the old cleft method,—using good bass bandaging and plenty of protecting wax. I look forward to the time when a good American dinner will not be complete without its after-cloth dish of thin-shelled shagbarks, from a tree that has grown from a graft of the most approved variety.

Even into December the work of country improvements may go safely forward; the clearing of new land, the thinning of overcrowded forest growth, the planting of walls, the construction of walks and roads,—for these, severally or together, no better time can be found than that which immediately precedes the locking frosts of winter. And when the dead-lock is fairly established,—so far as treatment of the land goes,—the open, sunny weather of December still invites us, many a day, out of doors. If we have rocks to move, they glide easily over a frosted and stiffened turf; the brambles and waste growth of outlying pastures cut easiest when the earth is locked unyieldingly about their stems; the woods, despoiled of their leaves, give free insight and oversight to their most sequestered nooks.

At last the white pall comes, which is the usher to the ceremonies that belong to the dying year. The snows may force a lock-up at home; but for us who live in the country such prospect is no way appalling; the fruit-bins are full, the wood-shed is full, and the fire-light plays regally over the book-shelves from dusk till within an hour of midnight.

And what new, strange gardening is this I see, even when the snows are piling higher against the walls, and higher along the roofs? A great green vine—such as the botanists tell us nothing about—begins to coil along all the ledges of the dining-room, and droops in wanton festoons,—now over a picture of some darling face,—now making leap across the old-time beaufet in the corner, that is all besprent with little childish gewgaws,—and now again doubling itself into a great looplet over the doorway, and encircling some wonderful assemblage of red-alder berries, that are as brilliant—saving the lack of contrasting leaflets—as any holly in her Majesty's dominions. In the window, too, within finger reach of the fairy crystals that are shot every morning over the panes, a tray of nodding ferns has suddenly appeared, springing from a rich mat of wood-mosses, where scarlet partridge-berries are glowing like fire; most wonderful of all, a big tree has sprung up from the floor, and almost touches the ceiling with its topmost branches,—all overhung it is, too, with a strange medley of queer-shaped fruit, which a corps of admiring young folks declare to be the best fruit they ever saw or even heard of. I am sure, too, that they think the gardening to be ever so much finer than any out-of-door gardening of the spring. And when the noon sun, pouring in, gilds all the green things, and warms the canary in his cage into a little transport of Christmas song, it makes us all forget the snows and the winds of winter.

Through all the holidays our winter garden keeps its greenness, but the fruited bonbons melt away astonishingly; and the unreasonable little gardeners have the audacity to talk of a possible fresh crop against New-Year's day. My present record, however, does not extend to that date, near as it may seem.

All that remains for me now to do is to close my portfolio,—to blow out the candles on the Christmas tree,—and to wish all my readers a happy New-Year.

DECEMBER.



Day of Yr.	Day of Mo.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.		TIDES.
			Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-INGTON.	SAN FRAN.	WASHINGTON.	High Water, 1st and 15th, morn.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.			
336	1	Tu.	7 10	4 29	7 5	4 34	7 0	4 39	mo. 58	6 21	6 25	6 31	6 40	Venus rises, 3 : 50 A.M.	<div>1st.</div> <div>Portland, 0 : 12 P.M.</div> <div>Boston, 0 : 13 P.M.</div> <div>New York, 9 : 4 A.M.</div> <div>Old Pt. Com 9 : 43 A.M.</div> <div>San Francis. 1 : 40 A.M.</div> <div>15th.</div> <div>Portland, 0 : 9 P.M.</div> <div>Boston, 0 : 2 A.M.</div> <div>New York, 9 : 2 A.M.</div> <div>Old Pt. Com. 9 : 40 A.M.</div> <div>San Francis. 1 : 45 A.M.</div>	
337	2	Wd.	11	29	6	34	1	39	1 56	7 21	7 26	7 31	7 41			
338	3	Th.	12	28	7	33	2	38	2 55	8 27	8 31	8 36	8 46	Jupiter sets, 1 : 35 A.M.		
339	4	Fri.	13	28	8	33	3	38	3 53	9 36	9 39	9 43	9 53			
340	5	Sat.	14	28	9	33	4	38	4 49	10 46	10 49	10 52	11 1	♂ ♂ ☾		
341	6	S.	15	28	10	33	5	38	5 42	11 56	11 57	11 59	morn.	Second Sunday in Advent.		
342	7	Mo.	16	28	11	33	6	38	6 34	morn.	morn.	morn.	8	6th, ☾ LAST QUARTER, 4 : 26		
343	8	Tu.	17	28	12	33	6	38	7 25	1 5	1 6	1 6	1 15	☾ ♀ ☾ [P.M.]		
344	9	Wd.	18	28	13	33	7	38	8 14	2 13	2 13	2 13	2 20			
345	10	Th.	19	28	14	33	8	38	9 4	3 21	3 20	3 18	3 24	Mars rises, 10 : 6 P.M.		
346	11	Fri.	20	28	15	33	9	39	9 55	4 28	4 25	4 23	4 29			
347	12	Sat.	21	29	16	33	10	39	10 46	5 34	5 30	5 27	5 34	♂ ♀ ☾		
348	13	S.	21	29	16	34	10	39	11 38	sets	sets	sets	sets	Third Sunday in Advent.		
349	14	Mo.	22	29	17	34	11	40	ev. 29	5 22	5 27	5 32	5 41	13th, ☉ NEW MOON, 8 : 25 P.M.		
350	15	Tu.	23	29	18	34	12	40	1 21	6 14	6 18	6 23	6 32			
351	16	Wd.	24	29	18	35	12	40	2 11	7 7	7 12	7 17	7 26	Ember day.		
352	17	Th.	24	30	19	35	13	40	2 59	8 4	8 8	8 12	8 22	Saturn rises, 5 : 55 A.M.		
353	18	Fri.	25	30	20	35	14	41	3 45	9 3	9 6	9 10	9 18	Ember day.		
354	19	Sat.	25	31	20	36	14	41	4 29	9 58	10 1	10 4	10 12	Ember day.		
355	20	S.	26	31	21	36	15	41	5 12	10 56	10 58	11 0	11 7	Fourth Sunday in Advent.		
356	21	Mo.	26	31	21	36	15	42	5 55	11 54	11 55	11 56	morn.	St. Thomas. Winter begins,		
357	22	Tu.	27	32	22	37	16	42	6 37	morn.	morn.	morn.	3	♂ ♀ ☾ [7 : 20 A.M.]		
358	23	Wd.	27	32	22	37	16	43	7 21	53	53	53	1 0	21st, ☽ FIRST QUARTER, 11 : 20		
359	24	Th.	28	33	23	38	17	43	8 6	1 53	1 52	1 51	1 58			
360	25	Fri.	28	33	23	39	17	44	8 55	2 55	2 53	2 51	2 58	Christmas.		
361	26	Sat.	28	34	23	39	17	44	9 46	4 0	3 57	3 54	4 0	St. Stephen. [Christmas.]		
362	27	S.	29	35	23	40	18	45	10 42	5 6	5 2	4 58	5 4	St. John, Evangelist. 1st S. after		
363	28	Mo.	29	35	24	41	18	46	11 40	rises	rises	rises	rises	Holy Innocents.		
364	29	Tu.	29	36	24	41	19	47	morn.	5 5	5 9	5 15	5 25	☉ FULL MOON, 8 : 39 A.M.		
365	30	Wd.	29	37	24	42	19	48	41	6 10	6 15	6 20	6 31			
366	31	Th.	7 29	4 37	7 24	4 43	7 19	4 49	1 41	6 54	6 57	7 2	7 13			



THE MAHOGANY TREE.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plum
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short,—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.

Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

TWO PICTURES FROM WHITTIER'S "SNOW-BOUND."



A WINTER MOONLIGHT.

A WINTER MOONLIGHT.

THE moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its brown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

BUILDING THE FIRE.

WE piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.



BUILDING THE FIRE.

[From the new Illustrated Edition, published by Ticknor and Fields.]

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES FOR 1868.

Dominical Letters E, D	Solar Cycle	1
Epact 6	Roman Indiction	11
Golden Number . . 7	Julian Period	6581

Explanation.—Take a year which is not leap-year and which begins on Sunday. Letter all the Sundays A, all the Mondays, B, etc. This lettering remains the same in all years, the twenty-ninth of February never receiving a letter. Then the *Dominical Letter* for any year is the letter denoting the Sundays; and since in leap-years the Sundays change their letters after the twenty-ninth of February, there are two dominical or Sunday letters for every leap-year, the first for January and February, and the second for the remaining months.

The *Epact* is the age of the moon at the beginning of the year.

Nineteen years is very nearly equal to a whole number of lunar months; so that once in nineteen years the phases of the moon occur on the same days. These years are numbered from one to nineteen, and the *Golden Number* is the number of the year in this cycle of nineteen years.

A period of twenty-eight years is called the *Solar Cycle*, because in the twenty-ninth year after any year all the days of the week fall on the same days of the month as in the first year. These years are numbered, and 1868 is the first year of the new cycle, and all its days will correspond with those of 1840.

The *Roman Indiction* is a cycle or period of fifteen years, purely chronological, and much used in the Middle Ages. The first indiction began on the first of January, A. D. 313.

The *Julian Period* begins when the indiction, the solar cycle, and the lunar cycle all begin together, and is therefore $15 \times 19 \times 28$ years in length, or 7980 years.

ECLIPSES.

There are no eclipses visible in the United States in 1868.

EXPLANATION OF THE CALENDAR.

The sun or moon is said to rise when its highest part reaches this horizon. In the case of the moon this part is generally dark.

In the column of moon's rising and setting, the time of only one of these events is given for each day, namely, that one which occurs while the sun is down. At the time of new moon, the moon sets about sunset, and sets later and later every night. Against the date of new moon, therefore, or thereabouts, "sets" appears in the column, and the numbers under it indicate the time on the different evenings at which the moon sets. In about a week the moon comes to set after midnight; upon one date, therefore, it sets a little before midnight, and upon the following date it does not set at all, since on that night it does not set until after midnight, when the date changes. Against that date, therefore, "morn" is written, and the numbers following are the times in the morning at which the moon sets. About full moon, the moon begins to rise after sunset, and then it sets so late in the morning that the time of setting is of no consequence. We therefore stop giving that time and write "rises" in the column, and what follows are the times of rising in the evening. The rising takes place later every night, until it rises after midnight. Then a date occurs upon which it does not rise at all, and "morn" is written in the column, after which the moon rises in the morning.

TIDES.

There is not room in the calendar to give complete tide-tables. But the tides of the mornings of the 1st and 15th of each month are given; and by adding 26 minutes for each tide after those, the time of any tide can be found approximately. To find the time

more accurately, enter the following table* at the top with the name of the place, and at the side with the hour of the moon's southing found in the calendar, and in the body of the table will be found a number which, added to the time of the moon's southing, will give the time of high tide. The tides at San Francisco can only be found accurately by means of more extended tables.

Time of Moon's Southing.	Boston, Mass.	New York, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Penn.	Old Pt. Comfort, Va.	Baltimore, Md.	Smithville, N. C.	Charleston, S. C.	Fort Pulaski, Savannah, Ga.	Key West, Fla.	San Francisco, Cal.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
0 0	11 38	8 20	1 31	8 55	6 47	7 26	7 38	7 30	9 33	12 5
0 30	11 33	8 18	1 28	8 49	6 42	7 21	7 33	7 25	9 26	11 59
1 0	11 28	8 15	1 25	8 44	6 37	7 16	7 27	7 19	9 19	11 53
1 30	11 24	8 10	1 21	8 40	6 31	7 13	7 21	7 15	9 13	11 47
2 0	11 20	8 6	1 18	8 35	6 26	7 9	7 16	7 11	9 6	11 41
2 30	11 16	8 0	1 14	8 32	6 21	7 6	7 12	7 8	9 1	11 36
3 0	11 13	7 55	1 11	8 27	6 17	7 4	7 8	7 6	8 57	11 33
3 30	11 10	7 52	1 8	8 22	6 13	7 3	7 6	7 5	8 53	11 33
4 0	11 7	7 52	1 6	8 20	6 11	7 2	7 2	7 3	8 56	11 38
4 30	11 6	7 52	1 3	8 21	6 10	7 4	7 3	7 4	9 2	11 45
5 0	11 6	7 53	1 0	8 23	6 10	7 4	7 3	7 4	9 10	12 3
5 30	11 9	7 56	0 59	8 26	6 13	7 6	7 7	7 6	9 22	12 11
6 0	11 13	7 59	0 59	8 32	6 19	7 9	7 12	7 8	9 33	12 16
6 30	11 19	8 5	1 1	8 39	6 25	7 13	7 19	7 12	9 49	12 23
7 0	11 25	8 11	1 7	8 48	6 32	7 17	7 24	7 16	9 39	12 26
7 30	11 32	8 17	1 15	8 58	6 39	7 23	7 32	7 22	10 0	12 29
8 0	11 38	8 23	1 23	9 4	6 44	7 28	7 38	7 28	10 6	12 34
8 30	11 43	8 27	1 29	9 8	6 49	7 33	7 45	7 34	10 7	12 37
9 0	11 47	8 32	1 34	9 10	6 52	7 37	7 48	7 39	10 6	12 36
9 30	11 48	8 34	1 39	9 12	6 54	7 39	7 50	7 42	10 3	12 34
10 0	11 49	8 35	1 42	9 10	6 53	7 40	7 50	7 43	9 59	12 30
10 30	11 48	8 34	1 43	9 8	6 52	7 40	7 47	7 41	9 56	12 24
11 0	11 47	8 31	1 41	9 4	6 50	7 36	7 44	7 37	9 48	12 17
11 30	11 43	8 25	1 37	9 2	6 48	7 30	7 41	7 34	9 40	12 9

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

consists of a Sun, Planets, rings of Meteors, other Meteors, Comets, Satellites of Planets, and Rings of Planets.

The Sun ☉ has a diameter one hundred and thirteen times as great as that of the Earth, and is four hundred thousand times as heavy. The amount of heat which it gives out in one hour is equal to that which a layer of coal ten feet thick, and having a surface equal to that of the sun, would give out in burning. The constitution of the Sun and the manner in which its temperature is kept up are not yet fully understood.

The Planets are, Mercury ☿, Venus ♀, the Earth ⊕, Mars ♂, ninety-six Asteroids or minute Planets, Jupiter ♃, Saturn ♄, Uranus ♅, Neptune ♆. The Earth is ninety-two million miles from the Sun; Neptune is at thirty times the distance, and Mercury at one third of the same distance.

Mercury has no satellite (as far as known), nor has Venus; the Earth has one ☾; Mars has none; Jupiter has four; Saturn, about eight; Uranus, six; and Neptune, one.

Saturn has a ring (or rather several in the same plane) which is supposed to be composed of meteors. The Earth has a gaseous ring, the appearance of which is called the "Zodiacal Light."

The Earth enters twice a year into a ring or rings of meteors round the Sun, and this gives rise to the showers on the mornings of the 10th of August and the 14th of November. Once in thirty-three years the shower is very brilliant.

The planets revolve nearly in the same plane and in the same direction. The comets do not share in these, and seem to enter the solar system accidentally. They become conspicuous, owing to the volumes of vapor which (as they approach the source of heat) surround them, and which trail behind them as tails. In those which return, the vaporous matter seems gradually to diminish.

* From the Coast Survey Report for 1864.

POSTAL INFORMATION.

RATES OF POSTAGE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN AND OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

The standard single-rate to Great Britain is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois; to France and the Continent (by French mails) it is 15 grammes, or $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. avoirdupois.

The asterisk (*) indicates that prepayment of the rate to which it is affixed is optional; in all other cases prepayment is required.

England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales

[By the new postal convention, *Printed Matter* may now be transmitted in the mails between the United States and Great Britain at the following charges:—

Newspapers and circulars, under 2 oz. in weight, each 2 cents.

Books, per single rate of 4 oz., 6 cents.

Pamphlets, and other printed matter over 2 oz., per single rate of 4 oz., 4 cents.

Samples of merchandise, seeds, &c., per single rate of 4 oz., 8 cents. No packet is allowed to exceed 24 inches in length by 12 inches in breadth and 12 inches in thickness.

These rates must be *fully prepaid in stamps*, or the package will not be forwarded. Letters and packets may be registered at an extra fee of 8 cents, — to be prepaid.]

German States and Free Cities, including Austria, Bavaria, Baden, Bremen, Brunswick, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Hanover, Lubec, Luxemburg, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Prussia, Saxony, Altenburg, Coburg-Gotha, Meiningen, Weimar, Saxony, and Wurtemberg.

By Prussian closed mail

" " " except Baden, if prepaid

" French mail

" Bremen mail

Exceptions. Bremen by Bremen steamer

Hamburg by Hamburg

Luxemburg by Bremen

Australia, British mail, via Southampton

" " " via Marseilles

" ship mail, from New York or Boston

" French mail (South Australia compulsory)

" Bremen or Hamburg mail, via Marseilles and Suez

" Bremen and Hamburg mail, via Trieste

Azores, British mail, via Portugal

Belgium, French mail

" closed mail, via England

" open mail, via London, American packet

" " " British packet

China, British mail, via Southampton

" " " via Marseilles

" " " by Bremen or Hamburg mail, via Trieste

" Bremen or Hamburg mail, via Marseilles and Suez

" French mail

" San Francisco mail, thence by ship

Constantinople, Prussian closed mail

" French mail

" Bremen or Hamburg mail

" open mail, via London, American packet

" " " British packet

Cuba

East Indies, open mail, via London, American packet

" " " British packet

" Prussian closed mail, via Trieste

" " " Eng. possessions

" Bremen or Hamburg mail, via Marseilles and Suez

" " " via Trieste

" French mail

Egypt (except Alexandria), British mail, via Southampton

Letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.	Newspapers.			cts.	cts.
			Egypt (except Alexandria), British mail, via Marseilles		33	45
			" " Prussian closed mail		30	38
			" " Bremen or Hamburg mail		30	6
			" " French mail		30	60
			" " to Alexandria, Prussian closed mail		30	2
			" " " prepaid		30	10
			" " Bremen or Hamburg mail		30	30
			" " French mail		30	2
			" " open mail, via England, American packet		30	21
			" " " British packet		30	4
			France		15	30
			Greece, open mail, via London, American packet		21	4
			" " " British packet		5	4
			" French mail		30	60
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		30	35
			Hong Kong, British mail, via Marseilles		53	8
			" " " via Southampton		30	60
			" French mail		30	2
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		30	30
			" Prussian closed mail		38	10
			Japan, British mail, via Southampton		45	6
			" " " via Marseilles		53	8
			" French mail		30	60
			Jerusalem, British mail		33	4
			" French mail		30	60
			Mexico		10	2
			Naples (Kingdom of), Prussian closed mail		30	6
			" French mail		21	42
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		22	2
			Portugal, British mail, via England		33	45
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		25	8
			" French mail, via Behobia		21	42
			" " " via Bordeaux and Lisbon		30	60
			Roman or Papal States, Prussian closed mail		46	6
			" French mail		27	54
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		28	2
			Russia, Prussian closed mail		37	6
			" " " prepaid		35	
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		20	
			" French mail		30	60
			Sandwich Islands, via San Francisco		3	2
			Sardinian States, Prussian closed mail		42	6
			" " " prepaid		40	
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		23	
			" French mail		21	42
			South American States, Atlantic Coast. Via England		45	4
			" " " for Brazil alone, from New York		10	2
			" " " for Argentine Republic and Uruguay,		30	60
			" " " via Bordeaux		22	6
			South American States, Pacific Coast. Peru		34	6
			" Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chili		21	42
			Spain, French mail		25	2
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		21	2
			" British mail, American packet		5	2
			" " " British packet		38	6
			Sweden, Prussian closed mail		34	
			" " " prepaid		21	
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		33	66
			" French mail		35	6
			Switzerland, Prussian closed mail		33	
			" " " prepaid		21	42
			" French mail		19	2
			" Bremen or Hamburg mail		10	2
			West Indies, British			

RATES OF DOMESTIC POSTAGE.

LETTERS.

The standard single-rate weight is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois.

Single-rate letter, throughout the United States . . . 3 cents

For each additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or fraction . . . 3 "

Drop-letters, for local delivery, single rate . . . 2 "

" " where there is no local delivery, single rate . . . 1 "

Advertised letters are charged extra . . . 1 "

These postages must be prepaid by stamps. When letters are insufficiently stamped, the balance will be collected on delivery. Letters are to be forwarded without additional charge, if the person to whom they are addressed has changed his residence, and has left proper directions to such effect. Letters uncalled for will be returned to the sender, if a request to that effect be written upon the envelope. Properly certified letters of soldiers and sailors will be forwarded without prepayment. No extra charge is made for the service of carriers taking letters to or from post-offices.

NEWSPAPERS.

The standard single rate is 4 oz. avoirdupois.

Daily (seven times a week) . . . 35 cents per quarter

" (six ") . . . 30 " " "

Tri-weekly . . . 15 " " "

Semi-weekly . . . 10 " " "

Weekly . . . 5 " " "

These rates must be prepaid quarterly or yearly; for full security they should be paid at the office where the paper is received. One copy of a weekly newspaper may be sent free by the publisher to each subscriber who resides in the county where the paper is published.

PERIODICALS.

The standard single rate is 4 oz. avoirdupois.

Semi-weekly . . . 6 cents per quarter

Monthly . . . 3 " " "

Quarterly . . . 1 " " "

These rates are to be prepaid quarterly or yearly. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals which do not exceed 16 oz. in weight may exchange, free of postage, one copy of each publication. Bills and receipts for remittances may be enclosed to actual subscribers, and the date when a subscription expires may also be recorded on the subscribers' copies. News-dealers may receive their packages of periodicals and newspapers at the same rates as subscribers.

TRANSIENT PRINTED MATTER.

Books, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois . . . 4 cents

Circulars, not exceeding three in one envelope constituting a single rate . . . 2 cents

Miscellaneous mailable matter (embracing all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, book manuscripts and proof-sheets, whether corrected or not, maps, prints, engravings, sheet music, blanks, flexible patterns, samples and sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes or wrappers, cards, paper, plain or ornamental, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions), on one package to one address, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois . . . 2 cents

[By a decision of the Post-Office Department, manuscripts and proofs passing between authors and editors of magazines and newspapers are not regarded as passing "between authors and publishers," and must pay letter postage.]

Prepayment by stamps is required for all postage on transient printed matter.

If letters or other mail matter that *should* be prepaid happen to reach the office of delivery unpaid, double rates must be charged.

The maximum weight of any package of printed or miscellaneous matter is 4 lbs. avoirdupois.

Franking. — This privilege is restricted to the President (by himself or his private secretary); the Vice-President; the chiefs of the several executive departments; such heads of bureaus or chief clerks as the Postmaster-General shall prescribe, for official communications only; members of Congress, the

Secretary of the Senate, and the Clerk of Congress, — from the beginning of their term of office to the first Monday of the December following the end of such term, and covering only correspondence to and from them, printed matter issued by authority of Congress, and printed matter sent to them. Postmasters may write to each other on post-office business under frank. Petitions to Congress go free. No package, except of Congressional publications, is to weigh more than 4 oz. avoirdupois.

Registration. — Letters may be registered on payment of a fee of twenty cents, but the government takes no responsibility for safe carriage or compensation in case of loss.

RATES OF POSTAGE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

LETTERS.

The standard single rate is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois.

To or from Canada and New Brunswick, irrespective of distance	10 cents.
To and from other British North American Provinces, for a distance not over 3,000 miles	10 "
For any distance over 3,000 miles	15 "

Money Orders. — All principal post-offices now receive small sums of money and issue drafts for the same upon other post-offices, subject to the following charges and regulations.

On orders not exceeding \$20 10 cents

Over \$20 and not exceeding \$50 25 "

No fractions of cents to be introduced in an Order. United States Treasury Notes or National Bank Notes only received or paid.

The Order is only payable at the office upon which it is drawn. The Order should be collected within one year from its date. After once paying an Order, by whomsoever presented, the Department will be liable to no further claim.

Prepayment is optional except to Newfoundland, to which prepayment is compulsory.

PRINTED MATTER.

The regular United States rates must be prepaid, but these only pay for transportation to the boundary line; a second fee is charged on delivery by the Provincial post-office.

TABLE OF STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement, or Contract, not otherwise specified; any appraisal of value or damage, or other purpose; for each agreement, or for each sheet of each agreement, &c., or renewal of same . . . \$0.05

Assignment, or Transfer, of mortgage or policy of insurance, or renewal or continuance of agreement, contract, or charter, same stamp as the original instrument

Bank Check, Draft, or Order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon any bank, banker, or trust company, or for any sum exceeding \$10, drawn upon any other person, companies, or corporations, at sight or on demand02

Bill of Exchange (Inland), Draft, or Order, for the payment of money, not at sight or on demand, or any *Promissory Note* (except bank-notes issued for circulation, and checks made and intended to be forthwith presented, and which shall be presented to a bank or banker for payment), or any memorandum, check, receipt, or other written or printed evidence of money to be paid on demand, or at a time designated, for every \$100 or part thereof05

Bill of Exchange (Foreign), or Letters of Credit, drawn in, but payable out of, the United States

If drawn singly or in duplicate, same as Inland Bills of Exchange.

If drawn in sets of three or more, every bill of each set, for every \$100, or the equivalent thereof, in any foreign currency in which the bill is expressed02

Bill of Lading, or Receipt (other than charter party), for any goods &c., exported to a foreign port10

Bill of Sale of Vessel, or any part thereof, consideration of value not over \$50050

Every additional \$500, or part thereof, 50 cents more.

Bond of Indemnity, every \$1,000, or part thereof50

Bond, for the execution of the duties of any office 1.00

Bond, other than required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged25

Certificate of Stock, in incorporated company25

Certificate of Profits, or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any incorporated company, if for \$10 and not over \$5010

Over \$50 and not over \$1,00025

Every additional \$1,000, or part thereof, 25 cents more.

Certificate of Damage, or otherwise, and all other certificates or documents issued by any port warden, marine surveyor, or person acting as such25

Certificate of Deposit, \$100 or less02

Over \$10005

Certificate, of any other description05

Charter-Party (or renewal, &c., of same), contract or agreement for charter of vessel or steamer of registered tonnage, not over 150 tons 1.00

Over 150 and not over 300 tons 3.00

Over 300 and not over 600 tons 5.00

Over 600 tons 10.00

Contract, Broker's note, or memorandum of sale of merchandise, stocks, bonds, exchange, notes, real estate, or other property issued by brokers, or persons acting as such, each10

Conveyance. — Deed or writing, whereby any lands, tenements, or other realty sold is granted, assigned, or transferred, for every \$500, or part thereof50

Entry of Goods, at any custom-house, for consumption or warehousing, of value not over \$10025

Over \$100 and not over \$50050

Over \$500 1.00

Withdrawal from bonded warehouse50

Insurance (Marine, Inland, and Fire). — Each policy or renewal (or assignment, &c., of same), on which premium is \$10 or less10

Over \$10 and not over \$5025

Over \$5050

Insurance (Life). — Policy (or assignment, &c., of same), not over \$1,00025

Over \$1,000 and not over \$5,00050

Over \$5,000 1.00

Lease (or assignment, &c., of same), agreement, memorandum, or contract, for the hire, use, or rent of any land, tenement, or portion thereof, when rent or rental value is not over \$300 per annum50

Every additional \$200, or part thereof, 50 cents more

Lease, Assignment of. — A stamp duty equal to that imposed on the original instrument, increased by a stamp duty on the consideration or value of the assignment equal to that imposed upon the conveyance of land for similar consideration or value

Manifest, for custom-house entry or clearance of vessel's cargo for foreign port (except to British North America), tonnage not over 300 tons 1.00

Over 300 and not over 600 tons \$3.00

Over 600 tons 5.00

Mortgage (or assignment, &c., of same), trust, deed, or personal bond, for the payment of money, over \$100 and not over \$50050

Every additional \$500, or part thereof, 50 cents more.

Trust Deed conveying estate to uses to be stamped as a conveyance.

Passage Ticket, to foreign port (except British North America), costing \$35 or less50

Over \$35 and not over \$50 1.00

Every additional \$50, or part thereof, \$1 more.

Power of Attorney, to sell or transfer any stock, bond, or scrip, or for the collection of any dividend, or interest thereon25

To vote by proxy for officers of any corporation or society (except religious, charitable, literary societies, or public cemeteries)10

To sell or rent real estate 1.00

To collect rents25

To perform any act not herein mentioned50

Probate of Will, or Letters of Administration, value of estate not over \$2,000 1.00

Every additional \$1,000, or part thereof, 50 cents more.

Value of estate under \$1,000 exempt. "Provided, That no stamp tax shall be required upon any papers necessary to be used for the collection from the government of claims by soldiers, or their legal representatives, of the United States, for pensions, back pay, bounty, or for property lost in the service."

Protest, of note, check, draft, &c.25

Receipt, for payment of money or debt, over \$20, not being for the satisfaction of any mortgage or judgment, and a receipt for the delivery of property02

Legal Documents. — Writ, or other original process (except those commenced by the United States, or any State), for beginning suits in any Court of Record (or Court not of record, if amount claimed is \$100 or over); or an *Appeal* from Courts of inferior jurisdiction to a Court of Record50

Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for \$100 or over (except where tax for Writ in beginning of suit has been paid)50

Warrant of distress, amount of rent claimed, not over \$10025

Over \$10050

Affidavits in suits or legal proceedings exempt.

Proprietary Medicines, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Preparations, &c., each package retailed at not over 25 cents01

Over 25 cents and not over 50 cents02

Over 50 cents and not over 75 cents03

Over 75 cents and not over \$104

Every additional 50 cents, or part thereof, 2 cents more.

Friction Matches, or lucifer matches, or other articles made in part of wood, and used for like purposes, each package of 100 matches or part thereof01

Wax Tapers, double the rates imposed on matches.

Cigar Lights, each package of 25 lights, or part thereof01

Fruits, Sauces, Meats, Fish, &c., on each package of such articles, not exceeding two pounds in weight01

For each additional pound, or fraction thereof01

Playing Cards, for each pack05

The indiscriminate use of all kinds of stamps (except postage or proprietary) is permitted, care being taken to affix a stamp or stamps of the proper amount.

Documents made in any foreign country, to be used in the United States, shall pay the same duty as when made here.

Powers of Attorney, or other papers relating to applications for bounties, arrears of pay, or pensions, require no stamp; neither does indorsement of negotiable instrument, nor any warrant of attorney accompanying a bond or note when such bond or note shall be stamped; and whenever any bond or note shall be secured by mortgage, but one stamp duty is required, provided the stamp duty placed thereon is the highest rate required for said instrument, or either of them.

The person using or affixing the stamp or stamps shall write thereupon the initials of his name and the date upon which the same shall be attached or used, so that the same shall not be used again, under a penalty of \$50; or they may be otherwise cancelled as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may prescribe.

Violations of these Stamp Duties will be punished as the law directs.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Lively.

1. All the year round! All the year round! What are the sea - sons to you or to me?
 2. All the year round! All the year round! Why should we sor - row when Au - tumn leaves fall?
 3. All the year round! All the year round! O for the hand that is kind - ly and true!

Sum - mer may go; Bleak winds may blow; Ro - ses crown win - ter if cheer - y we be.
 Breez - es that sigh, Pass - ing us by, Sure - ly are pin - ing e - nough for us all.
 O for the eyes, Beam - ing and wise, Truth - ful and ten - der, and clear as the dew!

Sounds of the glad Spring, Pleasures the birds bring, These live in lov - ing hearts wher - ev - er found;
 Green leaves will come soon, Birds will be home soon; Lil - ies but hide a - while un - der the ground.
 Out on the rose - bloom, Out on the snow's tomb, Still shines the light of Home where rest is found;

Sweet as the May-time, Sweet as the hay-time, So sweet are lov - ing lips, All the year round!
 Hearts have no sea - son; That's a good rea - son Why we should hap - py be, All the year round!
 Here we as - sem - ble, Though raf - ters trem - ble: Win - ter will nev - er last All the year round!

A New Use for an Old Device.

The Demi-Leopard, bearing a Phœon or arrow-head, is the Crest of an ancient Coat of Arms, pertaining to the family of the inventor of Ruffle Machinery and originator of Magic Ruffles. The popularity of these goods when first offered to the public occasioned a host of cheap imitations, all claiming to be Magic Ruffles. To distinguish their manufactures from these inferior wares, The Magic Ruffle Company adopted this Demi-Leopard crest as a Trade-Mark, in accordance with custom obtaining in England.

Ladies Buying Ruffles

Will find this device on every box and card of

THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY'S GOODS,

and these

Are warranted to Wear Well, and not to Rip in Washing.



Any attempt to sell goods not having the above Trade-Mark, as Magic Ruffles, is a direct fraud. There are no genuine Magic Ruffles without it.

OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, No. 191 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK.

Agents for Magic Ruffle Fluting Irons.

ALEX'R KING & CO.'S

Best Six Cord

SEWING

MACHINE

**SPOOL COTTON.**

ALL NOS. WARRANTED SIX CORD UP TO 80'S.

Be careful to ask for

THE "KING" COTTON.

N. B.—This celebrated Thread, on 2400 yds. Spools, is especially adapted to Manufacturers using **SEWING MACHINES.**

ALEX'R KING, Jr., Sole Agent, NEW YORK.

Universal Exposition,

Paris, 1867.



Steinway and Sons

Triumphant!

HAVING BEEN AWARDED THE FIRST GRAND GOLD MEDAL

For American Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos; this Medal being distinctly classified *first* in order of Merit, *over* all other American exhibitors, and *over* more than 400 Pianos entered by nearly all the celebrated manufacturers of Europe.

In proof of which the following

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

of the President and Members of the International Jury on Musical Instruments (Class X) is subjoined:—

PARIS, July 20, 1867.

I certify that the **FIRST GOLD MEDAL** for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway by the Jury of the International Exposition.

First on the list in Class X.

MELINET, President of International Jury.	} Members of the International Jury.
GEORGES KASTNER,	
AMBROISE THOMAS,	
ED. HANSLICK,	
F. A. GEVAERT,	
J. SCHIEDMAYER,	

This *unanimous* decision of the International Class Jury, *indorsed* by the Supreme Group Jury, and *affirmed* by the Imperial Commission, being the *final verdict* of the *only tribunal* determining the rank of the awards at the Exposition, places the **STEINWAY PIANOS AT THE HEAD OF ALL OTHERS.**

The "Société des Beaux Arts"

(Society of Fine Arts of Paris, known throughout Europe as one of the highest authorities on Music and Art Matters) *unanimously* awarded their *only* annual Testimonial Medal for 1867 to **STEINWAY & SONS** for the highest degree of perfection, most valuable inventions, and as exhibiting the greatest progress in the art of Piano-making, above all other exhibitors, at the Universal Exposition in Paris.

STEINWAY & SONS

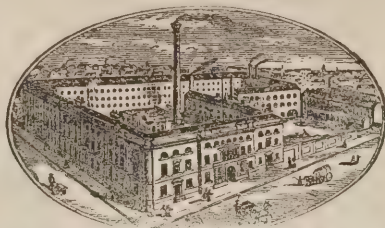
Were also awarded a **FIRST PRIZE MEDAL** at the great International Exhibition, London, 1862, for powerful, clear, brilliant, and sympathetic tone, with excellence of workmanship as shown in Grand and Square **PIANOS**, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the world.

STEINWAY & SONS, in addition to the above, have taken thirty-five First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal Fairs held in this country from the year 1855 to 1862 inclusive, since which time they have not entered their Piano-fortes at any Local Fair in the United States.

EVERY PIANO IS WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Warerooms, First Floor of Steinway Hall, . . . Nos. 109 and 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

(BETWEEN FOURTH AVENUE AND IRVING PLACE.)



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE-MARK: **JOSEPH GILLOTT,** Or Descriptive Name
Warranted. and Designating
Number.

The well-known ORIGINAL and POPULAR Numbers,
303, 404, 170, 351,
having been assumed by other MAKERS, we desire to caution the public in
respect to said imitations.

Ask for Gillott's.

CAUTION! An injunction was granted by the Supreme
Court (New York) at General Term, January,
1867, against the use by others of the **Number 303.**

JOS. GILLOTT & SONS,

No. 91 John St., New York.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

BURNETT'S STANDARD PREPARATIONS.

For more than ten years these Preparations have maintained a large and
constantly increasing sale, sustaining the opinion of
the best judges, that

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Prevents the Hair from falling.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Promotes its Healthy Growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Is not Greasy or Sticky.

Burnett's Cocoaine

Leaves no Disagreeable Odor.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

is unanimously conceded to be a most elegant and cleanly beautifier of the
HUMAN HAIR.

BURNETT'S STANDARD EXTRACTS

for Cooking Purposes are renowned for their perfect purity and great strength.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Proprietors,

27 Central St., Boston, and 592 Broadway, New York.



C. A. STEVENS & CO.,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

**DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
AND FINE JEWELRY.**

ALSO,

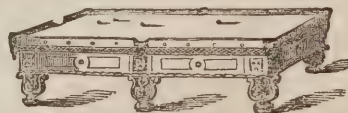
**Clocks, Real Bronzes, Porcelain Ware,
and Fancy Goods.**

**40 EAST 14th STREET, UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.**

Particular attention given to the designing and manufacture of Silver-
ware for presentation; also, to setting of Diamonds and other Precious Stones,
all of which is done in our own establishment.

STANDARD AMERICAN

BILLIARD TABLES,



WITH

Phelan Combination Cushion,

ARE INDISPUTABLY

THE BEST BILLIARD TABLES IN USE.

The attention of the public is particularly invited to the newly invented

Billiard Table for the Home Circle,

COMBINING

THE LIBRARY TABLE,

THE DINING TABLE,

AND

THE BILLIARD TABLE,

Either of which can, with a minute's notice, be converted into its appropriate
use.

**SIMPLE, DURABLE, and ORNAMENTAL,
AND MADE IN EVERY STYLE.**

For description and price address

PHELAN & COLLENDER,

PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS,

63, 65, 67, & 69 CROSBY STREET, NEW YORK.



DR. GEORGE W. BABCOCK,

SCIENTIFIC DERMATOLOGIST,

28 WINTER STREET, BOSTON,

Successfully treats all diseases of the

HAIR AND SCALP,

LOSS OF HAIR, PREMATURE GRAYNESS, BALDNESS, &c.

Consultation, either in person or by letter, free of charge. A pamphlet on the Hair and Scalp sent free by mail, or otherwise, when requested.

Dr. Babcock treats the Hair and Scalp as a Physician, — not upon any "one remedy system"; but adapts the remedies in each case to suit its especial requirements.

Dr. Babcock's practice extends to all parts of the United States, Canada, &c. He treats parties personally when convenient for them to visit him, otherwise by correspondence. For the latter it is necessary they should send a full description of their complaint, stating clearly what they desire to have accomplished, together with their age, sex, whether of strong or delicate constitution, and whether any hereditary disease exists, and, if any, of what nature. No charge is made for consultation by letter, and the terms for treatment will always be stated in reply, before any expense is incurred. Remedies specially adapted to each case, accompanied by directions and advice, can then be sent by express, and the expenses of transportation will be prepaid in Boston.

STATE ASSAYER'S OFFICE, 20 State St., Boston, }
September 27, 1867.

I have analyzed a series of thirteen preparations received from Dr. George W. Babcock, and employed by him in his treatment of the Hair and Scalp. All of these remedies contain valuable medicinal ingredients. They are skillfully combined, agreeably prepared, and may be used with perfect safety in the manner prescribed by Dr. Babcock.

(Signed)

S. DANA HAYES,

State Assayer of Massachusetts.



DR. BABCOCK'S

HAIR DRESSING.

SCIENTIFIC. RATIONAL. SAFE.

In consequence of the many injurious preparations used, causing disease and loss of Hair, DR. BABCOCK has put up his celebrated Hair Dressing in a special form for the Toilet.

To bring it within the reach of all, each package, enclosed in a handsome case and containing twelve ounces, will be sold for **One Dollar.**

No other Preparation so good, so safe, or so cheap. Scientific research cannot produce an article for the toilet superior to this.

It stimulates the growth of the hair, keeps the head cool, moist, and clean, does not soil the dress or the skin, and its effect upon the APPEARANCE of the hair is EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE DESIRED.

It not only PROMOTES but PRESERVES a luxuriant, handsome growth of hair in its natural color through life.

STATE ASSAYER'S OFFICE, 20 State St., Boston, }
October 11, 1867.

Dr. George W. Babcock: Sir, — I have analyzed and tested the Hair Dressing received from you, with the following results: —

It is free from silver, lead, sulphur, acids, alkalies, or injurious substances of any kind.

It is skillfully prepared, containing valuable medicinal ingredients, which are known to stimulate the growth of the hair; and I can recommend it as a superior preparation, and one that may be used with entire safety.

Each bottle contains twelve fluid ounces. Respectfully,

(Signed)

S. DANA HAYES,

State Assayer for Massachusetts.

To Parties at a Distance. — The Dressing will be sent by express, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of the following: —

One Package,	\$ 1.25	Four Packages,	\$ 4.20
Two " "	2.40	Five " "	5.10
Three " "	3.30	Six " "	6.00

SOLD ONLY BY

DR. GEORGE W. BABCOCK,

Scientific Dermatologist, . . 28 Winter Street, Boston.

Exposition Universelle.

FIRST
GRAND PRIZE!

THE
Highest Award!

TO THE
CHICKERING
PIANO.

Paris, 1867.



THE
LEGION
OF
HONOR!

WITH
A GRAND
GOLD MEDAL!

Paris, 1867.

CHICKERING & SONS,

Since the award of the above, have received THREE MORE FIRST PREMIUMS. A Gold Medal at the Lowell Mechanics' Fair, 1867, and the Two First Premiums at the California State Fair, 1867, for the best Grand and Square Piano-Fortes, making a total of

63 First Premiums over all Competitors,

AT
EXHIBITIONS
IN
LONDON,
PARIS,
AND THE
UNITED STATES.



246 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, & 682 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Year of Our Lord

1867,

More than any preceding year, is noted for the development of progress in perfecting

SEWING MACHINES.

The Company whose increased production has surpassed all others, and whose merits are now universally acknowledged, is the

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.

**BRANCH
OFFICES.**

349 Washington St., Boston.
613 Broadway, New York.
1315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
102 Washington St., Chicago.
41 Oxford St., London, England.

Local Agencies easily accessible to customers throughout the United States and the rest of the world.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

The Immense Profits of the Tea Trade.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessities at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments, and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their entire fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large fortunes upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the Consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits, and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves, — which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

JAPAN, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), \$1.25, best \$1.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

We insert the following Club, in order to show the method of getting them up. After the first order, we send blanks for getting up Clubs, &c.

To the Great American Tea Company:—

GENTLEMEN:—The Tea you sent on the 14th of December arrived in good condition. It gives better satisfaction than the Tea that they are paying two dollars a pound for. I send you the present order of \$43.15, to be paid on delivery. Send the Tea to St. Johnsbury by Express, and a bill of it to North Danville for collection.

Yours truly,

MRS. J. H. SANBORN, Agent.

4 lbs. Imperial Green Tea	H. A. Kelsey	at \$1.25	\$5.00	2 lbs. Imperial Green	G. E. Sias	at 1.25	2.50
2 lbs. Young Hyson Green,	Charles Varney	at .50	1.00	1 lb. "	S. N. Hubbard	at 1.25	1.25
5 lbs. E. Breakfast Coffee	"	at .30	1.50	2 lbs. Young Hyson	H. Weeks	at 1.25	2.50
2 lbs. Young Hyson, Green	F. W. Green	at .50	1.00	2 lbs. "	M. Bray	at 1.25	2.50
1 lb. "	D. P. Chase	at .50	.50	2 lbs. Imperial Green	"	at 1.25	2.50
1 lb. "	J. W. Bickford	at .50	.50	2 lbs. "	John Williams	at 1.25	2.50
1 lb. Imperial	"	at .50	.50	2 lbs. Young Hyson	"	at 1.25	2.50
1 lb. Young Hyson, Green	M. A. Stevens	at .50	.50	1 lb. "	J. P. Hill	at 1.25	1.25
1 lb. "	A. A. Finley	at 1.25	1.25	1 lb. Imperial Green	"	at 1.25	1.25
2 lbs. Imperial Green	J. A. Webster	at 1.25	2.50	1 lb. E. Breakfast Coffee	Mrs. J. H. Sanborn	at .30	.30
1 lb. Young Hyson	P. C. Sanborn	at .50	.50	2 lbs. Imperial Green	Mr. J. H. Sanborn	at 1.25	2.50
2 lbs. E. Breakfast Coffee	A. W. Hawkins	at .30	.60	1 lb. "	F. Blanchard	at 1.25	1.25
1 lb. Imperial Green	J. W. Bickford	at 1.25	1.25	1 lb. Young Hyson, Green	"	at 1.25	1.25
1 lb. "	M. Stevens	at .50	.50	1 lb. Imperial	G. H. Bickford	at 1.25	1.25
1 lb. "	S. W. Sprague	at 1.25	1.25	1 lb. Gunpowder, Best	"	at 1.50	1.50

Total \$43.15

P. S. — All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, POST OFFICE BOX, No. 5613, NEW YORK CITY.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, — large double store.

CAUTION.—Beware of all concerns that copy our name **WHOLLY** or **IN PART**, or advertise as "**BRANCHES**" of this Company, for they are either **ONLY IMITATORS** or **BOGUS**. We have no "**branches**," and have no connection with any other Tea House.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR 1868.

The Publishers of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY have now for ten years aimed to give the American people a first-class Magazine. They have spared no pains or expense to procure from the most able and popular writers of America and England articles embodying the best literary culture and the freshest and most vigorous thought of the age. The excellent and varied contents of the twenty volumes already issued, and the large and constantly increasing circulation of the Magazine, prove the full success of the Publishers in their efforts to furnish a periodical that should meet the wants of intelligent readers.

The Publishers will seek to give yet greater variety and value to the ATLANTIC in future, to make it the medium through which the foremost writers shall communicate with the public; and they are gratified in being able to promise for the coming year such contributions as cannot fail to accomplish this result.

Prospectus for 1868.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will furnish an Original Story, entitled "George Silverman's Explanation," to run through three or four numbers.

DR. I. I. HAYES, the Arctic Voyager, will contribute a series of papers on "Life in Greenland and the Arctic Regions," similar in character to "Doctor Molke."

JAMES PARTON will continue to furnish articles on cities of the United States, with prominent industrial and other topics. An article on "Pittsburg" will appear in the January number.

BAYARD TAYLOR, who is now in Europe, will contribute regularly papers on "Out-of-the-way Corners of the Old World."

Two excellent Serial Stories will be commenced in the January number.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON will commence his contributions for the year with an article on "Aspects of Culture," which will be given in the January number.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Author of "The Man without a Country," will contribute frequently throughout the year. His first paper for 1868 will appear in the January number, under the name of "A Week in Sybaris."

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE will continue his series of admirable articles on English literature.

JOHN MEREDITH READ, JR., Author of "An Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson," will contribute a series of Historical Articles, of deep general interest.

WILLIAM J. STILLMAN, United States Consul in Crete, will furnish a series of papers, giving his experiences and observations during the struggle of the last year or two between the Greeks and Turks.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY will contribute regularly.

Several new contributors, who have already made their mark in the Magazine, have sent in capital articles which will appear during the coming year.

Among the regular writers for the ATLANTIC, in addition to those already named, the publishers are still able to promise contributions from

H. W. LONGFELLOW,	GEORGE E. ELLIS,	MRS. A. M. DIAZ,	DONALD G. MITCHELL,
G. W. CURTIS,	WILLIAM WINTER,	EDWARD H. HOUSE,	J. W. PALMER,
R. W. EMERSON,	FRANCIS PARKMAN,	JOHN R. YOUNG,	THEODORE TILTON,
CHARLES SUMNER,	R. DALE OWEN,	JANE G. AUSTIN,	MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,	H. H. BROWNELL,	D. A. WASSON,	G. H. BOKER,
H. T. TUCKERMAN,	W. C. BRYANT,	LUCY LARCOM,	HENRY JAMES, JR.,
T. B. ALDRICH,	J. R. LOWELL,	M. D. CONWAY,	DR. S. W. MITCHELL,
ALICE CARY,	LOUIS AGASSIZ,	ROBERT CARTER,	J. T. TROWBRIDGE,
JOHN NEAL,	MRS. L. MARIA CHILD,	GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,	KATE FIELD,
T. BUCHANAN READ,	F. SHELTON,	FREDERIC H. HEDGE,	G. W. GREENE,
MRS. R. H. DAVIS,	C. C. HAZEWELL,	J. G. WHITTIER,	SAMUEL OSGOOD,
C. J. SPRAGUE,	W. D. HOWELLS,	O. W. HOLMES,	J. G. HOLLAND,
ROSE TERRY,	GAIL HAMILTON,	T. W. HIGGINSON,	CAROLINE CHESEBORO,
G. REYNOLDS,	E. C. STEDMAN,	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,	J. A. H. BONE.

The Publishers deem it one of the most important functions of such a Magazine as they aim to make the ATLANTIC, to discuss frankly and temperately the great political principles and issues that agitate the country; and they will endeavor to procure from the ablest writers of the land such articles as will aid to a clear understanding of the leading questions of the day, and to a settlement of them in the interest of Liberty and Justice.

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TICKNOR AND FIELDS, 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

PROSPECTUS

OF

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS"

FOR 1868.

With the number for January, 1868, "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" will enter upon its *fourth year*, and the Publishers have peculiar pride and pleasure in directing attention to the following schedule of the principal matters which are to be contained in the new volume, believing that this exhibit alone will be sufficient to prove their constant devotion to the interests of their subscribers, as well as to show that for variety of contents, for strength and brilliancy of writers, and for liberality and felicity of illustration, "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" is unrivalled in the juvenile literature of the world, deriving, as it does, its material from the pens and pencils of American and foreign authors and artists, while in all cases adhering to its principle of giving *original* matter in every department.

The responsible management of the Magazine will continue in the same hands as heretofore, and while the rule of the Editorial office will still be to secure all the *best* things that can be had without regard to their source, the positive arrangements of the conductors include these features:—

MR. CHARLES DICKENS — whose pen has created such beautiful pictures of child-life in the histories of *Little Nell*, *Paul Dombey*, *Poor Jo*, and *David Copperfield* — has been induced to co-operate with the Editors of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," and has written a juvenile story *expressly* for this Magazine, which will not even appear in England, the exclusive right of publication having been purchased at a very large outlay by the Publishers of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS." This story is entitled "A HOLIDAY ROMANCE"; it is in *four parts*, and *each* part will be accompanied by a *full-page Illustration*, drawn by the greatest English designer, MR. JOHN GILBERT, who has consented to waive his decision not to draw again on wood, in order to give additional interest to MR. DICKENS'S "Romance."

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX" (MISS MULOCK) has also been engaged, and will write several articles in prose and verse. Two of these, "*The Little Jew*" and "*Running Away*," have already been received, and will appear as soon as the Illustrations can be prepared.

DR. ISAAC I. HAYES will complete his already famous Arctic story, "*Cast Away in the Cold*," in the course of the year.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, after finishing her narratives of *Pussy Willow* and *Emily Proudie*, will contribute other tales and sketches in her inimitable manner.

MISS GEORGIANNA M. CRAIK, one of the most favorite of younger English writers, is to be a contributor. Her first story, "*The Old Life Boat*," will be printed in an early number.

THE AUTHOR OF "LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE" will print in the present volume a new story, called "*When I was a Little Girl*."

"GEORGE EAGER" will relate more of *Round-the-World Joe's* strange but true adventures and observations in Oriental lands. China has been completed, but Turkey, Hindostan, Burmah, Madagascar, and other romantic Eastern lands and waters are yet to be described.

MR. J. H. A. BONE will supply for alternate numbers six historical articles, giving, in a form no less interesting and delightful than fiction, authentic accounts of some of the most important epochs in middle-age and modern history. Several of the subjects are those of religious and civil liberty, such as *The Downfall of the Saxon Gods*, *The Children's Crusade*, *The Magna Charta*, &c. These articles will be illustrated with historical accuracy, and will fill a place which has always been vacant.

DR. J. W. PALMER will occasionally paraphrase an ancient myth, or relate some story of our own day.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS" has prepared a charming series, called "*Dame Nature's Stories*," and these sketches, similar in character to her former contributions, will also appear in "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," explaining many curious phenomena of animal and vegetable life.

MRS. LOUISE E. CHOLLET, in addition to her fanciful stories, has written three little lectures upon *Heat*, in a novel and entertaining form, which will be given soon.

MISS E. S. PHELPS, MRS. A. M. DIAZ, MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN, MRS. HELEN C. WEEKS, "AUNT FANNY," THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE PRUDY,"

MARY N. PRESCOTT, T. B. ALDRICH, CHARLES J. FOSTER, CHARLES D. SHANLY, "WILLY WISP," CLARENCE COOK, and many other of the best writers have all prepared articles for the volume of 1868, in which will also appear some articles by the EDITORS, and which, it may reasonably be anticipated, will contain occasional contributions by MR. LONGFELLOW, MR. WHITTIER, and PROF. LOWELL.

MUSIC will continue to be a prominent feature. To some original pieces will be added extracts from Beethoven, Mozart, Hummel, and other great classic authors, — the selections being made and arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG, Director of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS will continue to be the very best that can be obtained from any available source, and it is only necessary to recall the names of DARLEY, HENNESSY, TENNIEL, EYTINGE, WEIR, McENTEE, STEPHENS, WAUD, FENN, HOPPIN, FREDERICKS, WHITE, and LUMLEY, and to compare the later with the earlier numbers of the Magazine, to appreciate how much attention has been bestowed upon this department, and to see how rapid and decided has been its improvement, while a comparison between "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" and any other juvenile magazine cannot fail to show that the former maintains the highest standard in this respect.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS will be published every month; an early number will contain the companion of the COLORED PICTURE contained in the *November* number, while occasional COLORED SUPPLEMENTS, at least equal to that which will accompany the *December* issue, will be presented to the subscribers.

THE CHILDREN will still have their own departments in the Magazine, — "ROUND THE EVENING LAMP" and "OUR LETTER-BOX," — which will be as interesting as Editors and Subscribers can make them. Each number of the new volume will contain a *Picture Puzzle from Shakespeare*, in the most agreeable style of humorous design.

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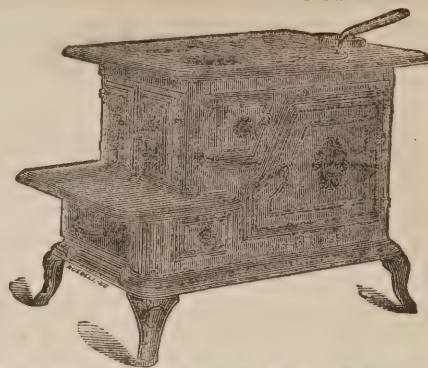
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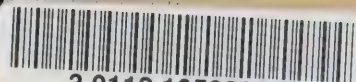
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FIRESIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE gray of a winter's morning, — so gray, as it comes through the eastern panes, as to show only dimly the scattered books and papers of yesternight's reading, — so gray that the raked-up coals of last night's fire, as I draw them forth, glow like a heap of rubies, a great nestling company of red jewels which will give flame of adornment to the whole day. A certain degree of art went to the making of the old wood fire; first, in the lap of ashes and against the chimney was to be coyly placed the great back-log. This might be green; it might be oak, it might be elm or pepperidge; at least it should be round, and with its bark intact; upon its top, and lying snugly between its upward swell and the advancing threat of the chimney should be placed a second bit of unsplit tree-trunk, one half the bigness of the supporting log below; a third, even, of still smaller diameter, — what time a biting north-easter made demand for grand proportions, — was placed as a crowning finish upon the pair of back-logs already in position.

Then came the careful posturing of the great fire-dogs firmly against this wall of wood, spreading somewhat as they stood sturdily upon the hearth, but yet so near together as to give unquestioned support to the great forestick of cleft hickory, — a quartered bole, — with its flat side snugly settled upon the black fire-dogs. A gap of six inches — or of ten, if the outside roar called for a great mass of flame — was next to be filled in with two or three round hickory cudgels, between whose interstices free circulation would be given to fan the coals which (the next thing in order) were piled upon the wood. Then light kindlings that crinkled with the heat, even as one placed them adroitly athwart the glowing coals, and as the smoke thickened and grew denser, piled on more and more of hickory saplings, of stout sticks, of cleft wood, — higher and higher, hotter and hotter, criss-crossed with great air gaps, lightly as a child's cob-house, — fuming and steaming with the sulking heat of the ruby remnants of last night's fire-logs, until with a sudden whisk, and a sudden vanishing of the toiling smoke, a white flame leaps among the light wood, and darts through the great pile, and comes licking round the forestick with live tongues, and with a crackle and a roar goes sweeping and waving through the whole chimney-front.

There should be space in a chimney for good show of flame. The little deep-seated French fireplaces, where only one or two small sticks of a foot in length smoulder away, offer nothing generous to the eye. A cut of two feet and an opening of three to four is the least that can revive the pageantry of an old-time flame, and the traditions of that fireside which gives its gleam and play to the winter nights of old tales and poems. Five and six feet of width belonged to the old tavern fires of New England, around which village gossips made circle, and where three or four flip-irons might find a tempting redness. As for the chimney-corner which admitted a child or two, or some crunched-up figure of a dame, with pipe or knitting, within shelter of the jambs, it involved an amplitude of fireplace of which there are only scanty memories. I can recall such a one in an old lumbering house in a port town of New England. It was below stairs in a sort of apartment that had its eyelets of windows looking out upon a stretch of harbor, where coasters and fishing-smacks lay at anchor. Not used, save on great days (for the novelties of narrowed fires and black cooking-stoves had crept in above); the cobwebs hung their tracery from the beams, the old roasting-jack that stood athwart the chimney opening was rusted; the great iron crane bore no burden of kettles, the hearth with its spent brands and its heap of moistened ashes slumbered for weeks together; but the fire-dogs were in place, and a wilderness of cup-

right and to the left still piqued curiosity. I can remember how a company of us roistering youngsters equipped those cupboards one day on the sly; a brown paper parcel here (it may have been salt or sausages), a couplet of bottles of small beer in another corner, a relay of potatoes, a loaf of baker's bread, a pound or two of box raisins for dessert, a dozen or more of nice baking apples, and, grandest of all, a fat fowl ready for the spit; but no spit had we, — such effeminacy was discarded; we oiled the bearings of the rusty roasting-jack, and presently, by the light of a great roaring blaze, set the prized fowl a-twirling. And what a savory odor exuded as the flesh began to brown, and what a basting we gave it with the drip into the extemporized sauce-pan which we had planted below upon the heaped-up firebrands! There was some hot drink, too, simmering away in the corner, — a sort of mulled beer, and a row of toasting apples, and a score of potatoes coming to a mealy ripeness under the hot ashes. At last the banquet was spread out upon an oaken cross-legged table as old as the fireplace; and we rioted upon the spoils with a gusto that I think none of us have felt over the grandest suppers since. The huge chimney and the roaring mass of white flame, and the self-helping, were marvelous appetizers.

I am inclined to think that the subject of chimneys ought to have a literature of its own, — ending in smoke, very likely; but the trailing blue pennant over a house-top is a symbol of domesticity, and a token of civilization. A savage fire and a heathen fire squanders its color in the woods, or its smoke finds vent from some gross aperture of a cavern or hut, and is not borne up by that ascending current which belongs only to the chimney flue, and which carries up its little fireside waifs and wreaths of blue writing upon the sky. The fat thrushes of the Roman times were cooked under difficulties; Horace has his plaint about smarting eyes in a smoky hostelry, and it is quite certain that Tiberius never had a good draft to his fire in any winter's day in his best palace. Herculaneum shows no chimneys, and the marble houses of Augustus, when they had fires in them, must have given ooze to the smoke out of doorways, or some crude scuttle in the roof. Who can tell what the Delias and Lucretias of those times may have suffered when the wood was wet and the *paterfamilias* chilly? But it must be mentioned, in justice to provident husbands of that day, that amiable ones took the precaution to give their fuel a previous baking, so that it might consume away with as little smoke as possible. For all this the *atrium* (as its name implies) must have been a terribly murky place, and Vitruvius cautions against too much carved work, which will gather soot, and require much labor for the cleaning.

At what date a true chimney first carried its streamer of blue above the house-tops, is a vexed question, — certainly not much before the fourteenth century, if so early as then. The Venetian chroniclers are sturdy advocates of the Venetian claim to their first adoption; and, if we may believe the most zealous among them, old Dandolo may have been regaled with the sight of chimney-tops pouring out their wavelets of smoke, when he sailed back from his brave conquest of the great city of the Dardanelles. The representative word for chimneys — *Caminus* — does certainly appear in the chronicles of a time long anterior to this event. But when did chimneys cease to mean a mere vent for the smoke, and when did they begin to mean a piled-up flue that should give draft and token of something like a fireside below?

In a chronicle of the year 1347* there is indeed mention of a great earthquake, and further mention (only casual, and so more fitting for testimony) that a great many chimneys were toppled

* A much earlier date of similar occurrence is given by Filiasi, who claims chimneys for Venetians from "time immemorial."

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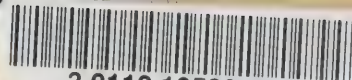
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FIRESIDE.

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There should be space in a chimney for good show of flame. The little deep-seated French fireplaces, where only one or two small sticks of a foot in length smoulder away, offer nothing generous to the eye. A cut of two feet and an opening of three to four is the least that can revive the pageantry of an old-time flame, and the traditions of that fireside which gives its gleam and play to the winter nights of old tales and poems. Five and six feet of width belonged to the old tavern fires of New England, around which village gossips made circle, and where three or four flip-irons might find a tempting redness. As for the chimney-corner which admitted a child or two, or some crunched-up figure of a dame, with pipe or knitting, within shelter of the jambs, it involved an amplitude of fireplace of which there are only scanty relics. I can recall such a one in an old lumbering house in a port town of New England. It was below stairs in a sort of apartment that had its eyelets of windows looking out upon a stretch of harbor, where coasters and fishing-smacks lay at anchor. Not used, save on great days (for the novelties of narrow fires and black cooking-stoves had crept in above); the cobwebs hung their tracery from the beams, the old roasting-jack that stood athwart the chimney opening was rusted; the great iron crane bore no burden of kettles, the hearth with its spent brands and its heap of moistened ashes slumbered for weeks together; but the fire-dogs were in place, and a wilderness of cup-

right and to the left still piqued curiosity. I can remember how a company of us roistering youngsters equipped those cupboards one day on the sly; a brown paper parcel here (it may have been salt or sausages), a couplet of bottles of small beer in another corner, a relay of potatoes, a loaf of baker's bread, a pound or two of box raisins for dessert, a dozen or more of nice baking apples, and, grandest of all, a fat fowl ready for the spit; but no spit had we, — such effeminacy was discarded; we oiled the bearings of the rusty roasting-jack, and presently, by the light of a great roaring blaze, set the prized fowl a-twirling. And what a savory odor exuded as the flesh began to brown, and what a basting we gave it with the drip into the extemporized sauce-pan which we had planted below upon the heaped-up firebrands! There was some hot drink, too, simmering away in the corner, — a sort of mulled beer, and a row of toasting apples, and a score of potatoes coming to a mealy ripeness under the hot ashes. At last the banquet was spread out upon an oaken cross-legged table as old as the fireplace; and we rioted upon the spoils with a gusto that I think none of us have felt over the grandest suppers since. The huge chimney and the roaring mass of white flame, and the self-helping, were marvelous appetizers.

I am inclined to think that the subject of chimneys ought to have a literature of its own, — ending in smoke, very likely; but the trailing blue pennant over a house-top is a symbol of domesticity, and a token of civilization. A savage fire and a heathen fire squanders its color in the woods, or its smoke finds vent from some gross aperture of a cavern or hut, and is not borne up by that ascending current which belongs only to the chimney flue, and which carries up its little fireside waifs and wreaths of blue writing upon the sky. The fat thrushes of the Roman times were cooked under difficulties; Horace has his plaint about smarting eyes in a smoky hostelry, and it is quite certain that Tiberius never had a good draft to his fire in any winter's day in his best palace. Herculaneum shows no chimneys, and the marble houses of Augustus, when they had fires in them, must have given ooze to the smoke out of doorways, or some crude scuttle in the roof. Who can tell what the Delias and Lucretias of those times may have suffered when the wood was wet and the *paterfamilias* chilly? But it must be mentioned, in justice to provident husbands of that day, that amiable ones took the precaution to give their fuel a previous baking, so that it might consume away with as little smoke as possible. For all this the *atrium* (as its name implies) must have been a terribly murky place, and Vitruvius cautions against too much carved work, which will gather soot, and require much labor for the cleaning.

At what date a true chimney first carried its streamer of blue above the house-tops, is a vexed question, — certainly not much before the fourteenth century, if so early as then. The Venetian chroniclers are sturdy advocates of the Venetian claim to their first adoption; and, if we may believe the most zealous among them, old Dandolo may have been regaled with the sight of chimney-tops pouring out their wavelets of smoke, when he sailed back from his brave conquest of the great city of the Dardanelles. The representative word for chimneys — *Caminus* — does certainly appear in the chronicles of a time long anterior to this event. But when did chimneys cease to mean a mere vent for the smoke, and when did they begin to mean a piled-up flue that should give draft and token of something like a fireside below?

In a chronicle of the year 1347* there is indeed mention of a great earthquake, and further mention (only casual, and so more fitting for testimony) that a great many chimneys were toppled

* A much earlier date of similar occurrence is given by Filiasi, who claims chimneys for Venetians from "time immemorial."

over by it. This, certainly, is positive; for by no imagination can we conceive of a mere hole in the wall of being toppled over. Hereabout, then, Mr. Beckmann, in his history of inventions (which is only so full as to pique, and no way satisfy), places the start-point of chimneys proper.

But suppose—say the sturdy Venetian antiquarians of our day—that an earthquake of a century previous was not powerful enough to stir the chimneys, or suppose the mortar was better, or suppose the chronicler was not so observant of so homely facts? I leave the doubt and the date in a curl of smoke—from my pipe.

Quite certain it is, however, that many of our traditional notions of old English firesides are less smoky than they should be. Through those early centuries, England was a long way behind Italy in the fashion of her houses and her cookery. If Jessica had no chimney-corner to nestle in, it is more than probable that her flax-haired contemporary in London had none. King Alfred never watched the cooking of the cakes (of the neatherd's wife) upon anything like what we should call a hearth; and the chances are ten to one that the good Saxon king suffered from smarting eyes in that season of his moralizing. Henry Beaulclerc and the enterprising Matilda (who crossed the river at Oxford on the ice, all clad in white, to escape from the renegade Stephen), never knew the comforts of a good, cosey fireside. It is doubtful even if Scott, ordinarily so correct in matters of history, has not stretched a point in arranging so comfortable a chimney-corner in the house of Cedric the Saxon, where Isaac the Jew and the disinherited knight hobnobbed together, on their way to the great tournament of Ashby de la Zouche.

If the Saxon host had a tolerably good chimney in those days, at either end of the hall, he had what few of his fellow-landholders in England had, whether Saxon or Norman. But with the glamour of that rich story of Ivanhoe floating before me, such punctilious historic inquiry seems only impertinent. I shall never cease to believe (whatever Beckmann may say) in a good, generous fireplace, at the foot and at the head of the great low hall of the Saxon franklin; I shall never cease to believe in the cringing figure of Isaac of York screening himself as he best may in the shadow of the jambs; I shall never cease to believe in the thin, earnest face of Ivanhoe, glowing in the light of that fireside, and stealing glances across the long line of table to the queenly and ice-cold Rowena; I shall never cease to believe in the fire-play glimmering over those old oaken rafters of Cedric the Saxon, and lighting up the swart visage of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, any more than I shall cease to believe in the next day's journey toward the tournament, or in the slouching giant in black armor who won the battle, or in the half-veiled bosom of the pretty Rebecca, or in any minutest item of that grand old story of Ivanhoe.

The real truth was, I suspect, that in Cœur de Lion's day, most hall fires were made upon a rude stone hearth in the centre of the apartment, and that the smoke found its way out of vent-holes at either end of the roof.

If the men of Venice were the first to construct modern chimneys, it is quite certain that the modern men of Venice have not kept pace with the progress of the art; for I doubt if, on the score of drafts, a more villainously constructed set of chimneys is to be found in the world than in that city of gondolas. Smoking fires are not rare anywhere in Italy; but in Venice,—whether by reason of the blasts that sweep down from the Vicentine Mountains, or the eddies of wind in the narrow street-ways,—a freely drawing chimney is most rare. The writer can never forget, and will not forbear to tell, a little illustrative experience of his own, within a quiet little house, seated in a garden upon the banks of the Grand Canal.

Through all the autumn months I had eyed, suspiciously, certain sooty stains, which stretched from the fireplace up the frescoed wall; yet my landlord—a *débonnaire* little Frenchman, who had come thither in the trail of the Marshal Marmont as his *major-domo*, and who had inherited most of that old sinner's household goods—assured me that the chimney drew “charmingly.” It was indeed a coquettish-looking affair for a fireplace, with a quantity of brazen trappings, and polished steel grate; and upon a sour November day,—far earlier than most people in that region think of the luxury of a fire,—I placed in it a little fagot of sticks that had grown upon some one of the capes of Istria, and, lighting it coyly, threw myself back in my chair for an enjoyment of that home-like cheer which a rollicking blaze upon the hearth is apt to breed in a ruminative man.

There came a blaze to be sure; but with it such a persistent, intermittent outpouring of smoke, as half-blinded and wholly maddened me. I summoned the Frenchman, who came in his black velvet cap with gold tassel, and posed theatrically before the chimney. He had never, never seen the like of it, *parole d'honneur*; he was all astonishment; he thought the wood must be wet; and, again, there was too much wood; two sticks, three sticks were quite enough; wood was *excessivement* dear (in which he was quite right); besides which, there must be a draft through the room,—such a door must be opened,—a little crack in a window as well, and he explained to me kindly what the action of fire was in promoting currents of air, and how new supplies of air were needed, and how a Russian princess had occupied the same apartments, and had been “ravished” by the little fireplace and its brazen adornments.

To all which I listened in a dazed way, half-blinded still by the smoke, and watching through the murk the swaying tassel of my landlord's cap as he grew earnest in exposition. I yielded mechanically to his various suggestions; the quantity of wood was reduced to the Venetian standard, the door was set ajar, the window had its scapement, the new currents were set a-flow; but the chimney maintained its obstinacy. If there was less smoke, it was only because there was less of fire; if there was less of murkiness about the walls of the little salon, it was because the keen November winds from off the lagoon were drifting in. I tried faithfully to live at Rome like the Romans, and to yield to the objurgations of my tasselled friend, and believe that all was *parfaitement* clear. A week or more of this sort of acclimatization only made my eyes the sorer, and my temper the sourer, until the Yankee in me declared itself for revolution.

I summoned anew my tasselled friend, and informed him that, whatever the yielding Russian princess might have thought, my own notion was, that his chimney was good for nothing. I insisted upon thorough investigation. So we called up a workman from an adjoining court, and down came the brazen trappings, disclosing a great chimney-mouth deeper than the fireplace itself. I ordered up brick and mortar, and set the mason at work to build up the chimney-back anew. Both mason and landlord were astounded by my pretensions. Yet both carried out my directions with very much the same interest, I thought, with which they would have humored the fancies of a lunatic. The chimney was narrowed by eight inches or more; the frontal black metal was brought down to meet this new advance of the chimney behind, and when all was complete, and the work fairly done, I summoned my tasselled friend to see the result. We lighted a great fagot and thrust it in; there was a crackle and a blaze, and a succession of pouring flame that went roaring up the new throat of the chimney, carrying every twirling jet of smoke or vapor,—so complete a success, in short, that even the *major-domo* clapped his hands and cried, “*C'est magnifique!*”

I never sat by a fireside that was better proof against erring



WINTER.

jets of smoke, — never knew a haler and cheerier roar through any chimney-throat than in that Yankee-improved one of Venice. The *major-domo* brought his friends to look at it and to wonder. I doubt if the *major-domo* has ceased wondering yet. I am credibly informed that he exhibits it with pride to curious lodgers as an extraordinary chimney, — a chimney à l'Américain. It is questionable if there be a better chimney in Venice to-day, and I trust the egotism will be pardoned if I say that I regard it as the solitary triumph of a short and not eminently lucrative consular career in that city of boats and palaces.

If the Venetians of modern times are not apt in the construction of a good chimney for draft, they are certainly not without abundance of architectural fancies in the construction of chimney-tops. In no city are they more various, more quaint, or more picturesque; nor is this an unworthy direction wherein architectural ability may disport itself. It is the crowning finial of the house; the campanile, and ventilator, and cupola, in comparison with it, are mere adventitious excrescences. These tell nothing of the fireside, and may be packed with equal significance upon a stable, or a Tammany Hall, or a State capitol. But the chimney — most of all, a group of chimneys — tells a story of the family, and of the chimney-corner, and of smoking breakfasts, and of the prattle of little ones. It is the complement of every true home. Why not give it grace? Expensive materials are no way essential; wonders can be done with ordinary brick by adroit juxtaposition; and if those of different colors are selected, very charming effects may be wrought out, even in the smallest cottage chimneys. Those who have seen the brick chimneys upon Hampton Court and Eton College will have a hint of what I would suggest. The earthen ornamental chimney-pots which were in favor a few years ago are excessively cockneyish, and carry no flavor of that sturdy hospitality which a home-like chimney should show by its mass and its solidity. In the country-house there is of course more range for such over-roof demonstration than in the town, where narrowness of space, and narrower conventionalisms, will compel uniform appearance; or, what is worse, compel a resort to those metallic whirligigs which may carry away smoke, indeed, but carry away at the same time all dignity from the hearth-stone. No hearth-stones in fact belong to them, since they are only the patent indicators and adjuncts of some patent device for packing all heat appliances into some kindred metallic abomination of a stove.

The honest wood-fire should be upon the same level with the floor, and diffuse its glow all abroad. Hence even that economic broad-checked device of the Franklin stove lacks at least one of the proper requirements. There is a line of murky blackness between hearth and floor, which irks terribly a man who is used to plant himself of a winter's morning upon a good, solid hearth-stone. There is a mending of the matter indeed, which has its consolations; the iron bottom may be discarded, and the superstructure dropped directly upon the hearth, thus securing the economies of the great economizer's plan, and giving the regalement of a clean and clear level for the fire. I have put the method in practice for a good many years now, with a very serene satisfaction.

I doubt if the people of any southern and semi-tropical countries know the real force and richness which, for a Northerner, lies crowded into that word *fireside*. The Italian shortcomings I have hinted at; and where wood is marketed by the pound, and an armful is a godsend for a week, there is reason for shortcoming. But on the Albanian hills, where fagots of ripe alder are not worth a king's ransom, the blundering people have no keen relish for a great blaze and its domestic accompaniments; and within stone's throw of abounding wood upon the Apennines, you shall see old women in the mountain houses, be-

setting a little meagre earthen brazier of fuming charcoal. Happily the loose doors and windows spare them the pains of being poisoned.

In our own country, as you get southward of the Potomac, you begin to see the chimneys built up outside the houses, giving them a raw and inhospitable look. Even in well-appointed homesteads, where all other cheer used to abound, the fires depended upon such chance supplies of green, sappy wood, and were so lost in the depths of monstrous broad-throated chimneys, as to belie all the New England traditions of fireside comfort.

Without being much versed in the culinary art, it does seem to me that the greatest accomplishment in that line must belong to a great open hearth. Is it conceivable that the tight, closed, prison-like, black ranges of our modern kitchens can put a plump turkey to that kindly, blistered, chocolate-colored browning, which used to belong to that coveted edible in the boy-days of broad fires and toasted drum-sticks? Are there ashes about wherein a boy may slip a pig's tail, wrapped in tissue-paper, and achieve that other roasting triumph? Any broad plateau of ruby coals whereon the old gridiron, with its little runlets for the juices, may be posed, preparatory to the wallow on it of a tender porter-house steak? All the time, too, a *pot au feu*, lovely with a faint blush of onion, may be singing its song in the corner of the great fireplace, and presently the artist may come (in paper cap, if he lives in France), and toss an omelet out of his bright, long-handled saucepan, in a twinkling, from over the streaming blaze.

Is it true that the dismal range is capable of these things?

There be quite other meats, too, which — seems to me — always got their finest and rarest taste in the glow of a great roaring January fire, when the hearth was swept and the curtains drawn.

What feasts there were to be sure in those winter nights, with Mr. De Foe and Miss Porter and all the rest, for furnishers and providers! What a choice morsel was that marvellous story of Sinbad the Sailor, and how old Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves regaled us! From my soul I pity those later born youth, who come to their first knowledge and taste of such delicacies under the toasting of an anthracite stove, or a patent register! Even as we listened in those old times, with eyes intent upon the blaze, every sudden flicker was a watchfire on the Scottish mountains, every tumble of a brand was a flash of the fierce Kirkpatrick's claymore, and a sudden burst of sparks was a flight of arrows from the English bowmen. As for Crusoe, he made his voyage, and suffered wreck, and saved his stores, and dug his cavern, — all under the forestick, where our eyes rested. Some oysters (in the shell), simmering upon the coals, and presently opening with a gape, were the Friday victims of some cannibal folk, and (horror of horrors!) we shortly turned cannibals ourselves, and laughed away all thought of indigestion.

Or if, of larger growth, we knuckled down ourselves to the dog's-eared volumes, with elbows on the table, every unusual flash of light from the waving fire was a burst of some magic vase in the pages of the Arabian Nights, and every rustle in the embers was the stealthy tread of some one of the forty robbers. Even the slightest crackle on the hearth offered somehow a grateful symphony with the rare tone of those grand old stories.

Well, we shall never read them again as we read them once. Adieu, sweet Helen Mar! Adieu, Amanda! Adieu, old Scheherazade!

Is it a phantom fire, that I see once again? A hearth all swept; gigantic brazen fire-dogs, with minarets and quadrant balustrade sweeping round half the hearth, with minarets and balustrade shining like gold; a great back-log, half spent, and

FEBRUARY.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.					TABLE OF LIGHT.													
		Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		East of Rocky Mts.	Bos-TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-ING-TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.					This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M., the gradations of light being thus indicated: —													
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	☾ LAST QUARTER . 3 11 48 A.M. ● NEW MOON . . 11 8 46 A.M. ☽ FIRST QUARTER 19 11 58 A.M. ○ FULL MOON . . 26 6 56 A.M.																		
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.																		
1	Mo.	7 14	5 15	7 9	5 19	7 6	5 22	A. M.	11 3	11 2	11 1	11 7	WASHINGTON. Oc. of Regulus, 3 : 50 A.M.					6	7	8	9	10	11	Mid.	1	2	3	4	5	6	
2	Tu.	13	16	8	20	5	23	4 58	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Purification of the Virgin.																		
3	Wd.	12	17	7	22	4	24	5 49	0 12	0 10	0 7	0 13	Mercury sets, 6 : 57 P.M.																		
4	Th.	10	19	6	23	3	28	6 39	1 18	1 15	1 12	1 17	Jupiter sets, 10 : 1 P.M.																		
5	Fri.	9	20	5	24	2	26	7 29	2 21	2 18	2 14	2 18	♂ ♀ P.M. St. Agatha.																		
6	Sat.	8	22	4	25	1	28	8 20	3 21	3 17	3 12	3 16	Mars rises, 5 : 56 P.M.																		
7	S.	7	23	3	26	0	29	9 10	4 16	4 12	4 7	4 11	Quinquagesima Sunday.																		
8	Mo.	6	24	2	28	6 59	30	10 0	5 7	5 2	4 58	5 1	Venus rises, 5 : 50 A.M.																		
9	Tu.	4	25	1	29	58	31	10 49	5 52	5 48	5 43	5 47	♂ ♀ A.M. Shrove Tuesday.																		
10	Wd.	3	27	0	30	57	33	11 36	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	Ash Wednesday.																		
11	Th.	2	28	6 59	31	56	34	P.M. 21	5 41	5 44	5 47	5 54	Eclipse of sun, invis. in U.S.																		
12	Fri.	1	29	57	32	55	35	1 6	6 39	6 41	6 44	6 50	Saturn rises, 2 : 37 A.M.																		
13	Sat.	0	30	56	34	54	36	1 49	7 37	7 38	7 39	7 45	14th, St. Valentine.																		
14	S.	6 59	31	55	35	52	37	2 31	8 34	8 35	8 35	8 41	First Sunday in Lent.																		
15	Mo.	57	32	54	36	51	38	3 13	9 32	9 31	9 31	9 36	♂ ♀																		
16	Tu.	56	34	52	37	50	39	3 55	10 30	10 29	10 28	10 32	Mars rises, 6 : 56 P.M.																		
17	Wd.	54	35	51	38	49	40	4 39	11 31	11 28	11 26	11 30	Mars sets, 5 : 6 A.M.																		
18	Th.	53	37	50	39	48	42	5 25	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	St. Simeon.																		
19	Fri.	51	38	48	41	46	43	6 14	0 31	0 28	0 25	0 29	Venus rises, 5 : 55 A.M.																		
20	Sat.	50	39	47	42	45	44	7 7	1 33	1 29	1 25	1 29	Occult. Aldebar. 1 : 34 A.M.																		
21	S.	48	40	45	43	43	45	8 2	2 35	2 31	2 26	2 31	Second Sunday in Lent.																		
22	Mo.	46	42	44	44	42	46	9 0	3 36	3 31	3 26	3 31	Washington's Birthday.																		
23	Tu.	45	43	42	45	40	47	10 0	4 33	4 29	4 24	4 29	Saturn rises, 1 : 57 A.M.																		
24	Wd.	43	44	41	47	39	48	11 1	5 25	5 21	5 17	5 22	St. Matthew.																		
25	Th.	41	46	39	48	38	49	A.M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	♂ ♀ A.M.																		
26	Fri.	40	47	38	49	36	50	0 0	6 14	6 14	6 15	6 24	Jupiter sets 8 : 54 P.M.																		
27	Sat.	38	48	36	50	35	51	0 57	7 28	7 29	7 29	7 37	♂ ♀ P.M.																		
28	S.	6 36	5 49	6 35	5 51	6 34	5 52	1 53	8 43	8 42	8 42	8 49	Third Sunday in Lent.																		

checkered with irregular squares of red coal; a hickory fore-stick round which the white fingers of flame play and dance; a broad red glow of firelight on the ceiling; a sparkle of brightness on the hyacinth glasses upon the ledge of the windows, waiting to-morrow's sun; a diffused, mellow, wavering play of light over hearth-rug and carpet out to the dim wilderness where the chairs rise like trees planted in fours; a dog, half in shadow and half in light, who if one says "Watch!" (sharply) lifts his head, and tracks the voice, and comes out of the dimness to lick the hand of the caller; a round table, comfortably near the hearth, where on a tall astral lamp throws down a mellow glow of light; a gray-haired man, with spectacles on nose, who reads: "*For now we see through a glass darkly*—"; a lady in white cap, who listens, and, as she listens, shifts the needles in some boyish wrapping of winter; a girl with golden ringlets, in the which her fingers are weaving a vision, as she looks meditatively at the glowing embers; a curly-pated boy, with face in shadow, whose hand is on the dog "Watch"—

Phantoms,—phantoms all!

ROUND THE WORLD IN A HACK.

(FROM COLONEL INGHAM'S PAPERS.)

It is an old Boston story. One would never tell it at a dinner-party here, or in the Evening Transcript, because in Boston everybody knows it better than you know it yourself. But the Atlantic Almanac goes to Seattle and Boothia Felix, which is your excuse for telling it in these pages at all.

I can hear Liston growl as he finds that seven good pages of his new Atlantic Almanac are consumed by a story which everybody heard in his cradle, or should have heard there. But, dear Liston, all babies were not lulled by an east-wind, and all school-boys did not wait on "Johnny Snelling" at "Mason Street."

Let it be understood, then, that I tell the story for the benefit of Seattle, of Boothia Felix, and of Assiût, and the other outlying purchasers. Let it be understood that it is a story of a generation ago. And if any of the inhabitants here do not like the way I tell it, why, let them tell it themselves, only do not let us have any more of these beastly interruptions. How shall we ever get on, if we have to stop all the time to explain?

I.—OF JOSHUA CRADOCK.

A generation ago, then, kindest of naturalists in Seattle, erst my fellow-laborer in the infant society of naturalists at Worcester,—a generation ago, O president of the rising college of those parts,—a generation ago, O foreman over the manufactory of teapots at Assiût,—a generation ago the people of Boston liked to know something. I fear that that generation has now passed, and is regarded as mythical. What I know of this generation is this, that it likes to be amused. It goes into raptures as well as any generation I ever heard of. It even knows the difference between the emotions produced on it by the overture to the second act of *La Belle Hélène*, and that of the first act of *La Duchesse*. But I do not find that it cares so much about being instructed. The last generation did, which is, perhaps, my dear young friend, the cause of a notable difference remarked in some circles between your mother and yourself. But let that go! The consequence was that, a generation ago, the public entertainment of Boston was found in solid lectures, of which the staple was instruction,—instruction given in good faith, from those who knew to those who did not know,—exactly according to the advice of

the Dervish Nasr Eddin. Do not ask me for that story. If you want that story, take ship, and go ask the Consul.

So it was, that, one evening in the week, if you were of the blue blood of Boston, you went to the lecture-hall of the Masonic Temple, the same spot in space where we boys went to hear Mr. Hillard defend a pirate-boy in his young eloquence—"And Garcia, the cabin-boy, shall he die?"—and where, with his manly acumen, he now convicts any pirates who may happen to be brought under the bar of the law. Thus we change! I say you went once a week, in the evening, to this amphitheatrical lecture-room, where about five hundred of the very nicest people in the world met together, and there you were instructed. John Farrar, most entertaining of physicists, taught you of the steam-engine, with veritable models which worked,—and with sections which he worked, whose valves opened and shut before your eyes. John Webster poured acid into tall glass reservoirs of litmus-water, and it turned red; and then he poured in ammonia, and it turned green. George Ticknor illustrated Shakespeare. Ralph Waldo Emerson told of Mahomet; Edward Hitchcock explained as much as he knew about the crust of the earth. John Pickering told about telegraphs and language; James Trecothick Austin gave the history of the siege of Boston; Convers Francis, that of the French Huguenots. It had not yet occurred to any man boldly to lecture on the History of Form, or the Form of History; on the Substantiality of Shadows, or the Shadows of Substance; on the Decorum of Ideas, or the Ideas of Decorum. The formula of the modern lecture was first stated, long afterwards, by Starr King. "It consists," said he, "of four parts of sense and five parts of nonsense, and there are but ten men in New England who know how to mix the two." He was chief of the ten, as he was chief everywhere! This formula had not then been discovered, far less stated; and, as I say, people still went to lectures to be informed.

If, now, I should here insert a long excursus on what we learned, on the nice girls who went to learn also, and the very nice young men who went, particularly on the cosey family way in which the fathers and mothers went also; and then how you all went home in little knots, and had, after the whole, a few games of whist (euchre not yet known, far less Boston), and then some hot oysters at half past nine, not in a disreputable cellar, but brought in by John, on a waiter, into the drawing-room; and how you laid down the cards, while Amanda served you all round,—if, I say, I went into this excursus, the editor would score it all out of the manuscript; so it is as well not to write it, although every word of it is essential to the true understanding of this story.

For it happened, one night, that, at the first or second lecture of an excellent course on Astronomy, at the "Useful Knowledge," the lecturer, who must have been, I think, Professor Farrar, made the explanation, since then not unfrequent, that this world on which we live is round. In connection with the phenomena of eclipses, he had some excellent illustrations; and in connection with summer, winter, day and night, he had more; and there was a terrestrial globe, and on the globe, I think, a large ship, length-several degrees of latitude, whose topmasts could be distinctly seen by a wooden man with a spy-glass, on a distant continent, while her hull was still far below the horizon. By way of illustration and entertainment, Mr. Farrar, if it were he, then told of the people who had sailed around the world, of Magelhaens and Captain Cook, and, likely enough, alluded to William Sturgis, who was probably present, and to our rights in the Columbia River. (Else, dear friends, how would you be in Seattle in this living 1869?)

The lecture was excellent, as dear John Farrar's always were. The little clusters of people made themselves up, as I have told,

— Alice with Arthur, not arm in arm, following after Mr. and Mrs. Paterfamilias; and Clara, Dolly, and Emily giggling a little behind; Fred and Grace, in like manner, decorously following Mr. Materfamilias and his wife; Horace, Impey, and John following, in eager discussion as to whether they would make their electrical machine with a junk-bottle, or try to persuade the boy at Brewer's to let them have a cracked cylinder they had there for forty-two cents. In a group of more advanced age, Joshua Cradock and Mrs. Champnoon walked up Park Street, and old Champnoon with Mrs. Cradock, and so down to the Cradocks' house in Beacon Street.

It was one of those comfortable old white marble houses on the south side of Beacon Street, of which I think there were none left the last time I was there. It was but a short walk from the Temple, but that they chose to go up Park Street with the lecturer and his party; not long, however, at the longest. They came home, had their whist, — Mr. Cradock lost all three games, which was unusual, and, as the Champnoons afterwards thought, was a little silent and meditative. But I do not believe they ever would have thought of this, had they ever seen his face again.

But this was their last whist-party. Seth brought in the oysters, with a decanter of old Juno. The Champnoons declined another rubber, and went home.

As Joshua Cradock took off his coat and vest that night (he took them off together, not being of Hebrew parentage), he said to his wife, "Mary, would not you like to go round the world?"

"O, I should be sea-sick," said she (inevitably a woman's first answer).

"But one might go by land, Mary?" For Cradock was not a Sturgis, nor a Dorr, a Woodbridge, Hale, or Worcester. He was in no sort a geographer. True, he descended, I suppose, from old Matthew Cradock, the Moses of our infant State, who, from the Pisgah of London Town, looked across the howling Jordan to the land of Medford, — milk and honey from hollow trees, — which, alas! he never saw. The first President of the Massachusetts Company was he. From him it must have been that Joshua Cradock inherited the adventurous disposition which lurked in him. But Joshua had been educated for and in the produce business. When he tasted a cheese, he knew whether, the week it was made, the widow Somerby, who made it, had had visitors or no. But he did not know over what parallels of latitude the waves were flowing, and which parallels climbed crests of snow as they ringed in the solid land. He knew of the hoops of firkins, but not of the parallels of the earth. So he suggested to Mary that they might go by land.

"None of these people he spoke of went by land," said she, meditatively, — "neither Captain Sturgis, nor Captain Cook, nor the other man. And on the globe it was a ship, and not a stage."

"I think," said Joshua Cradock, "you could go by land!" And they went to bed.

Mrs. Cradock fortunately remembered this conversation the next day; not that Joshua himself alluded to it. They came down to breakfast, — poached eggs, steak rare, fried potatoes, cold hot-cakes, and hot bread-cakes, with two slices of toast red-hot, and two pats of choice Kinsman butter, a special present from Mrs. Kinsman to Mrs. Cradock, — coffee from Java, present from Mr. Balestier, — Seth waiting, — breakfast quiet and protracted. After breakfast Mrs. Cradock went up stairs; Mr. Cradock did not go out; read his Advertiser, skipped Casimir Perier's speech, skipped protocol on Polish revolution, skipped Lord Brougham's address before the London University, read the price of hops, beans, pot and pearl ashes. Then he rang the bell; sent Seth

to Niles's for a carriage, and bade him tell Hitty to go up stairs for his valise. Hitty brought down the valise. Mr. Cradock opened the lower part of his bookcase, and took out three little leather bags tightly tied; weight of each, say, ten pounds. These three he put in the valise. Seth announced the hack. Mr. Cradock put on his coat, and, from the foot of the stairs, said, "Good by, Molly." "Good by" came down stairs on a high key. They always bade each other good by. But when Mr. Cradock said good by to Seth, and bade him say good by to "the girls," Seth was surprised. He was also surprised at the weight of the valise. Excepting for these surprises, Mr. Cradock's departure was as usual, when he did not choose to walk to North Market Street. He got into the carriage. The hackman stood a moment on the sidewalk, and then said, respectfully, "Where to, sir?"

And Mr. Cradock answered,

"ROUND THE WORLD."

So the hackman mounted the box. His horses were headed up the street, aimed, indeed, at North Market Street. But he quickly turned, drove down Beacon Street upon the Mill Dam; they passed the toll-house without stopping, only Mr. Cradock looked out pleasantly at the keeper, and said "Cradock," and this was the last word Boston ever heard from him from that day to this day.

That is the way I have always heard the story told. It is generally told to illustrate the character of the Boston hackman of the best school, who is indeed the superior of any of his kind I have ever found in travel elsewhere, save in Sybaris; nor are the hackmen of the Sybarites any better than he. He is a wholly different man from the baggage-smasher of Babel, or from the cabman of London. When he takes his summer vacation, you meet him in the mountains with his wife and child, as much a gentleman in the essentials as you are yourself; and for non-essentials, as St. Augustine says, differing from you in that he drives a better horse, and drives him much better than you would. When he retires from business, he takes a nice house back in some mountain valley, and, if you visit him, he will give you his views of your old friends, your belles and your beaux, affected, it may be, by the punctuality with which they left their parties; for the hackman likes Cinderella better than her sisters. So, for that matter, did the Prince, and so do I.

The time may come when I shall have the leisure to edit what I have by me, — some "Passages from the Diary of a Hackman." But I do not propose to edit them now, but to stick closely to this story, — which, as I say, is generally told to illustrate the character of the high-toned Boston hackman; how he obeys orders without quarrelling with you or squabbling about his fare. "As Cradock said, 'Drive round the world,' and they started." That is the way the story is generally told.

But the story does not properly stop there.

II. — OF MRS. CRADOCK.

Dinner-time came at the Cradocks'. Oyster-soup, sirloin of beef, — the second cut, — boiled apple-dumplings, nuts and raisins, almonds and dates; Juno again. But, as you know, Mr. Cradock did not come. Mrs. Cradock had been down in Federal Street, to take her turn at visiting at the Infant School. She had called on Mrs. Blowers on her way home. She had dressed for dinner, and at ten minutes of two was in the parlor, waiting for Joshua. But, as I said, he did not come. The clock struck two; at five minutes past, she sent Seth out on the mall to see Park Street clock, because she felt sure the parlor clock was wrong. Her own watch had stopped, as is the custom of the watches of the more powerful sex. But Seth reported that the parlor clock

was right, as it always was. Let Mr. Bond alone for that. At fifteen minutes past two Mrs. Cradock went to the window. No Joshua in sight. Then she rang for Seth again.

"Did not Mr. Cradock order a carriage this morning?"

"Yes, m'm, at Niles's."

"Did he go to the store?"

"No, m'm, I think not."

"Why not, Seth?"

"He took his valise with him, m'm. Hitty thought he was going to Providence, m'm. But I do not think he was."

"Why not, Seth?"

"Because I heard him speak to the hackman, m'm."

"And what did he say, Seth?"

"He said, 'Round the world.'"

Mrs. Cradock had felt it in her bones before. All through the movements of the children at the Infant School she had sat hardly conscious whether they were in the first position or the second; so sorry was she that she had, for the first time in her life, refused to Joshua something he proposed. So seldom did he propose anything! She always was glad to get him away from that horrid store. And now, when he had hinted at going away, she had thrown cold water on the plan. She had said she should be sea-sick. What if she were?—better be sea-sick than heart-sick; better be sea-sick with Joshua than land-sick alone. All the time Mrs. Blowers had been telling her about the cook's impudence and the second girl's marriage, she had been thinking, how, at dinner, she would bring up the plan of going round the world. She had thought what she would wear. She would wear that brown merino that Mr. Cradock had bought for her at Whitaker's. He had bought it, and it would wear well. She would only take the small black trunk; and in the bottom of it, for summer wear, she would put in that dress-pattern of seersucker which she had never made up. When she came home, she had told Hannah to have the cranberries strained for dinner, so as to make it seem more like a feast, and she had even had the best knives and forks put on, because he would notice that. And now it was too late. If only she had said "Yes!" Now he was gone! Poor Mrs. Cradock!

"Then we will not wait any longer, Seth. You can bring up dinner."

She did not say anything more. Silent women those Ipswich Brewsters, I have always noticed, when they were moved,—silent, but not the less decided. It must be the old Elder's blood.

She ate her beef alone, and pretended to eat cranberry. But Seth was not deceived. He knew she did not touch it. The table was cleared, and she ate her apple-pudding. Cleared again, and she had nuts and raisins on her plate. Then she rang up Seth again.

"Were they good horses, Seth?"

"The best Niles has, m'm,—the bay team you had last Monday."

"Then you need not go to Niles this afternoon. Go down to Fullum's, in Bowdoin Square. Tell him I want a carriage at four; and, Seth, see that he gives us good horses. I am going round the world, Seth, after Mr. Cradock. Would you like to go?"

"Yes, m'm," said Seth. And that is the way he came to go.

"Mr. Cradock never drives after dark, Seth. I think if we drive late in the evening, we shall catch him in a day or two."

"Yes, m'm," said Seth.

And Mrs. Cradock went up stairs, and packed the little black trunk. She put the seersucker in the bottom. She put in the diamond necklace her husband gave her the day they had been married twenty-five years. She took the pocket-book which kept the quarter's housekeeping. She put in her Bible, and

"Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," and the "Selections from Fénelon." Then she put in Mr. Cradock's best coat, which she found he had left, and some articles of apparel whose names I do not know.

She put on the brown merino from Whitaker's.

At four the hack came. Seth put the trunk on the driver's seat. The driver shut Mrs. Cradock in; and, like the other driver, said, "Where to?"

"Round the world," said Mrs. Cradock; and the driver mounted by Seth's side, and they started.

Niles's were good horses, but these were better. Seth had understood his commission. Perhaps he gave the driver a hint that a stern chase was a long chase. They took a good pace from the beginning, and they held it. They drove faster than Joshua did, I know, for I have both journals before me at this moment. But they did not catch him. It was a misfortune,—but they did not catch him. And this was the reason.

Seth had observed that Niles's horses headed up the street when they started and he shut the house-door. That was all he knew. So, when Mrs. Cradock said "Round the world," Seth bade her driver push boldly by the corner of Park Street. They passed the Thorndike house, the Bean's and the Dwight's, struck Hanover Street and Winnissimmet Ferry; and, with a feeling they must continue east, crossed to Chelsea and the Salem turnpike. And when, that evening, after a very hard push, Mr. Cradock stopped at six, at the sign of Neptune, on Shrewsbury Hill, Mrs. Cradock was just driving out of Lynn. And her perseverance in keeping on till near eleven o'clock, which brought her even to the Wolfe tavern at Newburyport, only separated her twenty odd miles farther from her husband than if she had stopped when he did. Ah me! it was worse than Evangeline. For she, at least, was staying still while Gabriel sailed by her. But this man and this woman, under two motives, were going farther from each other with every differential of every revolution of their wheels.

Palmer on the west, and Saco on the east, marked their stopping-places of the second nights; but, the third day, one of Mrs. Cradock's horses was amiss. She was fain to dine at Portland, and spend the night there.

Seth, I need not say, made inquiries from day to day in the stables. In the forgotten days of travel, when there were stables connected with inns, the people in the parlors knew nothing of what was passing till the people from the stables came in and told them. Seth got information at Portland, and came and told Mrs. Cradock, as she sat over her nuts and raisins again, that "they said" the best way round the world was to go by sea. Seth was an implicit believer in Mrs. Grundy, only, like most persons bred in a democratic country, he personified her as a noun of multitude. What "they said"—the voice of the people—was to Seth indeed as the very voice of God.

To Mrs. Cradock his remark was a sad one. It was only just what she had said only three short days before. And what wretchedness of separation had sprung from her saying it!

"Do they say so, Seth?" said she, sadly. "I said so once."

"Yes, m'm. They say there's oceans of people as goes round the world every year; but they goes in ships—thousands on 'em. They call 'em 'whalers.' They goes for sperm oil and whalebone. Richardson keeps the best. We always has Richardson's."

"I know you *can* go by water, Seth. But Mr. Cradock preferred to go by land. They have not heard of Mr. Cradock,—have they?"

"All of 'em's heard on him, m'm. There is not a shop-keeper in the place but has heard on him. But none on them has seen him, nor knew he was travelling."

A detailed woodcut illustration of a forest scene where workers are tapping a tree for sap. In the foreground, a worker is using a tool to make a cut in the bark of a large tree. Another worker stands nearby, holding a bucket. A large barrel and various tools are on the ground. In the background, another worker is visible, and a large pile of logs is stacked. The scene is framed by a decorative border.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.					TABLE OF LIGHT.												
		Latitude of Boston.		Latitude of New York.		Latitude of Wash'ton.		East of Rocky Mts.	Bos-ton.	New York.	WASH-ING-TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.				This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M., the gradations of light being thus indicated: —													
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	☾ LAST QUARTER . . . 5 0 35 A.M.	☾ NEW MOON . . . 13 3 33 A.M.	☽ FIRST QUARTER . . . 21 0 46 A.M.	☽ FULL MOON . . . 27 4 25 P.M.														
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	Sun-light.	Moon & twilight.	Light.	Moon-light.	Sun-light.								
1	Mo.	6 35	5 50	6 33	5 52	6 39	5 53	2 47	9 55	9 53	9 52	9 57	St. David.																	
2	Tu.	33	52	32	53	31	54	3 40	11 5	11 2	10 59	11 4	St. Chad.																	
3	Wd.	32	53	30	54	29	55	4 32	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Mars sets, 5 : 55 A.M.																	
4	Th.	30	54	29	55	28	57	5 24	0 11	0 8	0 4	0 9	INAUGURATION DAY.																	
5	Fri.	28	55	28	57	27	58	6 16	1 14	1 10	1 6	1 10	☾ ☽ morn.																	
6	Sat.	27	56	26	58	25	59	7 7	2 12	2 7	2 3	2 7	7th, St. Perpetua.																	
7	S.	25	58	24	59	23	6 0	7 57	3 5	3 0	2 55	2 59	Fourth Sunday in Lent.																	
8	Mo.	23	59	22	6 0	21	1	8 46	3 51	3 47	3 42	3 45	Jupiter sets, 8 : 26 P.M.																	
9	Tu.	22	6 0	21	1	20	2	9 34	4 32	4 28	4 24	4 27	Venus rises, 5 : 47 A.M.																	
10	Wd.	20	1	19	2	19	3	10 20	5 9	5 6	5 2	5 5	Saturn rises, 0 : 56 A.M.																	
11	Th.	19	2	18	3	17	4	11 4	5 41	5 39	5 36	5 39	☾ ☽ eve.																	
12	Fri.	17	3	16	4	16	5	11 47	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	St. Gregory.																	
13	Sat.	15	5	14	5	14	6	P.M. 30	6 28	6 29	6 30	6 35	Mars sets, 5 : 8 A.M.																	
14	S.	13	6	13	6	12	7	1 18	7 26	7 26	7 26	7 30	Passion Sunday.																	
15	Mo.	12	7	11	7	11	7	1 54	8 25	8 24	8 22	8 27	☾ ☽ morn.																	
16	Tu.	10	8	9	8	9	8	2 38	9 24	9 22	9 19	9 23	Jupiter sets, 8 : 3 P.M.																	
17	Wd.	8	9	8	9	8	9	3 23	10 24	10 21	10 18	10 22	St. Patrick.																	
18	Th.	6	11	6	11	6	11	4 10	11 25	11 22	11 18	11 22	Mercury rises, 5 : 3 A.M.																	
19	Fri.	4	12	4	12	4	12	5 0	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Venus rises, 5 : 39 A.M.																	
20	Sat.	3	13	3	13	3	13	5 53	0 26	0 22	0 17	0 21	Vernal Equinox, 8 : 16 A.M.																	
21	S.	1	14	1	14	1	14	6 48	1 26	1 21	1 16	1 20	Palm Sunday.																	
22	Mo.	5 59	15 59	15	0	15	7 45	2 22	2 18	2 13	2 17																			
23	Tu.	58	16	58	16	5 58	15	8 43	3 15	3 11	3 6	3 11																		
24	Wd.	56	17	57	17	57	16	9 41	4 2	3 59	3 55	4 0	☾ ☽ morn.																	
25	Th.	54	18	55	18	55	17	10 38	4 45	4 42	4 39	4 45	Lady Day.																	
26	Fri.	52	19	53	19	54	18	11 34	5 24	5 22	5 21	rises.	Good Friday.																	
27	Sat.	51	21	52	20	52	19	A.M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	6 21	Saturn rises, 11 : 50 P.M.																	
28	S.	49	22	50	21	51	20	0 29	7 20	7 28	7 27	7 33	EASTER DAY.																	
29	Mo.	47	23	48	22	49	21	1 24	8 43	8 40	8 48	8 44	Mars sets, 3 : 55 A.M.																	
30	Tu.	45	24	46	23	47	22	2 18	9 54	9 50	5 47	9 52	Jupiter sets, 7 : 24 P.M.																	
31	Wd.	5 44	6 25	5 45	6 24	5 46	6 23	3 12	11 1	10 57	10 53	10 57	Venus rises, 5 : 28 A.M.																	

"I thought you did not inquire for him at the last toll-gate, Seth?"

But Seth declared he did. Mrs. Cradock's faith that they should overtake him held firm, though she was surprised that, while they paid toll steadily down the old turnpike, no one had seen Mr. Cradock's carriage, nor had they gained any clew of him at one of the inns. Yet her faith did not waver, and she still said, "We will go by land."

And the next morning Seth heated her soap-stones, folded round her a handsome bear-skin he had found in a furrier's shop: "The best skin they is in the State; keeps out cold, they say, five hundred times better than them buffaloes; they say the Indians makes them." He substituted a fur cap for the stove-pipe with which he had started, and again they pressed Down East. The same morning Mr. Cradock left the little tavern at Chester Factories, and began to pull up the hills. He was already on runners; but Mrs. Cradock, as it happened, did not have to take them till she came to Bangor. There she lay by three or four days in her first heavy snow-storm. She lost no courage, however. "If it stops me, it will stop him," she said; and, after the roads were broken out, she started again.

But this is not a diary of her journey nor of his; for I do not think it would be fair to print either his diary or hers. I will tell you, before I have done, how I came to have them. Her journey of that winter was her hardest, — harder, as it happened, than his. It was but a slow journey too, — for Seth was very careful, and not over bold; if the weather were too cold, he invented endless reasons why they should not go on. Who does not know how completely a traveller is in his courier's hands? — most of all when that traveller is a woman, innocent of geography, and without a guide-book; and, if that courier have always managed her household, hard for her indeed! A horrid business they had pulling across from Bangor to Eastport. And there Seth made a long stop. Once and again he suggested the ocean experiment. But Mrs. Cradock answered, as before, that Mr. Cradock proposed to go by land, till she had come to the very end of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, had bravely crossed the Gut of Canso to the island of Cape Bréton, drove into hospitable Sydney, and there looked eastward on the sea. How should she go by land now?

For my part, I should be well pleased, if, as she had hoped, she had found Mr. Cradock also sea-bound in Sydney, and if this story had ended there. I do not know if there is better place for a story to end than there, where so many stories have begun. Is it the eastern point of a southeastern branch of the Laurentian hills? Then it is, if I understand Agassiz, the first spot of this world that lifted itself above the hot water.

"When the young sun revealed the glorious scene
Where oceans gathered, and where fields grew green."

A good deal began when that bit of lowland beach first put its nose for air above the brine! And so a good many hundred million of years afterwards (ask Darwin and Lesley how many), when "the time was come" for John Cabot and his son to open up North America to England and to the world, this same old shore was the "New-Found-Land" that peered out from the fog to them on St. John's morning. Not the island of Newfoundland, but Cape Bréton. So Mr. Deane tells me, and, if he does not know, nobody does. A good deal began then; and so if you want to get either to the beginning of all things American, or to the veritable jumping-off place either, you may go to Sydney. And are there not some such charming people there? And do I not wish I was there at this living moment when I write these words? A good place to celebrate St. John's day! Here, at all events, Mrs. Cradock came, and found, of course, that she could travel east

in a hackney-coach no longer. "Nothing, madam, but the sea between you and Ireland," as the native guides say so proudly on so many sea-shores.

"And has no one seen Mr. Cradock, Seth?" No: no one had seen him. How should they? Mr. Cradock had arrived that night, after a good many chances and crosses, at his fourth station in the prairies west of Detroit. He had been welcomed by a stray Canadian who had made himself a log-cabin there the year before. Neither of them could understand a word of the other's language. But in that cabin he stayed till the frost of that winter was wholly out of the ground.

III. — OF HIM.

I asked dear old Robert Owen once what we should all do, when he had the whole world successfully divided off into "Family Unions" of 2,500 people each, — all the Peruvians, Patagonians, Chinchillas, and Cattarauguses happily ordered under the same order of society, each with its own cotton-factory and its own lyceum, — and all the babies nursed in central nurseries by the most approved system, with night-gowns worn in the daytime all cut by one cosmopolitan standard. "What shall we all do, when the world is well adjusted?" asked I.

And the dear old man's face beamed with a happy smile of transfiguration, as he thus contemplated the new mathematical paradise, grateful to me for recognizing its possibility, even by conjecture; and he answered, "Do? we will travel!"

There is a good deal in it. When education has completed itself at home, travel is a first-rate university; and the poor, stunted freshman of Life College, who at first dares not say his soul is his own, or, if he dares, says what is not true, after a little travel through the different courses of this beneficent Alma Mater's direction, — proceeds "Bachelor at Arts."

That means, he gets "the power of speaking as often as anybody asks him to," — a very great power, as I have observed men.* A few years more of travel, and he is "Master of Arts," which means, he receives the power of professing that he is acquainted with things, if anybody asks him. This power, as the world goes, is also a considerable one.†

Many is the well-trained Bostonian who will admit that a course of travel of much less compass than Joshua Cradock's has opened his eyes mightily to the size of the world and to his own duty and place in it. And Joshua Cradock, as I remember this experience of his life, stands out to me, not as a disappointed adventurer following a phantom, ruined by his own ignorance, and homeless because too proud to make inquiry in time; but rather as a true, brave man, who, in his narrow life at home, found one chance for an outlook on the larger world, used that chance, and was himself changed in the using, and so saved, — converted. He was faithful in such little duty as he had in North Market Street; but he did not make the one great mistake of thinking that duty was all. In his ignorance, even, of the world without, there seemed to open to him a chance for enlarging his study of it, and that chance he took; because he took it, his life also became what it did, and he knew the honors, if he knew the sufferings, of a true, unselfish child of God.

I do not pretend to say that I can unravel all his journal; it was kept originally in a book ruled for a ledger, of which one end had, in fact, been used for posting the book-accounts of some customers of his in some early adventure. Mixed right up with the diary are memoranda of accounts, draughts of letters, one sketch

* "Cum privilegio publice prælegendi, quotiescumque ad hoc munus evocati fueritis." These are the words which accompany a Bachelor's degree.

† "Cum privilegio publice profitendi, quotiescumque ad hoc munus evocati fueritis." These make one a Master of Arts, if spoken with authority.

of a speech he made to some Indians on the plains, a very curious and original calculation of the longitude from his notes of the great lunar eclipse of 1832, and I know not what beside. In the first winter, as I said, he came as far as Michigan; but then mud stopped him, who had not faltered before snow. The journal, brief like all journals when there was anything to tell, becomes, like other journals, voluble when he had nothing to do. Evidently he fascinated the Canadian's children. He taught them to read and write, and to talk English; and Hubert, the oldest of them, held to him for years afterwards.

Farther on, when they had worked along to the southern end of Lake Michigan, there are the traces of a long stay he made there, in which he must have devoted himself to the fortunes of the new slab city of Rochambeau. Rochambeau has gone to its reward before now, — at least I cannot find it on the map, far less on the spot, — but here was Cradock, learned in the lumber trade, disentangling those poor settlers from the snares into which they had been led by a sort of Dousterswivel who gloried in the name of Dodwell, and making clear to them how they were to get their timber at fair rates; nay, waiting there till the first cargo came, if, in fact, he did not himself command the craft that bore it. Here he lost or gained a great deal of time; and, indeed, all the slowness of his Western progress is to be accounted for by his determination to see wrong righted in many such an enterprise. At last, after the burning of the prairies, or before, or at the possible time, whenever that was, — Flagg and Staples and the rest of them will explain to you, — he struck the Mississippi quite low down, got his craft on a steamer which was exploring the upper river, then so little known, made some nothing, and then, in the freshness of one early spring, they pushed across, he and the faithful driver and Hubert, by the Great Pipe Rock to the upper Missouri. From that time it is wild adventure indeed. The getting the carriage through was of course now a mere piece of pride. But they had all the time there was. They conciliated all those roving tribes, even of Yellow-Stones. Who in this world does not such a man as Cradock conciliate? and there is something racy in the triumph with which he announces the running of successive cañons as they work down what I suppose to have been Lewis's River.

"October 27. — Fair, — water not so high, but high enough. Sighted the wheels to-day, after a good deal of doubt whether they had not passed in the night. Hubert lassoed the raft and hauled it in. All right.

"October 28, 6 A. M. — Rainy, — cleared afterwards. Started the old booby (by this name the carriage-body has been called for some months) at six, and the wheels at eight, following with Hubert still on the south side. Lost sight of the little raft at once; but there is a red hide trails behind the big raft, which we saw on the foam for half a mile. Road on the south side very hard, but this pony would go anywhere.

"October 29. — Fair. Did not make two miles. Vorse must have gone some other way. If he did not, we shall never see the booby again.

"October 30. — Rain with thunder. Dead lost. After a day's work, struck the river half a mile above last night's camp!

"October 31. — Rain. Found the trail. Pushed twenty miles and came into camp. Vorse had made a good fire, and had biscuits baking. Best of all, he had sighted both rafts in the back-water yesterday, and had hauled them both in. They are floating just off shore now. The Mission is only two hundred miles below."

At this Mission I suppose they spent that winter; for it is not till the 4th of July of next year that I find them in Walrussia spending that day in Sitka. And this man, who left his home simply an honest produce merchant, who had tried hard to believe

that the Boston schools were the only schools, the Boston streets the only streets, the Boston newspapers the only newspapers, and the Boston Society for promoting Useful Knowledge the only possible society, — this man had, since he left Boston, taught one Western town how to save its children's children from epidemic in reorganizing their drainage; had watched in another through all the horrors of a relapse of the first cholera invasion; had attended to that little matter of the lumber at Rochambeau; had made certainly two treaties, and I know not how many more, between squabbling tribes of Indians, who, but for him, would have cut their throats, — and here at Sitka, at last, he gives a public dinner to the Russian Governor and the agents of the North American Company, to Captain Taganoff and the other naval officers in port, and actually makes them a speech in French (acquired from Hubert), on the relations between the two great powers which divide the northern zones. Mr. Seward would like to put that speech in the archives of Alaska.

IV. — OF LAKE BAIKAL, OR THE SEA SO-CALLED.

For myself, the way I came to have these papers before me, and to be able to tell you what Seth and the rest said and did, and what they did not do, is easily told.

In one of the inter-acts of the drama of a somewhat varied life, I had taken the contract for laying the Inter-Hemispheric wire, on the fourth section of the Siberian Telegraph Division, and this led me to spend the better part of two years not far from the Chinese Wall, between Krasnoyarsk and Yakoutsk. Properly speaking, our part of the line began at Krasnoyarsk, though, for reasons I need not name here, we took from Section 3 one hundred and eleven wersts this side of that place, beginning at Post Station 87. The first time I went over my line, in company with my dear friend Bolckhorinitoff of the Imperial engineers, the country was as new to me as it is to you, dear reader. And then came that delicious first visit at Irkutsk, where every visit has been so delicious. Is there any traveller who does not bless the Mouravieffs with a full heart, and remember them every night as he puts his head on the pillow? Well, we had all the fun there, — such coasting as there is not in all Russia beside, nor even in New Bedford. Dancing, music, — what did we not have that was charming in a wilderness? We arranged our headquarters there, and then with Bolckhorinitoff I pushed on to determine the eastern line.

Of course there must be a station at Irkutsk. It is the capital of Eastern Siberia. Beyond that was the question. I was rather for clinging to the Chinese frontier, and carrying it right through Kiachta. But the reader will understand that the difficulty was with Lake Baikal. Before the ice broke up, we pushed across once to Posolskoi, and so down to Kiachta on the snow, and back again. A magnificent expedition it is. You have the best horses I ever rode behind, and you know and they know what is the wager as you cross the ice. You leave and they leave the western shore at ten in the morning. You are on ice which is so clear that you cannot believe you are standing on anything; — thick, who knows how thick? On — on — you push across, are turned here by a ridge which has formed itself after some storm, get the eastern line there, holding your landmark in sight steadily, — on and on — seventy-five wersts, — fifty miles, — you have driven in four hours, with the thermometer at the point of frozen mercury! That is a good match against time for you, and the stakes are worth considering.

If only the ice would last all through the year, there, of course, would the wire go. But for six months this sea of glass, dear Mr. Calvin, is a sea of water; and where shall our wires go then? We went to Kiachta, came back round the southern end of the lake, and were dissatisfied.

Bolkhorinitoff and I agreed that, as soon as the navigation was opened, he should go north by post on the west side, I would go up by boat over the lake to Nofpo Staun, — a new place which none of them had seen, at the very northeastern point, — we would meet there, and see if the lake might not be doubled better on the northward. The lake, (Heaven forgive me, I have called it so three times!) I mean the sea, is, you see, as long as Lake Superior.

So, when we got into May, poor Bolkhorinitoff left me; and early in June I went down to the sea, — it is forty miles from Irkutsk, — and chartered a queer craft for the voyage. She had just come in with omully, or omoulé, the herring of that region. She smelt of the cargo after it was gone, as vases do of attar. I made friends with the skipper, and had a chance to learn to speak "Russia-in-Asia," if I had never had it before; for we were windbound there ten days. He did not want to beat to windward, and, after I knew better, I did not want to either.

The Irkutsk people say that no man knows how to pray from his heart till he has been on the Baikal Sea in autumn. I can understand the proverb very well from my experience of that spring. We stayed in shore for ten days, the skipper and I playing a detestable form of sledge on the villanous pack of Russian cards he had, whiling away time by his teaching and my learning to talk "Russia-in-Asia," as I said, and I working up my journal with some notes I have never published, on the traces of Sandemanianism in the architecture of the parish churches of the Ural. At last we got to sea, — and such a sea!

It is from forty to sixty miles wide. It is certainly five hundred miles long. When the wind blows the wrong way, the best thing you can do is to get out and wait, if you can. But sometimes you cannot, the conditions being severe. We started too soon; the wind hauled round into the northeast when we were thirty miles off-shore, and we had to take it, cold and heavy, — very cold and very heavy.

With the help of my dictionary I asked the skipper if there were no shelter on the east side of the lake, thinking we might claw a little to windward, and gain something in distance. I was amazed as he begged me to be still; — if I could say nothing better than that, to say nothing; and, somewhat snubbed, I went below. After the gust was over, he "more," apologized. I had called the Baikal "osero," a lake, instead of, a sea. Now this was an insult to the ruling powers. He told me with perfect seriousness, that an ungodly fellow, years ago, swore it was a lake, and lake it should be called. So he called it "a lake." "But," whispered the skipper, "whichever way that man sailed, the wind was always against him. Six weeks, two months, it blew always ahead; no matter how he tacked, the wind tacked too; till at last he swore a terrible oath, and said it was a sea, and should be a sea; and, before the words were well out of his mouth, the fog lifted, and he was on shore."

I told the skipper coolly that this must be a Dutchman; and he said he was; — quite innocent of my satire. And I found the story afterwards in Gmelin's Travels. He tells it of a countryman of his. This was the reason the skipper wanted me to mind my p's and q's as I talked upon such risky water.

I confess I had some sentiment all this time. Have not you a sentimental feeling about some parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude? Yes? well, so have I, — a great deal of it. Here is this dear old meridian of 71° runs right through Boston Harbor. I feel as if I could kiss it every time I cross it on Hough's Neck, and I walk my horse if I drive over it on the Salem turnpike. Do you wonder at Wendell Phillips's interest in Tossaint? Why, the meridian of Boston crosses the middle of Hayti! how can a Boston boy help feeling himself at home there? And I never wondered why they thought Valparaiso was the Valley of Paradise, when they found out that, so far as the longi-

tude went, they were under this blessed Boston meridian. And when you complete the great circle, and come on the other side of the world, you feel it all the more. That is the reason why Coram enjoyed Java so much; because this meridian of 109° east, just half-way round, as the sun moves, makes everything seem so natural. Six o'clock here when it is six o'clock there, only here it is night when there it is morning.

So I was a little sentimental in the old herring-boat, for I was on or about 108° east, and knew I was nearing 109°. Did they think of me at home? I was almost as far from them as on that parallel I could go, and after that point I should be coming nearer. Perhaps it was this; perhaps I took cold by getting wet when we shipped those heavy seas the fourth day out, for it was very slow work.

I had all the tortures in my lower jaw, left side; I did not know there was a bad tooth there, but there was something. O, what a night that was! Miss Martineau says we do not remember pain. I should like to try her on that toothache. I smoked some wretched Chinese tobacco, — no good. Then I took some nostrum of the skipper's, — no good. Then I dropped fifty drops of laudanum, — no good. Then I thought I might as well die one way as another, and I raked out some *Cannabis Indica* (hasheesh, you know) that was in Orloff's medicine-chest; I chewed that, — no good. Finally I put myself to sleep with ether, and lay like a log till, long after dark, I waked, found the skipper had covered me warm, and that we had made a splendid run. It was just midnight, and we were running up to the wharf, or slip, of Nofpo Staun.

I said I would go ashore. The skipper tried to make me wait till morning. "No: I had had enough of the lake, — I begged his pardon, — of the sea." I wrapped myself warmly, stepped on the wharf, and found it a little peninsula connecting with another, just as the T connects with the old Long Wharf of Boston. And up this other longer wharf I walked, under the silent moonlight, into the little town. Was I asleep? I knew I was not drunk! was it the hasheesh? was it the ether? or was there in fact a little old State House at the head of the street? and was there the dome of another State House beyond it, only very small? There was nobody to tell me; but, as I went up and on, I found I was in a quaint, queer, old-fashioned little Boston. Was it Duchesne's model, which had grown a little? or was I still dreaming in the skipper's cabin? Up State Street I went, — up Court Street I went, — I passed the funny little Tremont House and the funnier Tremont Theatre. I passed the Deblois House, where our Horticultural Hall is now. When I came to the little Park Street Church, and the little Common, I was convinced I was crazy. I walked sadly back to the little Tremont House, went up the low steps, made a row at the door, and was admitted by a sleepy Buraet, who looked like the half Chinaman that he was. A little pantomime and a little Russia-in-Asia gave me a good bed any way; and I went to sleep, and slept off twelve hours more of toothache, cannabis, laudanum, and nostrum.

When I crawled down to breakfast the host came, attentive, as Chinese as his waiter; but he talked a little German. So did I. Two littles in language may not fit very closely, however, and our "littles" were not the same "littles," and to my joy he soon sent for an interpreter; for he wanted to be attentive. And in fifteen minutes an indubitable Yankee, gray-haired and smiling, appeared, who was, as it proved, no other than Seth, of whom I have been telling you. He had lived in this place, he said, for nigh thirty years. "There wa'n't nothin' when I came," said he; "but Mr. Cradock liked to stay here, and he went into the lumber business, and we make the town as much like the old place as we can." And so he launched me on the story I have been telling you.

APRIL.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.					TABLE OF LIGHT.																				
		Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOS-TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-ING-TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.					This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M., the gradations of light being thus indicated: —																				
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	☾ LAST QUARTER .	d.	h.	m.	Sun-light. Moon & twilight. Day-light. Moon-light. Star-light.																					
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ NEW MOON . . .	11	8	39	☾ FIRST QUARTER	19	9	58	☾ FULL MOON . . .	26	1	13													
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☾ LAST QUARTER .	d.	h.	m.	☾ FIRST QUARTER	19	9	58	☾ FULL MOON . . .	26	1	13													
		WASHINGTON.															6	7	8	9	10	11	Mid.	1	2	3	4	5	6									
1	Th.	5 42	6 26	5 43	6 25	5 42	6 24	4 5	mor.	11 58	11 54	11 58	☾ h c	Saturn rises, 11 : 25 P. M.																								
2	Fri.	40	28	41	26	40	25	4 59	5	mor.	50	53	St. Richard of Chichester.																									
3	S.	38	29	40	27	38	26	5 51	59	54	50	53	Low Sunday.																									
4	Mo.	37	30	38	28	37	27	6 42	1 59	1 54	1 49	1 52	Jupiter sets, 7 : 5 P. M.																									
5	Tu.	35	31	37	29	35	28	7 30	2 32	2 28	2 24	2 27	Mars sets 3 : 30 A. M.																									
6	Wd.	33	32	35	30	33	29	8 17	3 10	3 7	3 3	3 6	Venus rises. 5 : 22 A. M.																									
7	Th.	32	33	34	31	32	30	9 2	3 44	3 41	3 38	3 41	Jupiter ceases to be an eve-																									
8	Th.	30	34	33	32	30	31	9 45	4 14	4 12	4 10	4 14	ning star on the 16th.																									
9	Fri.	28	35	30	33	28	32	10 28	4 42	4 41	4 39	4 54	11th, ☾ ♀ ☾ morn.																									
10	Sat.	27	36	29	34	27	33	11 10	5 9	5 9	5 8	5 13	Second Sunday after Easter.																									
11	S.	25	38	27	35	25	34	11 53	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	☾ ♀ ☾ morn.																									
12	Mo.	23	39	26	36	23	35	P. M. 36	7 16	7 16	7 13	7 18	During this month Ve-																									
13	Tu.	21	40	24	37	21	36	1 21	8 18	8 16	8 13	8 17	nus is in constellation Pisces,																									
14	Wd.	20	41	23	38	20	37	2 8	9 19	9 16	9 12	9 17	Mars between Cancer and																									
15	Th.	19	42	21	39	19	38	2 57	10 21	10 17	10 12	10 17	Leo, Jupiter in Aries, and																									
16	Fri.	17	43	20	40	17	38	3 49	11 20	11 16	11 12	11 16	Saturn in Ophiuchus.																									
17	Sat.	15	44	18	41	15	39	4 43	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Third Sunday after Easter.																									
18	S.	14	45	17	42	14	40	5 38	18	14	9	13	St. Alphege.																									
19	Mo.	12	47	15	43	12	41	6 34	1 11	1 6	1 2	1 6	☾ ☾ eve.																									
20	Tu.	11	48	14	45	11	42	7 30	1 58	1 54	1 49	1 55	Jupiter begins to be morning																									
21	Wd.	9	49	13	46	9	43	8 26	2 41	2 38	2 34	2 40	☾ ♀ ☾ eve. [star.																									
22	Th.	8	50	11	47	8	44	9 20	3 20	3 18	3 15	3 21	St. George.																									
23	Fri.	6	51	10	48	6	45	10 14	3 55	3 54	3 53	3 59	Saturn rises, 9 : 58 P. M.																									
24	Sat.	5	52	8	49	5	46	11 8	4 29	4 29	4 29	4 36	Fourth Sunday after Easter.																									
25	S.	3	53	7	50	3	47	A. M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	25th, St. Mark.																									
26	Mo.	2	54	5	51	2	48	2	7 30	7 27	7 24	7 29	Jupiter rises, 4 : 50 A. M.																									
27	Tu.	0	55	4	52	0	49	56	8 40	8 37	8 33	8 38	☾ h c eve.																									
28	Wd.	4 59	57	3	53	4 59	50	1 51	9 47	9 42	9 38	9 42	Venus rises 5 : 0 A. M.																									
29	Th.	57	58	1	54	57	51	2 46	10 48	10 40	10 38	10 42	Mars sets 2 : 3 A. M.																									
30	Fri.	4 56	6 59	5	0 55	4 56	6 52	3 40	11 42	11 37	11 32	11 36																										

V. — OF MRS. CRADOCK AGAIN.

For Mrs. Cradock never turned back from Sydney. Not she. She stayed till summer, making friends of high and low in her gentle, tender way. But she only waited for a chance to go farther. A little French fishing-vessel ran in for doctor's help for the skipper's wife, who was on board. Dear Mrs. Cradock helped her more than all the faculties; and when she was better, and the little schooner started for St. Maloes, the Boston hack was hauled upon her deck, covered with a tarpauling, the horses were sold, and Madam and Seth and Nimshi Jehusson, the driver, took passage eastward. Madam was deadly sea-sick; but she said, "If I could only be sea-sick and be here," for she remembered. The French people could not understand a word they said, nor they the seamen. But they understood that Madam was a saint, and that the others were her familiars. So when they came to Brest, before running up to St. Maloes, the French people told all comers that here was a Lady Abbess from a great American convent. And Madam smiled and was courteous, and Seth was voluble and unintelligible, and Nimshi said nothing. A Lady Superior came down to see them. She found Madam on deck reading her Selections from Fénelon and her Bible. The Lady Superior was not strong in literature, but she knew the word "Bible" when she saw it, and she knew the word "Fénelon" when she saw that, and she knew the little gold cross which Madam Cradock wore because Joshua gave it her on her birthday. So the Lady Superior took them with all the honors to her convent, all officers of customs bowing respectful, and here they stayed till Nimshi and Seth had bought little Bréton horses that suited them, and then they started on what the Lady Superior called, properly enough, their "*pèlerinage sainte*." She directed them to the next holy house, and so, by good luck, they started east with a better introduction than all the savans and all the diplomatists in the world could have given them. It was very droll to hear Seth's account of how they got a passport. A "sport" he always called it, rejecting the first syllable, and it was long before I found out what he was talking about. The Lady Abbess had used some pretty stiff influence, I fancy; at all events, what with the American Consul at Brest, and the Abbess, and some ecclesiastics whom Seth designated as "them priests," something was arranged which answered the purpose for two continents.

And once, as they rode from one holy house to another, Madam Cradock took into that Boston hackney-coach, at which the village children stared so, a little waif of an orphan, for whom the sisters were caring, who was supposed to need change of air. She promised to deliver her safely to the sisters at Grand Lucé. And this little puss, with her French questions, which Mrs. Cradock could not answer, and with her relish of Mrs. Cradock's store of bonbons, and with dropping asleep hot afternoons in Mrs. Cradock's arms, and laying her head resolutely in Mrs. Cradock's lap as evening drew on, became so dear to the good lady, that when they came to Grand Lucé, she could not bear to part with her. And after they had rested there the accustomed three days, Madam begged her of the sisters that she might carry her on to Bonnelles; and at Bonnelles, she begged that she might take her on to Rampillon. Now the child was nobody's child but the good God's, so far as man knew or nun knew, and at Rampillon there was no difficulty in letting her go to Bruyères. And at Bruyères she started again with them to Weil, and so to Ellwangen and Bruck, and indeed never left Mrs. Cradock more. Whether, indeed, the nuns, any of them, understood one word of the pantomime by which Madam Cradock told the story, I think may be doubted. For she and Seth and Nimshi resolutely held, all the way through, to the language to which they were born.

I have sometimes thought that those people who know nothing

of a foreign language fare better, in the parts where it is spoken, than those who think they know something. They are put through by the courtesy of the natives, while the people who insist on doing their own talking are e'en left to care for themselves. So was it, at least, with Seth, and Nimshi, and Mrs. Cradock. And by the courtesy of the nuns to the child, Mrs. Cradock became proprietor of this little Adèle, without any apprentice-papers or act of sale.

So from convent to convent they fared on. Nimshi and Seth made their sets of acquaintances among horse-people; Mrs. Cradock and Adèle made theirs in chapels and ghostly parlors. If winters came, they made long pauses. If summers came, they drove towards sunrise. Little they knew of the politics of the countries they passed through; but there was love and faith and hope inside the carriage, and resolution and courage outside; and little Adèle, who sat now within and now without, became, in those long stages, mediator and interpreter between the two.

And so it happened at last, one bright September day, as they were crossing the flat at the northern end of the Baikal Sea, that Seth pointed to Nimshi a tandem team approaching them far distant; three Lapland reindeer scampering down with a heavier carriage behind them than the usual low Russian post-coach, and asked him what he would give to boot, if the post-boy offered to swap the three deer against their half-blood Tartars. Nimshi replied with some good-natured chaff; but, as they approached the stranger, he admitted that the heavy-clad post-boy kept his wild team in hand well, and that they were a handier set than he would have supposed. They drew up off the road for the "little buggers" to go by; not expecting conversation, for which, indeed, they were not prepared. But the stranger was more communicative. By a wild Lapland cry he threw the little creatures back on their haunches, and in three or four words addressed the Yankee.

"Irkutsk shipko glübnik?" asked he.

And Seth said: "We speak English, if you please."

"English!" cried the bearded Laplander; "who are you? I said to myself that the driving was like the driving of Nimshi Jehusson,—are you Seth Corbet?"

And by this time a woman's head was out of one window of the Eastward hack; and a man's out of one of the Western.

"Joshua!"

"Molly!"

They had met half-way.

VI. — OF NOPPO STAUN.

At the spot where the carriages met I found them still standing, thirty years after, as a monument of the happy rendezvous.

Just above it rises the mimic State House, below is the mimic Common, around which their travels ended; here they founded the New Boston, which was their after home.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

OPEN the windows wide,

And let in the morning sun!

Open the windows wide,

For the joy of the year has begun!

And the world seems young like a child

That is born but to bud and to sing;

And to-day for the first time the year

Seems running to welcome the spring.

ROADSIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF course spring has come; else why should I venture out without overcoat and muffler, for a stroll along the roadside; how else should my neighbor, Tom Traft, be at his spading in the garden, with his Bet (not yet fairly through with whooping-cough, and so denied the cross-cut through the garden at present) blundering about among the fresh-turned clods beside him? A man may pick up useful information if he has a mind that way, — even along a roadside.

Let us make trial. Here is Traft; we pounce upon him in his shirt-sleeves.

"Spading, are you, Traft?"

"Wääl, some."

Traft, you will observe, is an independent American, — true stamp.

"Rather hard work, is n't it?"

"Wääl, yes; kind o' back-achin' job."

"Do you think it pays to spade a garden, Traft?"

"Wääl, yes, for some kinds o' sass, ef you du it the right way"; and at the word, he beat the ground to pieces that he had thrown up, until it was as fine as an ash-bed.

Traft was right; half of the spading by the ordinary Irish laborers is not of one third the value of a good ploughing. The great object of the process is to secure fine and deep tilth; the mere inversion of the soil, with coarse manure thrust in, to bolster up the unbroken clods, is a sorry way to make choice vegetables. A loamy surface so dry that it will inevitably break in pieces as it rides over upon the share of a plough, may, by careless and hasty labor, be turned with the fork, so as to leave half its bulk unbroken. Scores of good people, who do not know what proper tillage is, condemn their gardens as unfruitful, only because their gardens have never been properly tilled. Spadehusbandry, which has done so much for Belgium, involves quadruple the cost of tillage by the plough; a man, therefore, who incurs this additional cost should see to it, that he gets the full benefit of the expensive process, in complete and thorough disintegration of the soil. It is furthermore quite essential, for the best results, that the manure should be as finely triturated as the earth which it goes to enrich.

When we come into possession of that rotary steam-cultivation (which Mr. Hoskyn so wittily forecasts in his "Chronicle of a Clay Farm"), we can forego the spading and forking of land in any large way. Single machines of this character are shown from time to time at our fairs, but I have never yet had the good fortune to see one in successful operation.

Traft believes in spading, because he observes that his parsnips make a long downward stride where the ground is mellow; and another reason (which he does not acknowledge to himself) lies in the fact that his little garden is so cumbered with enclosing palings, and straggling lines of currant-bushes or quince-trees, or volunteer plums, that he could not use the plough effectively if he would: so, like many another man, he makes a merit of his necessities, and finds an argument for the spade to excuse his shortcomings in the matter of neat and orderly arrangement. Yet I think that nine out of ten small landholders would secure better garden vegetables by planting them in long, even lines in some properly ploughed field, where they would be subject to regular horse-culture, than by the present haphazard method of gardening. Not that the best fork-culture is not superior to the best ploughing even, but because the disposition of garden crops in long field-rows invites and makes easy that thorough and periodic after-tillage which is of such vital impor-

tance, and of which the ordinary farmer's garden shows such woeful lack. There will remain, of course, the perennial garden plants — the rhubarb, the horse-radish, the beds of sweet thyme, of sage, the asparagus, the strawberries, and the gooseberries, which, with the good wife's flower-patches, will equip a little garden spot — that cannot be submitted to the plough, and which will be quite enough to test the farmer's capacity for spade culture, and his patience with intrusive weeds.

The disparity in the cost of the two methods of tillage is, with the annual increase in wages, becoming every year more decided; and I would respectfully suggest to amateur farmers the propriety of demonstrating the feasibility and the economy of open field culture for most garden crops, as a work worthier of livelier recompense than inordinate expenditure for hand labor, in the production of those monster vegetables whose use ends with the exhibition-tables.

On very many counts I am disposed to think that the amateur agriculturist of large means trifles with the responsibilities which rest on him, and under-estimates the influence of those roadside lessons which his practice must inevitably teach.

The spot of God's earth which he calls his is only the black-board whereby he — just now happening on his feet there — is chalking the figures that will educate to a better rural taste, or corrupt with a bad one.

To dig, to trench, to blast, to lay up terraces, to glaze acres, may show energy and determination and command of great means, and it may show — nothing else; all will depend upon the object in view, and the success with which that object has been attained. If it be to introduce some new product, to demonstrate some new physiological law, or to give larger development to old ones, there may be virtue in the work, — provided always the cost of it has not been so utterly disproportionate as to shock our common sense. If the object attained under immensely extravagant appliances is gained just as surely and unfailingly by a neighbor who shows a rigid business economy, the success of the first is not real, but meretricious, and teaches nothing. There is a law of proportions in such matters, which you cannot offend without a verdict against you. The sweat of the brow is a common cost, and a biblical one; but when a man reeks with perspiration in accomplishing results which his neighbor attains to with only a few round beads upon his forehead, the contrast is damaging to the man who sweats.

There is no end to the extraordinary things which may be done in the country (as well as the city) with money, and I have no manner of doubt that a man ambitious of wonder-making, and with funds sufficient, might build barracks so lofty, and so well lighted, and so stocked with the vegetation of the tropics, as to breed in them a small herd of giraffes. It would make the world stare indeed, for the world loves to stare, and does it easily; but it would stare at a monstrosity; far better to make it stare at something worthy. To astonish people, even in horticulture, is not, necessarily, to do a good thing.

The Garnet Chili of the late Mr. Goodrich is worth more to the nation to-day than would be a *Sequoia gigantea* fully developed, under glass.

It is, however, in the building up of a correct rural taste, and its determination in a right direction, that the responsibilities of this last class of landholders chiefly lie. By the use of the term "correct rural taste," I may seem to convey the idea, by implication, that there is such a thing as incorrect rural taste. Well, is it not so? What else are we to make of the extravagances and exaggerations that are repeated over and over, — exaggerations which seem devised for the sake of showing how completely a country scene may be denuded of all simple and natural graces, for the honor of being clothed upon by the starched elegan-



SPRING.

ces of the city? For such elegances, in their proper place and under proper conditions, I have a most appreciative respect; but when I see the most charming features of a landscape wantonly violated for the sake of the obtrusive masonry or flashy pagodas that make the country folk gape with wonder, I take a pleasure in declaring against the way in which Nature has been outraged. Nothing is easier than to astonish innocent country people with devices in brick or lumber or plaster: you may do it easily, too, by great covers of glass, under which you may coax some tropical giant of a plant to unfold its strange colors; you may do it by such elaborate walks and arbors as shall puzzle them by their neatness and their scrupulous nicety of curve and angle; but if you take some native hillside, and by such dexterous and dainty handling of its native growth and of all its available features, you shall open the eyes of the country people to a beauty they never saw there before, and which, by mere virtue of its simplicity, they seize upon as a part of their inheritance, which they can work toward, imitatively, you have done something better.

And it is immensely important, in this view, that the large landholder, who indulges in decorative planting or work of any kind, should strain at no unnaturalness of effect; for if you once teach a man to believe that such violent and absurd contrasts as he never sees in nature are things worthy of admiration, you take away the chance of opening his eyes to a thousand natural beauties. But there is such a way of arranging the artistic effects of ground or plantation as shall insensibly lead the untaught observer to a new and keener apprehension of a thousand beauties in nature; and when this is done, a long step is taken toward refining his instincts, and you have extended indefinitely his capability for taking pleasure in natural objects.

The refining influences of horticulture and its allied pursuits are, I think, to work their best results in this country—republican as it is, and as we hope it may remain—upon the minds of the laboring population; and I think it is incumbent on every large landholder to demonstrate, so far as he may, how completely the largest and most successful art is subject to simple laws. I think it is incumbent on these to show by what small means the most charming effects may be wrought, and by careful cultivation to demonstrate from how few trees or vines a great harvest of fruit may be gathered. To do things in a large way is to do them with large-heartedness, and to do them in such manner as that large numbers may reap the benefit.

My neighbor, Tom Traft, has a pair or so of fowls in his company, clutching eagerly at the earthworms as he turns them out. Fowls in a man's garden have a neighborly look,—utterly self-possessed, very much at home, entirely unconscious of intrusion, scratching in your choicest seed-beds with the utmost vigor, amazed at any indignation you may show, listening profoundly to your first ejaculations of wrath, and only recognizing your earnest intentions when you fling the hoe at them in a fury of desperation. In short, in all suburban neighborhoods fowls are a neighborly pest. If every oath they breed were an egg, they would be more profitable than they are in most instances at present.

Which shall it be, then, garden or hens? There are races indeed—species, I should say rather—of the gallinaceous tribe which are not equal to a good vigorous scratch, and who may therefore wander in a garden with comparative impunity. Of such are the little peppery, booted bantams—who have not been so carefully bred as to lose the feathers from their legs—and the frizzled fowl. But these latter present so odious a figure,—particularly in their younger days, when they seem to have escaped from the cook's hands all plucked,—that I could conscientiously advise no one to their purchase. As for the bantams, though very industrious in their search for grubs, and not disdainful of

such small tidbits as the black flea and the cabbage-lice, they have a keen appetite for a ripening tomato, and will on occasions temper their breakfast with a few strawberries. These last could be spared, however, if the irascible little bipeds gave good promise for the spit, and did not offer so very small fry in their eggs.

There remains the resource of making special enclosures for fowls that shall be worthy of the reputation of the august and renowned chanticleer; and I think I hardly ever knew an amateur ruralist who did not bring into the country with him some crotchet of his own about a poultry-house which was to furnish every requirement, keep fowls in superb condition, secure perfect isolation of the different families, invite great family increase, and prove a delightful affair altogether. But, after four or five years of novitiate, I have not unfrequently observed a falling off of the care, a falling away of the palings, a falling away of the feathers, and the whole current of the poultry enthusiasm is effectively and finally dammed.

Hens will live in houses, to be sure, with ample yards about them; but close confinement involves a close and unremitting care,—a care for minutiae (for they are small people and have small wants) which to a man of large outsidedness of habit grows wearisome and stale. And if religiously continued, it is done at a cost which may possibly make the butcher's stock seem cheap; and it takes very much to do this.

Poultry fanciers will, of course, hold out like game-cocks; those who breed for market in a large way will be unremitting in their care (as in the case of those large establishments near to Paris); farmers proper will succeed by reason of the great range they give, and the minimum of outlay; but I have yet to meet with the amateur ruralist, seeking only fresh eggs and good broilers, who has not found very extensive architectural appliances for the raising of poultry a delusion and a loss.

I return to my neighbor, Tom Traft. He is a good neighbor,—as neighbors go,—but, drat him! he will drop his bar-posts, and old sleds, and used-up carts, and offal of various sorts, by the roadside. With a wife who is the pink of matrons, and who keeps all things within her domain “smelling of lavender,” he balances the account by setting all outside affairs awry, and by imposing upon a long-suffering public such a *débris* of lumber and disabled wheel-craft,—to say nothing of ploughs, logs, brush-piles, last year's wood, and the very three-legged derrick on which he splits his fall pigs,—as to make the passing of his house on a dark night (“Tiger” being in the shafts, who is old, but a shy-ster) absolutely dangerous. I could have gone into a fury over and over with him, except that he is the best-natured fellow in the world; and, squatted on his logs of a spring morning, his beneficent broad laugh disarms anger at once.

What a gain to roadsides throughout the country, if only every sloven could be taught the virtues of order and neatness! The village roadside ought, indeed, to be the village park and the village pride; not necessarily showing great breadth of common (though this is commendable), but carrying its green coil and its shadows of trees between all the houses. The beauty and the attractiveness of nearly all the little towns up and down the Connecticut Valley are due to the nice keeping and embowering shade of the village street. In no other single feature do they offer so striking a contrast to the lesser towns of New Jersey, and of the Middle States generally. In many of them societies are organized—made up of their most enterprising citizens—for the oversight and execution of village improvements. Trees are guarded zealously; decaying ones are removed and replaced by others; the laws with respect to straying cattle are rigidly enforced; and every good citizen counts it a duty to become in this regard, and for the public benefit, an executor of the law. The roadside by a man's door is not encumbered with old vehicles,

MAY.

J. R. DAVIS

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.		TABLE OF LIGHT.												
		Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASH-ING-TON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.		This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M., the gradations of light being thus indicated: —												
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	☾ LAST QUARTER . . . 8 33 A.M.	☾ NEW MOON . . . 11 10 59 A.M.	☽ FIRST QUARTER 18 4 21 P.M.	☽ FULL MOON . . . 25 10 15 A.M.	Sun- light.	Moon & twilight.	Star- light.	Sun- light.	Moon- light.	Star- light.					
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.														
1	Sat.	4 55	7 0	4 59	6 56	5 2	6 53	4 33	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	WASHINGTON. <i>St. Philip and St. James.</i>														
2	S.	53	1	57	57	0	54	5 24	29	25	20	24	<i>Rogation Sunday.</i>														
3	Mo.	52	2	56	58	4 59	55	6 12	1 10	1 6	1 2	1 5	<i>Invention of the Cross.</i>														
4	Tu.	51	3	55	59	58	56	6 58	1 45	1 42	1 39	1 42															
5	Wd.	49	4	54	7 0	57	57	7 42	2 17	2 14	2 11	2 14	Mars sets, 1 : 46 A.M. [<i>Lat.</i>														
6	Th.	48	6	53	1	56	57	8 25	2 46	2 44	2 42	2 46	<i>Ascension. St. John a. Port.</i>														
7	Fri.	47	7	51	2	55	58	9 7	3 12	3 12	3 11	3 15	Saturn rises, 9 : 2 P.M.														
8	Sat.	46	8	50	3	54	59	9 49	3 39	3 39	3 39	3 44															
9	S.	44	9	49	4	53	7 0	10 32	4 5	4 6	4 7	4 13	<i>Ascension Sunday</i>														
10	Mo.	43	10	48	5	52	1	11 17	<i>sets.</i>	<i>sets.</i>	<i>sets.</i>	<i>sets.</i>	9th, ☾ 11 eve.														
11	Tu.	42	11	47	6	51	2	P.M. 4	7 11	7 8	7 5	7 9	☾ ☽ ☾ morn. [evening star.														
12	Wd.	41	12	46	7	50	3	53	8 14	8 10	8 6	8 10	11th, Venus begins to be														
13	Th.	40	13	45	8	49	4	1 45	9 16	9 11	9 7	9 11	Jupiter rises, 3 : 58 A.M.														
14	Fri.	39	14	44	9	48	5	2 39	10 15	10 10	10 5	10 9															
15	Sat.	38	15	43	10	47	6	3 34	11 10	11 5	11 0	11 4															
16	S.	37	16	42	11	46	7	4 30	11 59	11 54	11 50	11 55	<i>Whitsunday.</i>														
17	Mo.	36	17	41	12	45	7	5 26	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.															
18	Tu.	35	18	40	13	44	8	6 20	43	39	35	40	☽ ☽ ☽ eve.														
19	Wd.	34	19	39	14	44	9	7 14	1 21	1 18	1 16	1 21	<i>Dunstan.</i>														
20	Th.	33	20	39	14	43	10	8 6	1 56	1 55	1 53	1 58	Saturn rises, 8 : 19 P.M.														
21	Fri.	32	21	38	15	42	11	8 58	2 29	2 29	2 28	2 34															
22	Sat.	32	22	37	16	41	12	9 50	3 1	3 2	3 2	3 9	Mars sets, 0 : 55 A.M.														
23	S.	31	23	36	17	40	13	10 43	3 34	3 36	3 38	3 46	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i>														
24	Mo.	30	24	36	18	40	14	11 37	<i>rises.</i>	<i>rises.</i>	<i>rises.</i>	<i>rises.</i>															
25	Tu.	29	24	35	19	39	14	A. M. 7	7 27	7 23	7 19	7 24	26th, ☽ 11 morn.														
26	Wd.	29	25	34	20	39	15	32	8 32	8 27	8 23	8 27	<i>Augustin of Canterbury.</i>														
27	Th.	28	26	34	20	38	16	1 27	9 31	9 26	9 21	9 25	<i>Venerable Bede.</i>														
28	Fri.	27	27	33	21 4	38	17	2 21	10 22	10 17	10 12	10 16	Mercury sets, 9 : 11 P.M.														
29	Sat.	27	28	33	22	37	18	3 14	11 6	11 2	10 58	11 1															
30	S.	26	29	32	23	37	18	4 4	11 45	11 41	11 37	11 41	<i>First Sunday after Trinity.</i>														
31	Mo.	4 26	7 30	4 32	7 24	4 36	7 19	4 52	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Venus sets, 7 : 47 P.M.														

there is no selfish encroachment upon the highway. A scrupulous regard for neatness is counted, and very justly, as an element of the town's prosperity. Strangers are attracted by it; those who wander from it in youth are drawn toward it in age. Its paths are paths of pleasantness.

I wish to goodness that Tom Traft would clear up the highway at his door!

Again, — and this matter does no way concern Tom Traft, whom I leave henceforth at his spading, — every good roadside in the land should have its trees; and what trees shall they be?

Maples, you say: well, the maple is an honest tree, a free-grower, hardy, and cleanly; but the sugar-maple — which is the favorite among them — is disposed in its mature years to make of its top a dense thicket, through which there is no free flow of the winds, and for this reason, unless judiciously and regularly trimmed, is hardly to be commended as a tree to shade one's doorstep. The crimson-flowering and the silver-leaf are more open in their habit, but not so sturdy growers, and never or rarely coming to the same grand proportions. The Norway and the Scotch maples have their special excellences, but they are not of a kind to commend them for introduction along our highroads. It is quite a common practice in putting out the sugar-maple along new streets to cut it squarely off at some twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. Necessity may command this, but it is open to two serious objections: first, the new shoots all starting from one point make a dense thicket, and, crowding each other as they do, forbid a free and natural development of the tree; or, again, if only one or two shoots start from the surface at or near the point of excision, the maple grows up with two leading shoots nearly equal in strength, and, the dead wood of the old stem preventing firm union, there is great liability to split, and leave only the half of a tree. Care to secure one prominent leading shoot is the best precaution.

The European linden and its American congener, the basswood, are both noble trees, not tempting to insects (save the bee to its blossoms); but the former variety is disposed to that density of shade already hinted at in the case of the sugar-maple, and so making it a questionable tree for the immediate neighborhood of the house. The "button-ball," which twenty years ago stretched its white arms athwart so many village streets, is now unfortunately gone by; consumption is in its family. I have made various experiments upon scattered specimens within my own enclosure, in the hope of renewing its vigor, but in vain. We rail at it now that we have lost it; but its open habit of growth (giving free passage to the air), its great glossy leaves, its picturesque splotches of color upon bole and limb, its dangling balls of seed, round as a bull's-eye, were not without their charms; and I shall never forget a certain line of gaunt fellows (sycamores, we called them), beside which, for many and many a day, I strode to school, in years long gone, watching the swaying tassels, wondering at the painted trunks.

If we could only put the oaks and the hickories along our roadside! For the hickories, it should be the smooth-barked (pignut, in boy-talk); and for the oak, it should be the white, or the gray, or the yellow bark, and (if we could have it) the magnificent water-oak of the South. The taproot of these trees, which renders them so impatient of removal, will always retard the general introduction of them as shade-trees; beside which their comparatively slow growth (this is not true of the hickory in favorable soils) will stand as another objection. Yet by all means let us leave them religiously untouched wherever we find them in position, and let us coax them from time to time to fill vacant spaces.

Have I forgotten the elm? *Merci!* have I forgotten the Lady Macbeth under all the rustle of the "Birnam wood"?

Yet what if it should prove that the elm is touched with a disease that shall make a wreck of it, as it has made of the button-wood? There are, within a few years past, some bad indications, — a paucity of leafage, an early yellowing in the autumn, a lack of the old vigor. These indications are not indeed so apparent, if apparent at all, in the year of our writing ('68); but in 1866 and 1867 they were in many quarters most decided. The canker-worm, too, has given it a hard strain; to lose a great dome of leafage in the very fulness of the season, and straightway to repair the loss, is a staggering matter for the most stalwart tree. It is like Carlyle's loss (by burning) of all the manuscript of the "French Revolution"; he re-wrote it indeed; but the loss and the ensuing task-work aged him as ten ordinary summers might not have done. I shall not attempt to decide between the pendulous, graceful form of the drooping elm, and the sturdy self-assertion of (what we call) the English elm. Juno is magnificent, and we say it freely; but when we catch sight of the stately Jupiter with his broad head braving the clouds, we wait for a term in the which to coin our admiration.

There are towns we could name that live upon the reputation of their elms; there are streets which, without their elms, would be no streets at all. No trees make so wondrous a lap of their branches overhead, as we go down their aisles; none keep alive so pointedly the old fable of the Gothic arch, — the fable I mean of its having sprung from studies of the forest. There is a certain University town, which some of us know, which has a standing miracle of this sort on one of its central streets. It would be a beauty forever, — if only the elms would live forever.

The misfortune is that the good people of the town are so boastful of their trees that they are blinded to the necessity of any further adornment of street or city. To the forecast and taste and enterprise of one citizen, — long since dead, — they owe their trees; and with the odor of his memory and his deeds, they regale themselves and are sated; while an adjoining city of half its population has, by a slight of enterprise and faith and daring, converted a mud waste into a gem of a city garden, and so quintupled the value of all outlying lands, and made the little Hartford Park a beauty and a joy forever (for parks never die, as forests die), the city of Elms hugs its traditions and its trees, and rests stagnant; — stagnant and shameless, while its railway station — where four great lines of traffic concentre — is a by-word and a stench throughout New England.

And now, even as I write, it is understood that there is to be a spoiling of the elms; huge dormitories are to rise upon the College campus, — the elms making way for them, — and their brick backs to be thrust upon the street that bounds the most beautiful spot of the town. This extravagant leap of brick and mortar into the elms and lawn is understood to be primarily for the sake of sparing existing buildings, and secondarily to secure some approach in the general arrangement to the quadrangle of the English colleges.

But what on earth does an American college want of a quadrangle, which originally supposed a great portal and a porter and closed gates? Shall we have a proctor? Will the ruin of this old quiet green, with its outlook upon the larger green around which the town lies sleeping, find compensation in any mansard roof or pavilions they may contrive? Will the *disjecta membra* of present edifices, each of its own style and with its own architect, gain anything by the quadrangulation? Can any new campus behind — with the broad eastern outlook upon elms and churches and lines of houses and slopes of lawn forever shut out — be equal to the old?

Once more, at least, before the final despoilment, I hope to wander under those old trees, brush once more, though with foot less elastic than of old, that greensward where we lay on the

long June afternoons, — courting the breezes that whispered through the elm-tops, — courting the glances that flashed upon us (rarely, to be sure) from maidenly eyes, — courting the future with brave promises (so many of them broken).

We counted eighty, or near it, then; some fifty now; thirty dropped by the roadside.

May they rest in peace!

THE SONG-BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

By THOMAS M. BREWER.

CAN any theme be presumed more replete with attractions, or one at the same time more filled with discouraging and disheartening suggestions? Certainly no subject can more abound with the charms of variety, the attractions of marvellous beauties, or with blending inspirations of association and recollection, derived from past enjoyments. It is all the more, because we meet on the threshold this untold wealth, — it is because we feel, almost instinctively, that the music of our birds, with all its infinitude of sweet charms, is still a theme to do full justice to which mortal pen is all inadequate, that we bespeak the indulgent consideration of the reader. We can, it is true, tell you some things in regard to the local habitation and the name of most of our more noted musicians. We can mark the boundaries within which most of them may be found, during the pleasant season. We can tell when they come, and when they leave for parts known or unknown, and various other minor incidental peculiarities touching the private history of each and all; and this is not without more or less of intrinsic interest. But to do full and adequate justice to our singing-birds as musicians, to set before our readers the peculiar and individual merits of any one of our songsters, as a vocalist, that is indeed a task for which we, in the beginning, must plead the incompetence of uninspired humanity. As we may not represent on mortal canvas a perfect picture of the more glorious wonders of physical nature, still less can any one describe the vocal beauties of the grove. To be able to judge in either case with entire accuracy, one must see or hear in very person. It is not a case where we can trust to the ears of another, but one which seems to contradict those oft-quoted lines of Horace, wherein he tells us that

"What we hear
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part."

And then again, all this exuberance of wealth, this apparently inexhaustible character of our subject, almost appals us by its vastness. Our space would hardly hold the names even of the two hundred and ninety-seven species which our learned *savant* at Washington classes among the *Oscines*, or singing-birds of North America! Happily for us, and yet more happily for our present purpose, they do not all sing, although they ought so to do, at least in theory. They are all said to possess that peculiar apparatus for singing, composed of five pairs of muscles, upon which the very learned Dr. Cabanis has founded his new and most revolutionary order of birds, which do or ought to sing, and which he calls *Oscines*.

We call this new order revolutionary, because it seems to be playing the very mischief with every previous mode of classification in ornithology. If not utterly overturning the various systems of the great men of the past, such as Linnaeus, Cuvier, Swainson, Temminck, Gray, etc., it certainly opens a wide breach in every other previous mode of arrangement. And if we may be pardoned this digression, we must plead guilty to a very rebel-

lious frame of mind towards this new system, when we are told that by it our well-known and favorite *Phoebe*, whose welcome notes are among the first to hail our tardy spring, that our common *King-bird*, and the *Wood Pewee*, who were among our boyhood's favorite songsters, are unceremoniously counted out of this order; that they, forsooth, are not "singers," but are to be ranked as *Clamatores*, or "screechers"; while such delightful vocalists as the *Crow*, the *Raven*, the *Magpie*, the *Jay*, the *Grackles*, birds whose monotonous and discordant cries are "notes so often renewed as to be at a decided discount," are (Heaven save the mark!) singing-birds. When we follow our worthy systematist to such an absurd conclusion as this, we can only infer that either he must have been misinterpreted, or that there is somewhere an important screw loose in his system itself.

But to go back to our subject, and to our song-birds. How often have foreign tourists, and our own superficial observers, dwelt upon our poverty in this country in respect to our singing-birds! The former miss here the notes of the *Skylark*, the *Mavis*, the *Nightingale*, the *Blackbird*, and many others of their most familiar vocalists. They fail, therefore, to appreciate our boundless wealth in respect to other singing-birds of equal and even of superior powers. All of these we may not hope, in our short space, to be able to present to the notice of our readers. We will only endeavor to make brief mention of a few of the more noticeable. Among these we shall include several of those least known to most of us.

Nor is it true, though the fact may be new to many, that we have in North America no genuine *bona fide* Skylark. We do possess a very superior representative, and one said to be very nearly or quite equal, in its powers of song, to the bird immortalized in the verses of Shelley and the Ettrick Shepherd. There is found in our far Northwestern regions, on the barren and unattractive table-lands of Dacotah, a bird which, in its peculiar and remarkable powers of song, and in its general habits, is an almost exact reproduction of the Skylark of Europe. Our great bird-painter, Audubon, was the first to meet with it in 1843, near the junction of the Missouri and the Yellowstone Rivers. He called it *Sprague's Skylark*, in honor of one of our Massachusetts naturalists. It has since been found in the British Possessions, still farther north.

Our friend and brother ornithologist, the late Edward Harris of New Jersey, who was one of Mr. Audubon's party, was so completely deceived by the sound of the music of these Skylarks that, for a long while, he sought for them on the ground. Their voices seemed to come to him from the prairies around. It was only after having crossed and recrossed them, to no purpose, that he at last discovered that the exquisitely trilling notes he was listening to with so much delight proceeded from several of these birds, who were soaring at so great an elevation above him as to be almost lost to view. At times some of them actually did disappear from sight, even in the wonderfully clear and transparent atmosphere of that country. As they rose from the ground, these Skylarks flew in an undulating manner, and continued to rise in increasing circles, until, when about a hundred yards high, they began to sing. After a while, suddenly closing their wings, they would glide down to the prairie below.

Passing by, for the present, our unsurpassed and unapproachable *Mocking-bird*, which, in the power, compass, variety, and exquisite harmony of its own original and unimitative music, very far transcends any rival, native or foreign, we will here mention that the finest vocalist which has fallen under our own immediate observations was met with by us in the thick and swampy woods of Eastern Maine and New Brunswick. Its song is equally wonderful in respect to the sweetness, the brilliancy, the power, the compass, and the variety of the notes. It begins with low, soft

notes, of surpassing sweetness and melody, and rises gradually higher and higher until the listener becomes lost in wonder, admiration, and delight, at the transcendent power and beauty of its song. We certainly know of nothing that compares with it, among our New England birds. We must here regretfully add, that we are not positive as to the identity of this wonderful songster. We long supposed that we had positively ascertained it to be the *Black-Poll Warbler*, having, as we at the time imagined, taken one of these birds in the very act of producing these wonderful melodies. But it is quite probable we were mistaken, and, by some unlucky accident, did not obtain the real musician. Certain it is, that several of our friends who are well-informed ornithologists, and are familiar with the notes of the *Black-Poll*, are positive that they by no means equal or resemble our description of the song of this unknown musician. We would, therefore, be now entirely at fault as to what our bird could be, were it not that we find among the experiences of Audubon the description of one so very like our own, as to naturally suggest the probability that another individual of the same species with that whose harmony so entranced the great ornithologist may have been the bird to which we also listened with unmixed delight. Unfortunately, the bird to which we refer is one not familiar to most of us, and has no suggestive English name. Audubon calls it the *Ruby-crowned Kinglet*. Wilson, in his poverty of appellatives, speaks of it as a Wren; but it is nothing of the kind, and is a bird of well-marked specific peculiarities.

Mr. Audubon tells us, in the narrative to which we refer, that once, when he was rambling over the deserts of Labrador, and was listening to the harmonious sounds that filled the air around, suddenly the notes of a warbler quite new to him fell upon his ear. Its song was fully as sonorous as that of the *Canary*, and much richer in its melody. It was not only as powerful and as clear, but much more varied and pleasing to the ear. He secured one of these birds in its very utterance of these sweet sounds, and entertained no doubts as to its identity. This little *Kinglet*, to which he attributes these vocal powers, is a bird no larger than our common Humming-bird. It is quite probable that he was right, and that he obtained the real musician. It is, however, possible that he may have been mistaken, and shot, not the real songster, but a different bird.

Our earliest spring musicians are the *Bluebird* and the *Robin*. Familiar as both birds are to most of us, they deserve something more than a passing mention among the song-birds of this country. Of the *Bluebirds* we have three species, all closely resembling one another, yet sufficiently distinct, and occupying different parts of the continent. Two of these are found in the area between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The third is our common *Bluebird* of the East, more or less abundant from Louisiana to Hudson's Bay, and from Cape Cod to the Mississippi. Of all our birds, this bears the closest resemblance in its outward form and colors, and in its habits and general characteristics, to the traditional *Robin Redbreast* of Europe. It does not, it is true, in the winter season, with the same delightful familiarity of which we have so often read, come round our dwellings, or seek the shelter of our roof. Nor would it, like *Robin Redbreast*, pick up the proffered crumb of bread. Its food is exclusively of insects, and it cannot, therefore, well subsist in weather which interferes with its obtaining its prey. We do not therefore meet with it in mid-winter, in any of the more northern States. In the early spring, and throughout the summer, it is found in all parts of the country east of the Mississippi, as far north as the forty-eighth parallel of latitude. How or where these birds pass the winter does not very clearly appear. In the Southern, and even in some of the Middle States, on every mild winter day, the *Bluebirds* will come out from their retreats, wherever these may be, but will all disap-

pear again on the return of severer weather. They are among the first-comers among the early migratory birds, always making their appearance in the first days of March, and once even in Massachusetts as early as the 15th of February. On that occasion, although the weather subsequently became very severe, the thermometer falling to zero, the *Bluebirds* remained, and were, from time to time, observed to be singing, and appearing to be having a good time generally, in spite of the temperature.

Our *Bluebird* is a very pleasing, but is not a powerful or a remarkable singer. His notes are a succession of low and melodious warblings, and are almost exclusively uttered in close proximity to his mate. As his song is usually our first announcement that spring, though yet far distant, is advancing, so, too, his notes may be heard among the very last, and long after most of our other vocalists are mute.

The *Western Bluebird* and the *Arctic Bluebird* are peculiar to the Pacific coast. In their habits, in their appearance, and, indeed, in all other respects than their residence, they very nearly resemble the Eastern species. The song of the first named is said to be even more tender, sweet, and varied than are the notes of our common species. In regard to this, however, our authorities do not agree; Dr. J. G. Cooper, of California, very stoutly maintaining the contrary. The notes of the Arctic species are said to be easily distinguishable from either of the others. Though equally sweet and clear, they are delivered with much less power.

Another of our earliest and most familiar songsters, whose loud and melodious whistle in early spring resounds throughout the length and breadth of our entire continent, is the *Robin*. It is too late now to enter our protest against this absurd misnomer. A *Robin* it is, in Yankee parlance, and so will continue to be called so long as we may continue to hear its delightful music. What need have we to describe its notes? Who of us, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is not familiar with its powerful, if not varied song, which Audubon tells us can hardly be distinguished from that of the far-famed *Blackbird* of Europe? Like the *Bluebird*, the *Robin*, as he is among the first to open, so he is among the last to close, the vernal concert of nature.

The earnestness, simplicity, and thrilling nature of his song constitute its great charm. Its notes do not exhibit a very great variety, and are thought by different writers to resemble those of other birds, by some being said to resemble the *Brown Thrasher*, by others the *Wood Thrush* of Europe. Its song, in the still, early summer mornings, seems to pervade all space, and everywhere to be the predominating music. It begins with the first gray of the morning's dawn, and only closes with the last glimmer of the closing twilight. If, as says the old adage, early rising is really calculated to assure wealth and wisdom, combined with good physical health, surely the *Robin* ought to be abundantly blessed in these respects. It is up and in full song long before any one else is astir; so early indeed, and so very soon after its last evening's performance, that one would almost think it could hardly pay for it to retire to roost, devoting, as it does, in the long summer days of June, sixteen or seventeen hours out of the twenty-four to giving its earnest and enthusiastic expression to harmonious sounds.

Belonging to the same family with the *Robin* are several of our best singers. Indeed, the entire family of true thrushes, and all its kith and kin, are musicians. All of them are excellent, and several of them are worthy of special mention. Perhaps the most celebrated of these is the *Wood-Thrush*, of course not the bird bearing the same common name in Europe. Our bird occurs, in summer, from Mexico to New England, Massachusetts being its most northern limit. It is, for the most part, as by some it is not unaptly called, a "bird of the solitude," seeming to prefer dense thickets, low, damp hollows shaded by the dense foliage of

forest trees. But this, though its general, is by no means its universal habit. We can remember when a small grove near the paternal home, within the present limits of Boston, was the favorite resort of several pairs of these birds, who, year after year, built their nests, reared their young, and filled the neighborhood with their delightful melody, unmindful of the frequent presence of curious and interested children, one, at least, of whom will not soon forget the enjoyment derived from the exquisite sweetness of their music.

One of our most observing young naturalists mentions an even more striking departure of a *Wood-Thrush* from the usual habit of the species. For several successive summers one of these "birds of the solitude" made its home among the elms and maples of Court Square, in the very heart of Springfield, spending the entire season in its immediate vicinity, and pouring out his melodious strains at early dawn, and at various hours of the day, until late in the evening, as undisturbed by the people on the walks beneath him, or the noise and rattle of the vehicles in the contiguous streets, as if he were in his own wild-wood haunts. His superior musical powers caused him to become a well-known and protected favorite, as he familiarly searched for his food along the gravel-walks of that frequented square.

The song of the *Wood-Thrush* is at once attractive and peculiar. No lover of the sweet sounds of nature can fail to notice it, or, having once heard it, knowing its source, can fail to recognize it ever after. Language cannot describe, still less do justice to, the surpassing richness of its melody. It has been compared by Wilson to the double-tonguing of a German flute, or to the tinkling of a small bell. Their whole song consists of five or six distinct parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as seemingly to leave the conclusion suspended. The *finale* is finely managed, and is sweeter and sweeter at each successive repetition.

But very little inferior to the *Wood-Thrush*, in their vocal powers, are a group of four or five other distinct, and very closely allied, species. Though not familiar to the unscientific world, and only very recently recognized in all their specific distinctions by our naturalists, they are chiefly known as *Hermit Thrushes*. They all dwell in swampy woods, and are retiring and secluded in their habits.

There are at least seven recognized as different species in this group, but of these two are very little known; and none of them are well identified by common names. One is called *Wilson's Thrush*, and is a common bird throughout New England. The *Ground Swamp-Robin* and the *Olive-backed Thrush* are found in warm weather from Massachusetts to Labrador. *Alice's Thrush*, called also the *Gray-cheeked Thrush*, is found in the same northern latitudes, but farther west, its domain seeming to be from Chicago north, in the central portions of the continent. The *Pacific Thrush* is a bird of Oregon.

All these birds, with a single exception, have a high arctic range. With the notes of the last two mentioned our naturalists are not familiar, or have at least made no mention. They are presumed to be not different from the general character of their kindred. Of the group the *Olive-backed* or *Swainson's Thrush* is decidedly the superior singer. Both this and the more common *Swamp Robin*, as well as our *Wilson's Thrush*, combine sweetness, variety, and exquisite and harmonious tinkling sounds in their notes, which, to our taste, are fully equal to the more famed song of the *Wood-Thrush*. They all have the same peculiar, clear, metallic ring, the same wonderful blending of various sweet sounds, which no one can hear but with delight, or, having heard, fail to remember ever after with a vivid recollection of their charm. When in grief for the loss of its young, the *Olive-backed Thrush* breaks forth with a song of lamentation, very different from the harsh and discordant notes of other birds, under like circumstances, but laments in

notes of surpassing sweetness and plaintive melody, "so piteously sad and woe-some, that our hearts almost broke as we sate and listened."

Closely allied to the thrushes, and equally prominent with them, as among the best song-birds of our country, is another very peculiar group of birds. These also possess no distinctive English name, with a single exception. Their only representative in the Atlantic States is our common and well-known *Brown Thrasher*, or, as others call it, the *Brown* or *Ferruginous Thrush*. But these birds are not true thrushes, and deserve some better and more distinctive name, suggestive of their great merits as vocalists, and their courageous, independent, and beneficent character. Our common Eastern species, so abundant in New England, is found as far west as Texas and the great plains. From thence to the Pacific coast it is replaced by some five or six different species, all very closely resembling it in the ferruginous colors of its plumage, its long curved bill, and its peculiar elongated tail, and its general habits, which include vocal powers of the highest order.

The song of our *Thrasher* (we use this name only because we have no other, and with a protest against its unfitness) is loud, full of emphasis, variety, and beauty. Its notes are always original, never imitative, and cannot well be mistaken for those of any other of our own birds. They are said to bear a very close resemblance to the notes of the European *Wood-Thrush*. It is a very steady performer, singing whole hours at a time; and its notes are given forth in so loud a tone, that its song may often be heard at points remarkably far distant from the performer.

Next to our Eastern species, the three most common varieties of this group are the *Curve-bill*, the *Long-bill*, and the Californian species. These are all referred to by writers as "thrushes" and as "mocking-birds." But this is inaccurate. They are not properly thrushes, nor are any of them imitative in their notes. The first two are found abundant from Western Texas to Mexico and California. The last named is abundant only on the sea-coast of California, having a somewhat restricted distribution.

The *Curve-bill* is described by the late Dr. Heermann as possessing musical powers surpassed by few other birds. He always found it on the topmost branch of a *Mesquite* tree, pouring forth its copious and gushing melodies. General Couch, whose success in the domains of natural science was undoubted and valuable, whatever it may have since been in the field of politics, also met with these birds near Durango, in Mexico. They had already paired in February, and were very tame and gentle. He describes their notes or song as quite melodious, and withal very attractive. Perched on the topmost bough of the flowering mimosa, the male bird, in the presence of his consort, poured forth a volume of the most enchanting music.

The best musician belonging to this group is, probably, the Californian species, — the *Harporhynchus redivivus* of Professor Baird. Dr. Heermann, who first described its vocal powers, speaks of it as pouring forth a flood of melody equalled by that of the Mocking-bird alone. Colonel McCall, — since better known to his countrymen as General McCall, and a gallant commander, wounded in McClellan's ill-starred Peninsular campaign, — an accurate and observing naturalist, wrote to his friend John Cassin, of Philadelphia, that the notes of this species flowed with such exquisite sweetness as to place it almost beyond rivalry among the countless songsters that enliven the woods of America, or even of the world. And yet it is as retiring and as simple in its manners as it is brilliant in song. In its power of modulating sweet sounds it is not surpassed even by the more ambitious *Mocking-bird*. The same writer ranks the song of this species as very far superior to that of our *Brown Thrasher*; but adds that, although it is without the powerful voice or the imitative powers of the true Mocking-bird,

it yet has a liquid mellowness of tone, united with a clearness of expression and a volubility of utterance, which cannot be surpassed, and hardly approached. The warmth and pathos of its song are so truly remarkable as to fill the listener with wonder and delight.

We have mentioned several of the more remarkable songsters belonging to the family of American thrushes. All the members of the several groups to which we have referred are natural singers; each possesses its own distinctive song. They are never imitative. One remarkable variety remains to be mentioned, which we may designate as *Mocking Thrushes*. So far as we are aware, there are but three species of these north of Mexico. They were once classed in a single genus, very appropriately named *Orpheus*; but are now separated by systematists, more particular than wise, into three distinct sub-genera. These are our far-famed *Mocking-bird*, the *Mountain Mocking-bird*, and our common and familiar *Cat-bird*.

Those who have never enjoyed the privilege of listening to the song of the *Mocking-bird*, pure and uncontaminated with imitations of the grosser sounds of cities and large towns, can form but a very inadequate conception of the wonderful beauty and variety, or of the rapid transitions, with which it will present in a few seconds the songs of an almost innumerable number of other birds. Our city-bred performer is wont to injure the beauty and the harmony of its concert by a grotesque intermixture of strange and inharmonious sounds. The crowing of a cock, the creaking of wheels, the scream and rattle of the distant locomotive, and other rude sounds from the streets, will often be heard blending with its sweetest notes. Yet nothing can well be imagined more marvellous in its beauties than the song—if we may use so poor and inexpressive a term—of this bird, when reared among its own native Alleghanies. It bears but a very faint resemblance to the medley, wonderful as that may be in its variety, of the demoralized *Mocking-birds* of our cities.

The *Mocking-bird* is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but is very rarely met with so far to the north as any part of New England, though occasionally a pair may be found breeding in Massachusetts. It is common in Cuba and in Mexico. A warm climate, a low country, and the neighborhood of the sea, appear to be congenial to their nature. In the extreme Southern States they remain throughout the year, approaching the farm-houses in winter, living in the shelter of gardens and out-buildings, and often may be seen perched upon the roofs of houses or on chimney-tops. They are always full of life and animation, and in the milder days of midwinter are often heard singing with all the life and spirit of midsummer. The *Mocking-bird* is distinguished by the grace and easy rapidity of its movements, as well as by its great intelligence. Its voice is strong, full of power, and yet at the same time wonderfully flexible, admitting of every conceivable modulation, from the shriek of the locomotive to the softest warblings of the *Bluebird*. The wonderful exactness of their imitations must be familiar to most of us. In their added sweetness and energy, its notes very often far surpass their originals.

The natural notes of the *Mocking-bird* are described, by those familiar enough with the song of other birds to distinguish them, as bold and full, and varied almost beyond all limitation. They consist of brief expressions, of a few syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and are delivered with great emphasis and volubility.

The vocal powers of this bird are not confined in their exhibitions to the day. Both in their wild state and in their caged life, on bright moonlit nights, they will make their neighborhood ring with their inimitable melody, throughout the entire night. Any one who may have had occasion to pass the hours designed for slumber in the same chamber with one of these irrepressible

songsters will be likely to remember and appreciate this peculiarity.

No bird is more readily reconciled to confinement than the *Mocking-bird*, when reared from the nest. The writer once possessed one of these birds, which he had obtained, when a mere fledgling, in the market of Washington. It was perfectly domesticated, and was permitted to enjoy the entire freedom of the house. It would come at call, alight on the finger, and obey certain commands with all the alacrity and intelligent obedience of a well-trained dog.

The *Mountain Mocking-bird* has only been found in the mountainous regions of the Pacific coast, from Mexico to Oregon. It frequents the arid plains of that part of the country, and its notes have been heard and described only by the few naturalists whom love of science have led to explore those unattractive regions. It has no beauties of plumage, but is homely and possesses no other attractions than its song. When singing, it perches upon some small tree or bush; and when approached, instead of flying, alights upon the ground, and runs off with great rapidity. Dr. Kennerly, a very accurate and trustworthy naturalist, noticed great resemblance between some of its habits and those of the common *Robin*. The late Mr. Nuttall was, of all our naturalists, most familiar with its song. This he describes as most cheering, and as bearing some resemblance to the music of our *Brown Thrasher*. It also possesses the imitative powers of the common *Mocking-bird*, but to what extent is not fully known.

The *Cat-bird*—we wish it enjoyed a common name better suggestive of its great merits and its many charming attributes—is our special favorite. Too interesting to be passed by in silence, it is also so familiar with us all, that we will not occupy too much of our fast-waning space with a full account of all its interesting peculiarities.

There are few of our birds which have a wider geographical range. It is found in all the Atlantic States from Florida to Maine, and in the interior is common from Louisiana to Lake Winnipeg, extending westward to Oregon and Washington Territory. It is most abundant in the more highly cultivated portions of the country, but is comparatively rare in uncultivated, wooded, or mountainous regions.

Although not generally a popular or a welcome visitor, and a victim of wide-spread, but most unjust prejudices, no bird more deserves or better repays our kindness. Its life is a perpetual warfare upon our most noxious insects, while its depredations upon our fruit are of no moment.

From its first appearance almost to its departure in the early fall, the air is vocal with its quaint and charming melody, made all the more attractive by its imitations of the notes of other birds, that blend so constantly with its own unimitative song. Its imitations, when it attempts something beyond its scope, are frequently ludicrous failures, but at other times are remarkably good. Its song is a singular medley, and its notes, both natural and imitative, combine to form a whole at once varied and attractive. Its powers of imitation, though limited, are often exercised in an amusing and successful manner. They bear, of course, no comparison with those of the *Mocking-bird*, which can repeat with marvellous exactness any note or sound, and blend them with its own with incredible facility, and with an endless variety. The more difficult notes the *Cat-bird* rarely attempts to imitate, and makes a failure of it when it does; but the whistle of the common Quail, the chuckling of the domestic hen when calling her brood, the answering cries of her chickens, the note of the *Pewit Fly-catcher*, the refrain of the *Towhee*, it can copy with so much exactness as to be hardly distinguishable from the original.

The *Cat-bird* soon ascertains where it is a welcome visitor, and is not long in making itself at home. It is perpetually in



SUMMER.

motion, and seems often to court the society of those it trusts, approaching you with a familiarity that is irresistible. To attract your attention it will resort to a great variety of positions and attitudes, uniting these with its best musical efforts. The Capitol grounds in Washington, before the enlargement of the building, used to abound with these birds, and their familiarity and charming songs were among the chief attractions of the place. No petted opera-singer ever seemed more ambitious of the approval of her audience than did these indefatigable performers, descending often to the lowest boughs, within a few feet of one's head, and devoting their best energies to the entertainment of those who seemed attracted towards them.

We might extend indefinitely our mention of the more noteworthy song-birds; but we have already exceeded our limits. The Bobolink, and its kindred of stout-billed graminivorous singers,—the linnets, the song-sparrows, and the curious *White-throated Finch*, and the *Peabody Bird* (of the White Mountains), must bide their time. The wrens too, the vireos, the meadow larks, and a host of unmentioned songsters, equal in sweetness, melody, and power to those whose excellences we have inadequately portrayed, we shall hope to introduce to our readers at some future day.

BROOKSIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BROOKS are summer comforters; not Brooks of Sheffield (*vide* Copperfield), nor any other mere human babblers; but brooks that bring their silvery voices from the hillsides, and change them to a sweet, mellow, tremulous sound, as they loiter away through the grassy meads. There are brooks with good names,—such as Roaring Brook and Bound Brook and Stony Brook and Red Brook (made unctuous by the trout killed there); but yet I doubt if the best brook of all is not a brook without a name, or rather a brook so near and so companionable and so loved, that it has lost its name by stress of intimacy with its prattle and its flow and its silver sheen, so that to us who know it so well, a name (whatever it may be) wears a cold, ceremonious twang, and we think of it only as—The brook. There are rivers, I know, which to those who live close upon their banks have lost whatever name the geographers may have given, and are talked of and apostrophized and remembered only—each one of them—as The River. A brook will grow into much nearer companionship, if so be we can command both the higher and the thither banks, and thus count it a possession. No dweller upon the shore of a great river can come to this feeling, whatever love he may lend to the glory of the water. Unknown neighbors are partners in ownership, and the vulgar keels of reckless boatmen may ruffle its bosom. But the brook, on which the shadows of your trees fall in the morning and fall again in the afternoon, is at once a possession and a joy; all the better, if so small that no prowling skiff can force a way over its shallows, and violate its maidenly seclusion.

It must be now twenty years or more since I laid eyes upon that gleam of meadow water which, stealing through coppice and through marsh grasses, told its silver story of THE BROOK,—the brook that has tempted this impassioned praise,—the brook where first a line was wetted,—the brook where in June (its earliest warm day) the sheep came winding from the hillside by unaccustomed ways, frightened by the shouts and looking askance at newly opened barriers, questioning the intrusion, making involved and tumultuous effort for a return, until some intrepid wether made a frolicsome leap into the new territory, when the whole flock came plunging after, and on through other

barriers and by wooded lanes, until at last all were closely kempt in the little yard which with poles and hickory withes had been extemporized upon the very edge of the brook, and beside one of its deepest pools.

Through twenty years I hear the bleating of those score of lambs, bewildered, and trotting uneasily back and forth, through and around the hurdles which shut in the ewes. Their turn for a washing, or of such of them as may escape the butcher, does not come until the next season. Through twenty years and all the mists of them, I see the old maple, with ridgy roots stretched like knotted sinews into the soft sward-land of the bank, and its great top, in all the glory of its first June leafage, leaning over the water. I see the eddies and the swirl as the brook comes swooping round a tuft of gray alders, where a red-winged black-bird has just now shown a flash of his crimson epaulets; from a tall hickory on the farther bank, and hidden in its dense foliage, a lithe, trim cuckoo gives out a monotonous croak of rain;

“And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again”;

a pair of Phoebe birds, whose nest is under the plank bridge where the high-road crosses two rods away, flit in and out; a broad, shallow pool through which country folk drive their teams, and where mare and foal, with bent necks and forearm shortened, rejoice in the nectar of the water; two turtles with outstretched heads, who are sunning themselves upon a half-sunken log, sidle lazily off and “plump” into the stream, as the mare and foal come splashing through. All this I see across twenty years, and see the blue haze that enwraps the distant woods, and elms enfolding a gray roof toward which a half-mile of path lies straight across the meadows. Through twenty years I can almost scent the green case-bottle of “black-strap” (being some mysterious mixture of rum and molasses), with which Old Si. (ordinarily a temperance man) thinks it needful to fortify himself against the chillness of the June waters and the soak of his sheep-washing.

There were those in the neighborhood, indeed, who avoided this souse into the brook, by driving their flock to a mill-dam not far away, where the trunk of a waste-way from the pond gave a three-foot fall of water, under which the struggling victims were held and the fleece squeezed; but this was an imperfect and slipshod way; Old Si. would not listen to it; it did n't half do the work; he had sheared some of “them” sheep turned out at the mill-dam, and their fleeces were full of “pesky grit.” There was nothing, he said, like a good broad pool which would take a man to his midriff, with a good shade over it,—“the like o' this 'ere maple, now,”—and quick w'ter running away from the lower edge of the pool to carry off th' “suds.” “Then,” said he, “you don't want to be *hash* in handlin' on 'em; a sheep's a tender crittur. You don't want to torment 'em by puttin' their noses under; who the——wants his nose hild under water? Wääl, don't you s'pose a sheep's got feelin' tew? You want to float 'em out easy to where the water jist begins to roughen a bit with the run down stream, then press the fleece all over, inch by inch, as you would a sponge, and you've got a fleece, arter a little, that won't dull no man's shears.”

Sheep-washing appears a delightful matter in a picture; but to stand waist-deep, for two or three hours together, in a brook that has had only a few June days to warm it, without the privilege of that constant, eager motion and change of position which relieve the angler, is a seriously chilling thing, and one which would almost excuse a resort—if anything might—to the green case-bottle that lies under the bush. It is only another type of the exceeding great contrasts which exist between pastorals on paper and pastorals in earnest. Take the labor and the exposures and the dirt and the

perspiration out of ruralities, and you and I might set up our Arcadia by any brookside in the country. As the matter stands, we must be content to accept our Melibæus barefooted, suffering from corns, not averse to "black-strap," and tooting — if he toots at all — upon a pumpkin-stalk. Yet I suspect our sheep-tenders and goat-tenders and herdsmen are as refined and as cleanly and as well up in elocution and geography as any Tityrus or Corydon of them all who blew reeds in the Roman pastures. I am sure that I would match Old Si. against his namesake Silenus (or any other Satyr), "black-strap" included. We owe the poets, indeed, more than we know. And I do not despair of a time when — in the far future and in poems — some Irish milk-boy of our time shall personate a beautiful Alexis; when fat farmers' wives shall shrink in the cestus of hexameter to the proportions of a nymph; and when even our bellows-menders, gas-makers, and political stump-speakers shall — in festive poems — blow honestly, charge fairly, and observe decency. What a blessed deceit we shall owe to the poets in that time!

Talking of sheep (as I was two or three paragraphs back), it is a great pity that they could not lend their fleecy graces more often than they do to the adornment of those well-ordered country places which are thickening fast in the neighborhood of our towns. They not only add marvellously to the effect of lawn and to the color of a well-kept landscape, but they keep a good turf to that close, firm texture and fat condition (manurially speaking) which we are all seeking to supply by purely artificial means. Nor are sheep disposed to crop wantonly at the shrubberies, provided the grass feed is ample and sweet. The injuries they may effect in this way are certainly no way comparable in extent with those which will be wrought by even the best-disposed herd of Devons or of Jerseys. They can, moreover, be far more easily taught to observe certain bounds in their feeding than any *neat cattle*; and with proper instruction of dog and sheep together, a score may with safety be turned upon a lawn that shall extend without a barrier to the delicate shrubs and flower-patches at the door.

Where, then, lies the objection? Exclusively, one may say, with the dogs. The larger towns swarm with them, and of such intractable race and temper that there is really no safety for sheep in a suburban neighborhood. The hecatomb which we sometimes make of the poor beasts, in a fury of fear (growing out of some near case of hydrophobia), really counts for nothing. The valueless poaching curs, true to their sneaking natures, are almost certain to slink out of danger in such seasons of sudden craze; and the childish apprehensions of "aroused citizens" (kindled into fury by "intelligent editors" who delight in nothing more than a good rear cut, even at a dog), are slaked by a free spending of the best canine blood. I say childish apprehensions, since, though *rabies* is undoubtedly a well-authenticated disease, and communicable in the form of hydrophobia to human sufferers, the instances of it are most rare; and out of twenty dogs who are killed as *mad*, the chances are that not more than one or two are really infected.

It must be remembered, too, by those who count the muzzle a perfect safeguard (applied for the most part in a manner and season to promote madness), that the *bite* of a dog is by no means necessary to work the dreaded result; the *virus* residing in the spume or saliva of the dog, and working inoculation by contact with any abraded surface of the skin. One of the most lamentable cases of which I ever happened to learn was that of a young lady, who flirled her handkerchief in the face of a dog that was following her threateningly (but made no offer to bite). In her trepidation, however, she unfortunately stumbled and fell, galling her wrist severely. The handkerchief was applied to arrest the flow of blood, and in three weeks hydrophobia and death by spasms ensued.

Even in cases of bite, thorough and speedy cauterization, Youatt tells us, is a certain cure. With this neglected, there is no hope but in the blessed *ethanasia* of chloroform.

For my own part, I could readily forego all dog fondness, and see my old Carlo, aged, and lamed as he is with some villanous dose of strychnine, shot down before my eyes, if it would abate the cur nuisance, and enable us to put a bevy of Southdowns upon our lawns; but I abhor those ecstasies of municipal alarm which lead to fits of barbarity in muzzling and poisoning, and presently subside into utter indifference. Where one death comes of canine madness, it is probable that twenty come of gross and unnecessary neglect by railway officials. Cannot we learn to give more discretion to our application of muzzles and of pistol-balls?

And now, by a flowing *circumbendibus*, as easy as the circling of a stream, we come back to our brookside, and to the group of sheep at their washing. There must be an awful flurry among the fish who are wont to lie under the roots of the old maple. Ten to one, the pickerel that lie in the shallows below — still as sticks, with heads up stream — have feasted upon the small fry, who have scudded down in frightened shoals, as they have not feasted for many a day. But it is not a pool for small fry only. Great lumbering *suckers* — a stupid representative of the carp family — are used to idle there in the mud, or to swim lazily through the upper waters; half tempting one by their size, but never taking a bait, and utterly incapable, with their toothless, cartilaginous mouths, of that swift strike which sends a thrill of ecstasy through the forearm of an angler. Even when taken (as they may be by a cumbrous scoop-net), these lazy, flabby swimmers are hardly worth the eating, except they be dressed with such condiments as entirely disguise their muddy flavor. The pickerel, though something lean, and having a serpent-like aspect at his first wallop upon the bank, is yet far better and firmer in flesh; not to be discarded or advised against, save as the most ardent of poachers upon the true angler's domain. Shall I blush to record that I have taken these latter-named fish, — in those early days when The Brook was a great presence, — with a slip-noose? So stiff and obstinately did they lie, — either sleeping or watching the downward drift of minnows, — that a nicely adjusted bit of gut properly looped and attached to a springy ox-goad might be floated down fairly around them, and so, backward until it reached the ventral fin, when a quick jerk would throw them sprawling upon the bank, — not sportsman-like surely, but 't is not the only conventionality that boyhood laughs at and rejects. By the gill or by the ventral fin, — which is the best take? In that matter-of-fact way we reasoned about it in those days?

There were trout in the brook; but they lived in deep holes, kept cool by the ooze of springs in the bank, and were the most consummate of shysters. Only bottom angling, and that followed up with the greatest patience and adroitness, could take them. The fly never tempted a rise, and they showed none of that quick zest for an earthworm which belonged to their smaller brethren in a little tributary stream, that came frolicking down the hillside, and through the sedgy meadows a half-mile above. What a company of little golden and crimson spotted swimmers regaled themselves in that streamlet every springtime! Not large, not so long as your hand (except your hand be very dainty); a half-pounder, an inordinate prize; and yet so brisk, so eager in their tug at the bit of earthworm serving for bait, so quick in their scurry under the overlapping sedges, so brisk, so opinionated, so glittering, so firm of flesh, so odorous in the fry-pan, so crisp and appetizing in the dish!

Among other bounties and blessings mercifully vouchsafed the present writer, it has befallen him to make captive of trout in the mountain tarns of Switzerland; in what used to be counted

the wild lands of Sullivan County; in brooks that raced down the moors into Lochs Garry and Oich of Scotland; in the pleasant river Dove (near to which the worshipful Mr. Cotton wrote and angled); and in the charming streamlets which course over clean pebbly bottoms into the head-waters of Buzzard's Bay; but amid all the catch (and there was a catch to every fishing), there was not one, — not even the play of a speckled brace — pounders each — at the end of forty feet of taper line, in a lakelet that lies in the heart of the Plymouth woods, — not one which gave the exquisite satisfaction of those first boy-catches of troutlet of a finger's length in the head-waters of The Brook. It was cruel to slay them so small, but they crisped into a fry that would have more than rivalled white-bait; besides which, had they escaped the hook, they would have drifted down, sooner or later, into the voracious maw of some piratic, skulking, stealthy pickerel, lying in wait at the foot of all the shallows below.

It is painful to think what a multitude of these beautiful younglings of the upper brooks are subject to the same sacrifice every year; all the more painful, since a little intelligent attention to the habits of the trout, and a little more of pitiless and intelligent slaughter of the pickerel (perch, where they abound, are almost as bad), would enable every man who has a brook within his grounds — spring-fed, and of proper clearness — to secure a trout-preserve, and to equip his table from March to July with the choicest of dishes.

It will not be necessary to secure expensive hatching-boxes, since in these days of fish-culture the small fry may be purchased by the hundred or thousand for a very trifling sum, and with feeding-ponds scooped out upon the successive shelves of the ravine, or valley through which your brook comes singing, — ponds of only a dozen feet in width by forty or more in length, — and with well-established screens below to prevent the incursion of destroyers, any master of an ordinary country brook may have an unfailing supply of delicious trout.

The trout is not over delicate in the matter of food, and it will be easier to supply a few hundred than a score of Shanghais. Very much of the offal from the butcher's shop will cook into trout food; and notably, what is known as "beef scraps," if boiled, or even soaked into a soft, pulpy condition, will prove very fattening. The trout can be domesticated to tameness, too (though anglers will resent any strong purpose in this direction), and British amateurs tell us of those so confiding as to take food from the hand.

The question of fish-preservation and fish-culture has, however, far larger bearings than those which grow out of its consideration as bearing a luxury to the table of the country gentleman. With beef at thirty-odd cents a pound, and mutton correspondingly dear, it becomes a matter of vast importance to multiply so far as possible all sources of available and healthful food. That inland fisheries may be enormously developed is abundantly evident from the recorded experience of a few years past, both in France and England. As a token, I may mention that the rental of the Tay fisheries, under the influence of the preservative and productive methods at Stormont Field, rose from £ 8,715 in 1853 to £ 15,000 in the year 1864; while in the Galway fishery, — subject, like the first named, to enlightened scientific direction, — the *take* of salmon, which was in 1853 only about fifteen hundred, rose in the year 1864 to over twenty thousand. I take these figures from a pleasant little book by Dr. Peard, of Bath, England, entitled "Practical Water Farming," in which he brings up very good evidence to show that an intelligent land-owner may make an even larger profit out of his brook (if he is blessed with one) than out of any equal acreage of farm-land.

However this may be, it is very certain that all of our larger rivers, under judicious legislation and judicious initial expendi-

ture, may be made to produce tenfold the amount of fish food which they now supply. We may congratulate ourselves that the later legislatures of the Northeastern States are bestowing a certain measure of attention — though in very laggard and fitful supply — to this subject. As an incentive to further and more systematic action, it may be urged — if I mistake not, on the basis of Professor Agassiz's authority — that a fish diet tends, most of all, to the development of brain-power. If this be absolutely true, the States could do nothing better than to establish water-ponds to rear food for their legislators; these gentlemen are capable of consuming an enormous quantity of that style of diet, and of thriving upon it. Then, too, in time, we might come to a Congressional fish-pond, and make it rutable that a member should be put to a week's course of carp or pike before making a speech. It might mend the speeches; it surely could not make them worse.

Back again to the brookside, and to the leaning tree, before the summer season is wholly spent. In these twenty years past, the tree — a great tree then — should be a veteran; perhaps fairly toppled over, a giant laid low, whose weltering arms have been shorn away, and his stately trunk consumed long ago. The bridge should have given place to another, the roadway may be changed; the meadow crops other than they were; the bank-willows grubbed away; the alders gone; the red-wings driven into greater seclusion; but the eddies, the pebbly shallows, the loitering pools, the silvery voice, unchanged.

"I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Tennyson's brook is not the only one that lends its melody and its remembrances to verse. There is the plaintive appeal of Bruar water sounding through the wood of Athol, and for all time, through all the Highlands; there is the "River Duddon," with Wordsworth's sonnets, — like successive pools, — carrying heaven's own blue reflected on them; there is the Charles with the always tender music of a home bard floating over it; there is the Strid and the boy Egremont, leaving evermore a shadow and a gloom upon the else bright grounds of Bolton Abbey. Then there is Lodore; — only a musical jingle of Southey's playfullest mood; and yet so interlinked were its resounding couplets with old childish readings, that upon a pouring April day I rowed up the whole length of the Derwent-Water for one glimpse of the

"Splashing and flashing Lodore."

With this mention my creel is full, and I turn the page upon Brookside.

SUMMER RAIN.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

THE plummy boughs nod in the breeze;
The sunlight ebbs upon the plain;
A sound, like that of distant seas,
Then — summer rain.

A pleasant whisper overhead;
A rustling in the fields of grain;
Sigh gently o'er the quiet dead,
O summer rain!

Dead, kindly benison for all!
What tender longing, sweet yet vain,
Stirs in my heart, with your bright fall,
Sweet summer rain!

OUR COMMON GARDEN FLOWERS.

BY CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE.

COMMON flowers! And why are they common? Why have the same familiar blossoms been treasured for centuries as household favorites, and reared, watched, trained, tended, with jealous care, but because of their beauty and fragrance? "Common in old country gardens" may be found appended to some description, couched, in the terse language of science, in learned botanical works; and the flower described will be some time-honored floral friend, which has greeted generations of men with its pleasant odors. The sounding Latin or Greek of its authorized baptismal name lies obsolete in the pages of science, known only to those skilled in the pedigrees of the vegetable families; while some cheery, familiar, pet name is ready on our lips, and has been ennobled by poetry and romance. The Dandelion is only a common flower. Only! Why, if the *Taraxacum Dens-leonis* was a Japanese novelty, it would be sought after by florists as a rare beauty, and gardeners would grow it at prices which would enrich the poor women who now laboriously carry their spring crops from door to door. By the way, the origin of the common name is curious. The leaves of the plant are cut into broad, triangular teeth, and the old French name was *dents de lion*, that is, lion's teeth, which, in its anglicized pronunciation, has become dandelion.

But we should not, in our love for common names, despise the nomenclature of science. Many are apt to attach an idea of pedantry to a use of those terms which are employed in the more recondite treatises on objects in nature. This is a mistake. In times past, when botany was scientifically understood but by a few, when the familiar books which are now so common were unknown, the people—the unlettered people especially—gave their own vernacular names to the flowers which they culled in their summer rambles. But we see that now-a-days some of our most familiar blooms are as familiarly known by their scientific names as others which have come down to us from olden times with fanciful, even superstitious, names. The Verbenas, with their brilliant scarlet heads, the Portulacas, with their flaming eyes, the Wistaria, with its purple pendent bunches, the Gladiolus, with its many-colored erect spikes,—all these are known to us by no other names than those which are current in sedate science. Even such an almost unpronounceable and unspellable name as *Eschscholtzia* has received as yet none more simple for its beautiful orange-yellow delicate flowers. Let us not, then, discard the Latin and Greek baptisms; for while Daisy and Marguerite are only known to their English and French gatherers, *Bellis* and *Leucanthemum* find acquaintances over the whole world among the freemasonry of science. So we will just append to our mention of common garden beauties the title which is cosmopolitan.

How beautiful they are, these common flowers! No strange new-comer can ever outvie the Rose. The old Cinnamon Rose (*Rosa cinnamomea*), the Sweet-Brier (*Rosa rubiginosa*), with its deliciously fragrant leaves, the Moss Rose (*Rosa centifolia*, var. *muscosa*), which is a variety of the Cabbage Rose, with the sepals copiously fringed, and the White Rose (*Rosa alba*), which never outgrows its sweet blush when it first unfolds its virgin leaves. Nothing more splendid in color has yet eclipsed the Tiger Lily (*Lilium tigrinum*); and, for purity and fragrance combined, the White Lily (*Lilium candidum*) stands among the best beloved. In glancing over the well-known flowers which have been for centuries the decoration of the poorest cottage as well as the most luxurious villa, it is surprising to see how many have retained their hold, in spite of the insatiate thirst for novelty which has stocked our gardens and greenhouses with hosts of new-comers. The Woodbine (*Lonicera Periclymenum*), so fragrant and so sug-

gestive of romance and poetry, is cherished as fondly now as ever. The English name seems not to have been adopted freely in this country. We generally call it the Sweet Honeysuckle. The Violet (*Viola tricolor*), which was once so very common, has given way to the Pansy, which is only a largely developed form. This name is a corruption of the French pet name *Pensée*, meaning a thought. The fragrant little blue Violet, which is sold in bunches in the spring, is another species (*Viola odorata*). The Flower-de-luce of old gardens (*Iris Germanica*) still rears its sword-like leaves overtopped with its pearly heads. This name, so common to our grandmothers, is a corruption of *Fleur de lis*, and has given way to *Iris*. Everybody may not know that the *Orris-root* of the stores is another corruption of *Iris-root*, and that it is furnished by an Italian species (*Iris Florentina*), kindred to our garden form. The Lilac, or Laylock, as the old people used to call it (*Syringa vulgaris*), is as welcome as ever when it hangs out its fragrant bunches of bloom among the earliest of spring's blossoms. The Four-o'clocks (*Mirabilis Jalapa*) open their crimson tubes with as much beauty as when, years ago, they formed the staple of the little border, a foot or two wide, which was called "the garden" in our boyish days. Nothing has a more spicy odor now than the Gilliflower,—Jellyflower, as we used to call it (*Matthiola incana*),—a corruption of July Flower, and possibly an anglicized change of *Giroflée*, the French name. Nothing is more brilliant than the Peony (*Pæonia officinalis*), the Piny of the country folks, with its great crimson and white masses of petals. Who would suppose that those redundant heads of color were all the result of garden culture, and that the original plant displayed but five of those hundred or more closely packed leaves. This is true of many of our commonest flowers. The Dahlia (*Dahlia variabilis*), which shows such a dense array of incurved leaves of every hue, had originally only five flat leaves. We have given it no pet name, and certainly its set, formal, stiff beauty will never win it one. When we luxuriate in the intoxicating beauty and perfume of our beds of Hyacinths (*Hyacinthus orientalis*), we should scarcely imagine that the wild plant was a little spike of a few single, simple bells. The tender, loving care of man has magnified it into those heavy, closely packed cones of gorgeous beauty. But none the less do we love the delicate little Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria majalis*), with its tiny, snow-white cups, and an aroma which has never lost its wild-wood association. We could never account for the celebrity of the Tulip (*Tulipa Gesneria*). Gorgeous it certainly is, but it is stiff and gaudy and flaring. And yet there is probably no single flower which has so delighted florists in times past. The Dutch at one time had a veritable Tulip mania, and paid fabulous sums for a single bulb. But all feel a sort of affection for the little Snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*), the first of all Spring's offspring. We have seen its graceful white blossoms, even in this cold climate, long before February was over. And scarcely less welcome is the Crocus (*Crocus vernus*) when its partycolored little balloon-like flowers peep out from some sunny bank where the early spring sun has wakened it from winter sleep sooner than its fellows. Then later comes another favorite, not beautiful, but redolent of sweetness, the Mignonette (*Reseda odorata*), grown in every garden, grown in pots, in boxes, everywhere up to the poor work-girl's attic, where it is field, garden, and grove to her, as the heated city air wafts its fragrance into her close, wretched abode. Here is a pet name. *Mignon* is the French for "darling," and the added *ette* makes it tenderer still, as this is the diminutive of the language, which carries to the mind something peculiarly affectionate. Anglicized it would be Little Darling.

Then comes a whole family, beloved by all, that has no enemies, and is welcome to queens as well as peasants,—Pinks. Their brilliant colors, the delicate fringing of their many rows of

[illegible]

petals, and their almost overpowering wealth of odor, keep them among the most precious of our floral treasures. The Clove Pink (*Dianthus caryophyllus*) is the parent of the beautiful varieties so prized under the name of Carnation and Picotees. The little, low, mottled species, Pheasant's Eye (*Dianthus plunarius*), is most common in gardens, and forms the staple of the inclined boxes of our corner stores which offer garden stuff to spring purchasers. The Sweet-William (*Dianthus barbatus*)—how did such a name ever originate?—is about as common. If any one will examine the single flowers which unite to form its dense cluster, he will be struck with the exquisite markings it will show, and perhaps wonder he never noticed it before. Quite in another style is a flower which was so very common that it ceased to be common until florists took hold of it and turned its few petals into many,—the Hollyhock (*Althæa rosea*). Its large rosy eyes and soft foliage and stately port were necessary to a garden not many years ago; then people said, "It is so common!" and they left it out. But latterly the gardeners have exerted on it a force which, working on the plastic tendencies of all organic structures, has Darwinized it, and now the tall spikes are covered with great double masses glowing with color, and it has again become an established ornament. Statelier still is the Sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*), which is the giant of our annuals. We used to see its broad disk expanding, set round with diverging rays, and mark the little knobby protuberances of its swelling seeds. But those innovating gardeners again, ever ready to alter Nature as they find her, have taken the old-fashioned Sunflower in hand, and now we see a gigantic disk, as big as a dinner-plate, set with crisped yellow leaves thousands in number. We may be old-foggyish; but give us the familiar friend. Moore wrote a most beautiful simile when he told of its "turning to her God," &c., &c.; but, like many poetic fancies, it was not strictly founded on truth. One may see sunflowers looking in all directions, quite regardless of the god of day. The heavy head does, however, sometimes change its position, owing probably to the dessication of the cells of the flower base, under the scorching heat of the sun, and the consequent drooping of the flower in their direction. The Marigolds have always been established favorites everywhere. In every country garden, where there is a border ever so narrow, may be found the golden heads of the Pot Marigold (*Calendula officinalis*) and the dense bunches of the so-called African Marigold (*Tagetes erecta*), which comes from South America. These have been greatly increased in size of later years, and form one of the most striking ornaments of the fall months. The French marigold (*Tagetes patula*) has smaller flowers; but their rich dark maroon and yellow colors are very handsome, and they blossom without cessation till the hard frosts kill the plants. Equally familiar is the Bee Larkspur (*Delphinium elatum*), which is so named from the close resemblance which the bearded, folded petals, in the centre of the flower, have to a bee half buried in it. Not quite so common is another species (*Delphinium grandiflorum*), with shining deeply cut leaves and a loose spike of flowers of a deep, rich blue. Then there is the little annual Field Larkspur (*Delphinium consolida*) with its finely cut foliage, and spikes of flowers of mingling pink, blue, and purple. At about the same time comes the Monkshood (*Aconitum napellus*); and what child that ever played in a garden has not been shown its curious flowers, so well named? The two petals, which are partially developed, stand like two little delicate pot-hooks together, concealed by the large hollowed upper sepal, which covers them like a monk's hood. It is very poisonous, and furnishes the aconite of physicians, now so extensively employed by homœopaths. Balsams (*Impatiens Balsamifera*) are among the best known of flowers, and these have been wonderfully improved by culture. We used to have the single blossoms hanging loosely under the radiate crown of

leaves; now they have been made double, and grow in a dense mass around the pellucid stem. The seed-vessel cracks and curls with an instantaneous snap when pressed. This curious habit is probably due to a difference in the distention of the outer and inner cells. So long as the upper and lower ends of the divisions of the seed-vessels are held extended by their mutual pressure, they retain their elongated form; but when this mutual support is destroyed, the greater turgidity of the outer cells forces the inner to contract, which they do instantaneously. Hence their familiar name, Touch-me-nots. The Crown Imperial (*Petilium imperiale*) is one of the greatest ornaments of spring. Its rich, rapid growth, its coronal of pure green, beneath which hang the red, tulip-like bells, make it one of the pleasantest new-comers of the early season. With it come the Daffodil (*Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus*), or Daffy, as it is commonly called, with its bright yellow cups, generally double, and long, slender leaves; and the Jonquil (*Narcissus Jonquilla*), with short cups, equally bright and very fragrant; and the Poet's Narcissus (*Narcissus poeticus*), with pure white petals and a short, stiff cup, beautifully bordered with crimson and yellow, and very sweet-scented. Here are names breathing poetry and sentiment to the full.

Among all the vines, none will displace the Morning Glory (*Ipomœa purpurea*). There are few more beautiful objects than the delicate, fragile, purple tubes, shaded to pure white at the base, which thickly stud a luxuriant vine, when the dew still beads the graceful heart-shaped leaves in early morning. The Wistaria shoots its bunches from bare branches; and the Trumpet vine, though brilliant, is coarse on close examination; but the Morning Glory is the glory of the morning. The Madeira vine (*Boussingaultia baselloides*)—there is a sounding name to slip out quickly!—is a more recent acquaintance; but its little slender, pendent threads of white flowers are very sweet indeed. But scarlet beans (*Phaseolus coccineus*) are no new-comers; their brilliant clusters were old acquaintances to our great-grandfathers, and will be doubtless to our grandchildren. And who does not know and love Sweet Peas (*Lathyrus odoratus*), with their pink, white and purple flowers, the upper leaf, the standard as it is called, turned gracefully back as if to show the beauty of its colors. Or the Nasturtiums (*Tropæolum majus*), with their orbicular, shield-like leaves, and bright yellow and red flowers, and pungent, aromatic seed-vessels. How long might the list be made? There are London Pride, Foxgloves, Bachelor's Buttons, Coxcombs, Canterbury Bells, Poppies, Columbines, Candytuft, Syringa, and others yet familiar in our mouths as household words.

It is somewhat curious that all of the plants we have enumerated above are exotic. Vast as is the number of our native species, but few of them have become familiar in our gardens. Many are cultivated in grounds devoted to extensive collections. Western and Californian species have, of later years, been more or less commonly introduced. But the old, time-honored, well-known common garden-flowers come from Europe, South America, and the East. There is indeed a wild-wood beauty to our own native plants which scarce bears domestication. They are lovelier, sweeter, fairer in their native homes than in the garden plats around our houses. They lose there their fresh grace and natural habit. On the other hand, were we to seek the original plants from which have been produced the ornaments of our borders, we could scarce credit that they were one and the same. The rose, that old, supreme favorite of all, through its numberless varieties and sports, is a monstrosity: for Nature made it with five colored leaves, like the common wild rose of our copses; man has multiplied these by centuries of cultivation.

The rare greenhouse novelties, the curious varieties that are grown with watchful care in spacious gardens, are doubtless pro-

ductive of great interest to florists, and advance our knowledge of the vast number of plants on the earth; but we question whether the delight which these old familiar flowers has given to thousands, who know nothing of them but their beauty, will not far outweigh the gratification which springs merely from a more profound scientific knowledge; — not that we exalt the ignorance or depreciate the learning. A fragrant, lovely flower is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; and we should be thankful that it requires no recondite study to enjoy exquisitely the glories of the floral world.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ONE of the most delightful books in my father's library was White's Natural History of Selborne. For me it has rather gained in charm with years. I used to read it without knowing the secret of the pleasure I found in it, but as I grow older I begin to detect some of the simple expedients of this natural magic. Open the book where you will, it takes you out of doors. In our broiling July weather one can walk out with this genially garrulous Fellow of Oriel and find refreshment instead of fatigue. You have no trouble in keeping abreast of him as he ambles along on his hobby-horse, now pointing to a pretty view, now stopping to watch the motions of a bird or an insect, or to bag a specimen for the Honorable Daines Barrington or Mr. Pennant. In simplicity of taste and natural refinement he reminds one of Walton; in tenderness toward what he would have called the brute creation, of Cowper. I do not know whether his descriptions of scenery are good or not, but they have made me familiar with his neighborhood. Since I first read him, I have walked over some of his favorite haunts, but I still see them through his eyes rather than by any recollection of actual and personal vision. The book has also the delightfulness of absolute leisure. Mr. White seems never to have had any harder work to do than to study the habits of his feathered fellow-townfolk, or to watch the ripening of his peaches on the wall. His volumes are the journal of Adam in Paradise,

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

It is positive rest only to look into that garden of his. It is vastly better than to

"See great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,"

for thither ambassadors intrude to bring with them the noises of Rome, while here the world has no entrance. No rumor of the revolt of the American Colonies seems to have reached him. "The natural term of an hog's life" has more interest for him than that of an empire. Burgoyne may surrender and welcome; of what consequence is *that* compared with the fact that we can explain the odd tumbling of rooks in the air by their turning over "to scratch themselves with one claw"? All the couriers in Europe spurring rowel-deep make no stir in Mr. White's little Chartreuse; but the arrival of the house-martin a day earlier or later than last year is a piece of news worth sending express to his correspondents.

Another secret charm of this book is its inadvertent humor, so much the more delicious because unsuspected by the author. How pleasant is his innocent vanity in adding to the list of the British, and still more of the Selbornian, *fauna*! I believe he would gladly have consented to be eaten by a tiger or a crocodile, if by that means the occasional presence within the parish limits

of either of these anthropophagous brutes could have been established. He brags of no fine society, but is plainly a little elated by "having considerable acquaintance with a tame brown owl." Most of us have known our share of owls, but few can boast of intimacy with a feathered one. The great events of Mr. White's life, too, have that disproportionate importance which is always humorous. To think of his hands having actually been thought worthy (as neither Willoughby's nor Ray's were) to hold a stilted plover, the *Charadrius himantopus*, with no back toe, and therefore "liable, in speculation, to perpetual vacillations"! I wonder, by the way, if metaphysicians have no hind toes. In 1770 he makes the acquaintance in Sussex of "an old family tortoise," which had then been domesticated for thirty years. It is clear that he fell in love with it at first sight. We have no means of tracing the growth of his passion; but in 1780 we find him eloping with its object in a post-chaise. "The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out in a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden." It reads like a Court Journal: "Yesterday morning H. R. H. the Princess Alice took an airing of half an hour on the terrace of Windsor Castle." This tortoise might have been a member of the Royal Society, if he could have condescended to so ignoble an ambition. It had but just been discovered that a surface inclined at a certain angle with the plane of the horizon took more of the sun's rays. The tortoise had always known this (though he unostentatiously made no parade of it), and used accordingly to tilt himself up against the garden-wall in the autumn. He seems to have been more of a philosopher than even Mr. White himself, caring for nothing but to get under a cabbage-leaf when it rained, or the sun was too hot, and to bury himself alive before frost, — a four-footed Diogenes, who carried his tub on his back.

There are moods in which this kind of history is infinitely refreshing. These creatures whom we affect to look down upon as the drudges of instinct are members of a commonwealth whose constitution rests on immovable bases. Never any need of reconstruction there! *They* never dream of settling it by vote that eight hours are equal to ten, or that one creature is as clever as another and no more. *They* do not use their poor wits in regulating God's clocks, nor think they cannot go astray so long as they carry their guide-board about with them, — a delusion we often practise upon ourselves with our high and mighty reason, that admirable finger-post which points every way and always right. It is good for us now and then to converse with a world like Mr. White's, where Man is the least important of animals. But one who, like me, has always lived in the country and always on the same spot, is drawn to his book by other occult sympathies. Do we not share his indignation at that stupid Martin who had graduated his thermometer no lower than 4° above zero of Fahrenheit, so that in the coldest weather ever known the mercury basely absconded into the bulb, and left us to see the victory slip through our fingers just as they were closing upon it? No man, I suspect, ever lived long in the country without being bitten by these meteorological ambitions. He likes to be hotter and colder, to have been more deeply snowed up, to have more trees and larger blown down than his neighbors. With us descendants of the Puritans especially, these weather-competitions supply the abnegated excitement of the race-course. Men learn to value thermometers of the true imaginative temperament, capable of prodigious elations and corresponding dejections. The other day (5th July) I marked 98° in the shade, my high-water mark, higher by one degree than I had ever seen it before. I happened to meet a neighbor; as we mopped our brows at each other, he told me that he had just cleared 100°, and I went home a beaten man. I had not felt the heat before, save as a beautiful

exaggeration of sunshine; but now it oppressed me with the prosaic vulgarity of an oven. What had been poetic intensity became all at once rhetorical hyperbole. I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any graduation but our own); but it was a poor consolation. The fact remained that his herald Mercury, standing a-tiptoe, could look down on mine. I seem to glimpse something of this familiar weakness in Mr. White. He, too, has shared in these mercurial triumphs and defeats. Nor do I doubt that he had a true country-gentleman's interest in the weathercock; that his first question on coming down of a morning was, like Barabas's,

"Into what quarter peers my halcyon's bill?"

It is an innocent and healthful employment of the mind, distracting one from too continual study of himself, and leading him to dwell rather upon the indigestions of the elements than his own. "Did the wind back round, or go about with the sun?" is a rational question that bears not remotely on the making of hay and the prosperity of crops. I have little doubt that the regulated observation of the vane in many different places, and the interchange of results by telegraph, would put the weather, as it were, in our power, by betraying its ambushes before it is ready to give the assault. At first sight, nothing seems more drolly trivial than the lives of those whose single achievement is to record the wind and the temperature three times a day. Yet such men are doubtless sent into the world for this special end, and perhaps there is no kind of accurate observation, whatever its object, that has not its final use and value for some one or other. It is even to be hoped that the speculations of our newspaper editors and their myriad correspondents upon the signs of the political atmosphere may also fill their appointed place in a well-regulated universe, if it be only that of supplying so many more Jack-o'-lanterns to the future historian. Nay, the observations on finance of an M. C. whose sole knowledge of the subject has been derived from a lifelong success in getting a living out of the public without paying any equivalent therefor, will perhaps be of interest hereafter to some explorer of our *cloaca maxima*, whenever it is cleansed.

For many years I have been in the habit of noting down some of the leading events of my embowered solitude, such as the coming of certain birds and the like, — a kind of *mémoires pour servir*, after the fashion of White, rather than properly digested natural history. I thought it not impossible that a few simple stories of my winged acquaintances might be found entertaining by persons of kindred taste.

There is a common notion that animals are better meteorologists than men, and I have little doubt that in immediate weather-wisdom they have the advantage of our sophisticated senses (though, I suspect a sailor or shepherd would be their match), but I have seen nothing that leads me to believe their minds capable of erecting the horoscope of a whole season, and letting us know beforehand whether the winter will be severe or the summer rainless. I more than suspect that the clerk of the weather himself does not always know very long in advance whether he is to draw an order for hot or cold, dry or moist, and the musquash is scarce likely to be wiser. I have noted but two days' difference in the coming of the song-sparrow between a very early and a very backward spring. This very year I saw the linnets at work thatching, just before a snow-storm which covered the ground several inches deep for a number of days. They struck work and left us for a while, no doubt in search of food. Birds frequently perish from sudden changes in our whimsical spring weather of which they had no foreboding. More than thirty years ago, a cherry-tree, then in full bloom, near my window, was covered with humming-birds benumbed

by a fall of mingled rain and snow, which probably killed many of them. It should seem that their coming was dated by the height of the sun, which betrays them into unthrifty matrimony;

"So nature pricketh him in their corages";

but their going is another matter. The chimney-swallows leave us early, for example, apparently so soon as their latest fledglings are firm enough of wing to attempt the long rowing-match that is before them. On the other hand, the wild-geese probably do not leave the North till they are frozen out, for I have heard their bugles sounding southward so late as the middle of December. What may be called local migrations are doubtless dictated by the chances of food. I have once been visited by large flights of crossbills; and whenever the snow lies long and deep on the ground, a flock of cedar-birds comes in midwinter to eat the berries on my hawthorns.

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked 15 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's Titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning. But the robins too had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and alighting on the nearest trees interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had meant. The tattered remnant of a



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.						THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.				TABLE OF LIGHT.												
		Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'TON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	SAN FRAN.	Moon's Phases. d. h. m.				This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P. M. and 6 o'clock A. M. the gradations of light being thus indicated: —												
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	☉ NEW MOON . . .	☾ FIRST QUARTER . . .	☾ FULL MOON . . .	☾ LAST QUARTER . . .	Sun-light. Moon & twilight. Moon-light. Star-light.												
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	6	5	4	3	2	1	Mid.	1	2	3	4	5	6			
1	Wd.	5 25	6 35	5 27	6 33	5 28	6 31	7 41	0 3	0 8	0 13	0 22	WASHINGTON.				6	7	8	9	10	11	Mid.	1	2	3	4	5	6
2	Th.	26	33	28	32	29	30	8 37	0 59	1 4	1 9	1 18	Giles.																
3	Fri.	27	32	29	30	30	29	9 36	2 2	2 6	2 11	2 20	Mars sets, 8 : 25 P.M.																
4	Sat.	28	30	30	29	31	27	10 34	3 13	3 17	3 20	3 30	Jupiter rises, 9 : 20 P.M.																
5	S.	29	29	31	27	32	26	11 32	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	Saturn sets, 11 : 35 P.M.																
6	Mo.	30	27	32	26	33	24	P.M. 29	7 3	7 2	7 1	7 7	15th Sunday after Trinity.																
7	Tu.	31	25	33	24	34	23	1 24	7 36	7 36	7 36	7 43	Venus sets, 7 : 40 P.M.																
8	Wd.	32	24	34	22	35	21	2 19	8 10	8 10	8 12	8 20	Enurhus.																
9	Th.	33	22	35	20	35	19	3 13	8 45	8 47	8 50	8 58	Nativity of B. V. Mary.																
10	Fri.	34	20	36	19	36	18	4 6	9 23	9 26	9 30	9 38	8th, ☉ ♀ ☾ m. 9th, ☉ ♂ ☾ m.																
11	Sat.	35	18	37	17	37	16	5 0	10 3	10 7	10 11	10 20	Jupiter stationary.																
12	S.	36	17	38	16	38	15	5 54	10 46	10 51	10 55	11 5	☉ h ☾ eve.																
13	Mo.	37	15	39	14	39	13	6 47	11 35	11 40	11 45	11 54	16th Sunday after Trinity.																
14	Tu.	38	13	39	12	40	11	7 40	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Venus sets, 7 : 32 P.M.																
15	Wd.	39	11	40	11	41	10	8 30	0 29	0 34	0 38	0 48	Holy Cross Day.																
16	Th.	40	10	41	9	42	8	9 19	1 26	1 30	1 35	1 44	Saturn sets, 10 : 52 P.M.																
17	Fri.	41	8	42	7	43	7	10 5	2 24	2 28	2 31	2 41	Jupiter rises, 8 : 29 P.M.																
18	Sat.	42	6	43	6	43	5	10 49	3 23	3 26	3 29	3 38	Lambert.																
19	S.	43	4	44	4	44	3	11 32	4 22	4 24	4 26	4 35	17th Sunday after Trinity.																
20	Mo.	44	2	45	2	45	2	A. M.	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	St. Matthew.																
21	Tu.	45	6 1	46	6 1	46	6 0	0 14	6 44	6 44	6 44	6 51	Mars sets, 7 : 38 P.M.																
22	Wd.	47	5 59	47	5 59	47	5 59	0 56	7 9	7 10	7 11	7 19	☉ ♀ ☾ eve.																
23	Th.	48	57	48	57	48	57	1 36	7 35	7 37	7 39	7 47	Saturn sets, 10 : 14 P.M.																
24	Fri.	49	55	49	55	49	55	2 20	8 4	8 7	8 10	8 18	18th S. after T. St. Cyprian.																
25	Sat.	50	54	50	54	50	54	3 4	8 36	8 40	8 43	8 52	Jupiter rises, 7 : 45 P.M.																
26	S.	51	52	51	52	51	52	3 51	9 13	9 17	9 21	9 31	Venus sets, 7 : 17 P.M.																
27	Mo.	52	50	52	50	52	50	4 40	9 56	10 1	10 5	10 15	St. Michael and all Angels.																
28	Tu.	53	48	53	49	53	49	5 31	10 47	10 52	10 57	11 7	St. Jerome.																
29	Wd.	54	46	54	47	54	47	6 25	11 45	11 50	11 54	mor.																	
30	Th.	5 55	5 43	5 55	5 45	5 54	5 46	7 21	mor.	mor.	mor.	0 4																	

single bunch was all my harvest-home. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket,—as if a humming-bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshippers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivalled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no afterthought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store.* They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

For his cousin, the catbird, I have a still warmer regard. Always a good singer, he sometimes nearly equals the brown thrush, and has the merit of keeping up his music later in the evening than any bird of my familiar acquaintance. Ever since I can remember, a pair of them have built in a gigantic syringa, near our front door, and I have known the male to sing almost uninterruptedly during the evenings of early summer till twilight duskened into dark. They differ greatly in vocal talent, but all have a delightful way of crooning over, and, as it were, rehearsing their song in an undertone, which makes their nearness always unobtrusive. Though there is the most trustworthy witness to the imitative propensity of this bird, I have only once, during an intimacy of more than forty years, heard him indulge it. In that case, the imitation was by no means so close as to deceive, but a free reproduction of the notes of some other birds, especially of the oriole, as a kind of variation in his own song. The catbird is as shy as the robin is vulgarly familiar. Only when his nest or his fledglings are approached does he become noisy and almost aggressive. I have known him to station his young in a thick cornel-bush on the edge of the raspberry-bed, after the fruit began to ripen, and feed them there for a week or more. In such cases he shows none of that conscious guilt which makes the robin contemptible. On the contrary, he will maintain his post

in the thicket, and sharply scold the intruder who ventures to steal *his* berries. After all, his claim is only for tithes, while the robin will bag your entire crop if he get a chance. Dr. Watts's statement that "birds in their little nests agree," like too many others intended to form the infant mind, is very far from being true. On the contrary, the most peaceful relation of the different species to each other is that of armed neutrality. They are very jealous of neighbors. A few years ago, I was much interested in the housebuilding of a pair of summer yellow-birds. They had chosen a very pretty site near the top of a tall white lilac, within easy eye-shot of a chamber window. A very pretty sight it was to see their little home growing with mutual help, to watch their industrious skill interrupted only by little flirts and snatches of endearment, frugally cut short by the common sense of the tiny housewife. They had brought their work nearly to an end, and had already begun to line it with fern-down, the gathering of which demanded more distant journeys and longer absences. But, alas! the syringa, immemorial manor of the catbirds, was not more than twenty feet away, and these "giddy neighbors" had, as it appeared, been all along jealously watchful, though silent, witnesses of what they deemed an intrusion of squatters. No sooner were the pretty mates fairly gone for a new load of lining, than

"To their unguarded nest these weasel Scots
Came stealing."

Silently they flew back and forth, each giving a vengeful dab at the nest in passing. They did not fall to and deliberately destroy it, for they might have been caught at their mischief. As it was, whenever the yellow-birds came back, their enemies were hidden in their own sight-proof bush. Several times their unconscious victims repaired damages, but at length, after counsel taken together, they gave it up. Perhaps, like other unlettered folk, they came to the conclusion that the Devil was in it, and yielded to the invisible persecutions of witchcraft.

The robins, by constant attacks and annoyances, have succeeded in driving off the blue-jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery. When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders. A week later, I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine-walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. Of late years, they have visited us only at intervals; and in winter their bright plumage, set off by the

* The screech-owl, whose cry, despite his ill name, is one of the sweetest sounds in nature, softens his voice in the same way with the most beguiling mockery of distance.

snow, and their cheerful cry, are especially welcome. They would have furnished *Æsop* with a fable, for the feathered crest in which they seem to take so much satisfaction is often their fatal snare. Country boys make a hole with their finger in the snow-crust just large enough to admit the jay's head, and, hollowing it out somewhat beneath, bait it with a few kernels of corn. The crest slips easily into the trap, but refuses to be pulled out again, and he who came to feast remains a prey.

Twice have the crow-blackbirds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of pre-emption, so successfully played the part of border ruffians as to drive them away, — to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. At Shady Hill (now, alas! empty of its so long-loved household) they build by hundreds, and nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern-signs) as they gather at evening to debate in mass meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in Hamlet. They never meddled with my corn, so far as I could discover.

For a few years I had crows, but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys, and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted as to throw off a great part of their shyness, and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm bough over my head, gasping in the sultry air, and holding their wings half-spread for coolness. All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper St. Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air. The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his deaconlike demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed any nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gas-works, which, in our free-and-easy community, is allowed to poison the river, supplied him with dead alewives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt-marshes and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition which makes it savory to the Kanakas and other corvine races of men.

Orioles are in great plenty with me. I have seen seven males flashing about the garden at once. A merry crew of them swing their hammocks from the pendulous boughs. During one of these latter years, when the canker-worms stripped our elms as bare as winter, these birds went to the trouble of rebuilding their unroofed nests, and chose for the purpose trees which are safe from those swarming vandals, such as the ash and the button-wood. This year a pair (disturbed, I suppose, elsewhere) built a second nest in an elm, within a few yards of the house. They are very bold in quest of cordage, and I have often watched them stripping the fibrous bark from a honeysuckle growing over the very door. But, indeed, all my birds look upon me as if I were a mere tenant at will, and they were landlords. With shame I confess, I have been bullied even by a humming-bird. This spring, as I was cleansing a pear-tree of its lichens, one of these little zigzagging blurs came purring toward me, couching his long bill like a lance, his throat sparkling with angry fire, to warn me off

from a Missouri-currant, whose honey he was sipping. And many a time he has driven me out of a flower-bed.

The bobolinks are generally chance visitors, tinkling through the garden in blossoming-time, but this year, owing to the long rains early in the season, their favorite meadows were flooded, and they were driven to the upland. So I had a pair of them domiciled in my grass-field. The male used to perch in an apple-tree, then in full bloom, and, while I stood perfectly still close by, he would circle away, quivering round the entire field of five acres, with no break in his song, and settle down again among the blossoms, to be hurried away almost immediately by a new rapture of music. He had the volubility of an Italian charlatan at a fair, and, like him, appeared to be proclaiming the merits of some quack remedy. *Opodeldoc-opodeldoc-try-Doctor-Lincoln's-opodeldoc!* he seemed to repeat over and over again, with a rapidity that would have distanced the deftest-tongued Figaro that ever rattled. I remember Count Gurowski telling me once, with that easy superiority of knowledge about this country which is the monopoly of foreigners, that we had no singing-birds! Well, well, Mr. Hepworth Dixon has found the typical America in Oneida and Salt Lake City. Of course, an intelligent European is the best judge of these matters.

The bobolinks build in considerable numbers in a meadow within a quarter of a mile of us. A houseless lane passes through the midst of their camp, and in clear westerly weather, at the right season, one may hear a score of them singing at once. When they are breeding, if I chance to pass, one of the male birds always accompanies me like a constable, flitting from post to post of the rail-fence, with a short note of reproof continually repeated, till I am fairly out of the neighborhood. Then he will swing away into the air and run down the wind, gurgling music without stint over the unheeding tussocks of meadow-grass and dark clumps of bulrushes that mark his domain.

We have no bird whose song will match the nightingale's in compass, none whose note is so rich as that of the European blackbird; but for mere rapture I have never heard the bobolink's rival. But his opera-season is a short one. The ground and tree sparrows are our most constant performers. It is now late in August, and one of the latter sings every day and all day long in the garden. Till within a fortnight, a pair of indigo-birds would keep up their lively *duo* for an hour together. While I write, I hear an oriole gay as in June, and the plaintive *may-be* of the goldfinch tells me he is stealing my lettuce-seeds. I know not what the experience of others may have been, but the only bird I have ever heard sing in the night has been the chip-bird. I should say he sang about as often during the darkness as cocks crow. One can hardly help fancying that he sings in his dreams.

"Father of light, what sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confined
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie ray thou hast assigned;
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light."

The dead limbs of our elms, which I spare to that end, bring us the flicker every summer, and almost daily I hear his wild scream and laugh close at hand, himself invisible. He is a shy bird, but a few days ago I had the satisfaction of studying him through the blinds as he sat on a tree within a few feet of me. Seen so near and at rest, he makes good his claim to the title of pigeon-woodpecker. Lumberers have a notion that he is harmful to timber, digging little holes through the bark to encourage the settlement of insects. The regular rings of such perforations which one may see in almost any apple-orchard seem to give some probability to this theory. Almost every season a solitary quail visits us, and, unseen among the currant-bushes, calls *Bob*

White, Bob White, as if he were playing at hide-and-seek with that imaginary being. A rarer visitant is the turtle-dove, whose pleasant coo I have sometimes heard, and whom I once had the good luck to see close by me in the mulberry-tree. The wild-pigeon, once numerous, I have not seen for many years. Of savage birds, a hen-hawk now and then quarters himself upon us for a few days, sitting sluggish in a tree after a surfeit of poultry. One of them once offered me a near shot from my study-window one drizzly day for several hours. But it was Sunday, and I gave him the benefit of its gracious truce.

Certain birds have disappeared from our neighborhood within my memory. I remember when the whippoorwill could be heard in sweet Auburn. The night-hawk, once common, is now rare. The brown thrush has moved farther up country. For years I have not seen or heard any of the larger owls, whose hooting was one of my boyish terrors. The cliff-swallow, strange emigrant, that eastward takes his way, has come and gone again in my time. The bank-swallows, wellnigh innumerable during my boyhood, no longer frequent the crumbly cliff of the gravel-pit by the river. The barn-swallows, which once swarmed in our barn, flashing through the dusty sunstreaks of the mow, have been gone these many years. My father would lead me out to see them gather on the roof, and take counsel before their yearly migration, as Mr. White used to see them at Selborne. *Eheu, fugaces!* Thank fortune, the swift still glues his nest, and rolls his distant thunders night and day in the wide-throated chimneys, still sprinkles the evening air with his merry twittering. The populous heronry in Fresh Pond meadows has been wellnigh broken up, but still a pair or two haunt the old home, as the gypsies of Ellangowan their ruined huts, and every evening fly over us riverwards, clearing their throats with a hoarse hawk as they go, and, in cloudy weather, scarce clearing the tops of the chimneys. Sometimes I have known one to alight in one of our trees, though for what purpose I never could divine. Kingfishers have sometimes puzzled me in the same way, perched at high noon in a pine, springing their watchman's rattle when they flitted away from my curiosity, and seeming to shove their top-heavy heads along as a man does a wheelbarrow.

Some birds have left us, I suppose, because the country is growing less wild. I once found a summer duck's nest within quarter of a mile of our house, but such a *trouvaille* would be impossible now as Kidd's treasure. Since bird-nesting has become scientific, and dignified itself as oölogy, that, no doubt, is partly to blame. But some old friends are constant. A pair of pewees have built immemorially on a jutting brick in the arched entrance to the ice-house. Always on the same brick, and never more than a single pair, though two broods of five each are raised there every summer. How do they settle their claim to the homestead? By what right of primogeniture? Once the children of a man employed about the place oölogized the nest, and the pewees left us for a year or two. I felt towards those boys as the messmates of the Ancient Mariner did towards him after he had shot the albatross. But the pewees came back at last, and one of them now is on his wonted perch, so near my window that I can hear the click of his bill as he snaps a fly on the wing with the unerring precision a stately Trasteverina shows in the capture of her small deer. The pewee is the first bird to pipe up in the morning; and, during the early summer he preludes his matutinal ejaculation of *pewee* with a slender whistle, unheard at any other time. He saddens with the season, and, as summer declines, he changes his note to *eheu, pewee!* as if in lamentation. Had he been an Italian bird, Ovid would have had a plaintive tale to tell about him. He is so familiar as often to pursue a fly through the open window into my library.

There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old

friendships of a lifetime. My walk under the pines would lose half its summer charm were I to miss that shy anchorite, the Wilson's thrush, nor hear in haying-time the metallic ring of his song, that justifies his rustic name of *scythe-whet*. I protect my game as jealously as an English squire. If anybody had oölogized a certain cuckoo's nest I know of (I have a pair in my garden every year), it would have left a sore place in my mind for weeks. I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers, and before (forgive the involuntary pun) they had grown accustomed to man and knew his savage ways. And they repay your kindness with a sweet familiarity too delicate ever to breed contempt. I have made a Penn-treaty with them, preferring that to the Puritan way with the natives, which converted them to a little Hebraism and a great deal of Medford rum. If they will not come near enough to me (as most of them will), I bring them close with an opera-glass,—a much better weapon than a gun. I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty pagan ways. The only one I sometimes have savage doubts about is the red squirrel. I *think* he oölogizes. I *know* he eats cherries (we counted five of them at one time in a single tree, the stones pattering down like the sparse hail that preludes a storm), and that he gnaws off the small end of pears to get at the seeds. He steals the corn from under the noses of my poultry. But what would you have? He will come down upon the limb of the tree I am lying under till he is within a yard of me. He and his mate will scurry up and down the great black-walnut for my diversion, chattering like monkeys. Can I sign his death-warrant who has tolerated me about his grounds so long? Not I. Let them steal, and welcome. I am sure I should, had I had the same bringing up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said? But I must pull up somewhere, and it may as well be with the question I have just addressed to the consciences of those who read the Almanac.

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

SENTIMENT drifts in with the autumn tides, as the herrings come in May. In the spring it has its sparkles indeed; it melts with the summer heats; but under the harvest moon of autumn it is in its stage of florescence. Strephon and Phyllis sit together upon the shore watching far-off sails coming from Cathay; Damon and Celia, arm in arm, track the woodlands that strew crimson glories at their feet; Peter and Joan, at their husking, strip the golden ears, sitting—side by side.

Did "sentiment" ever come in as a seasonable topic in an almanac before? Potato-culture is in order (they should be dug before the tops are fairly and thoroughly dead). Fish-breeding has been hinted at and commended. Gardening is always fair subject of remark,—even by those who do not know a globe artichoke from okra (both of them most admirable esculents, and by far too little known). But as for sentiment, who may venture to tell in what soil that plant should grow, or in what seasons best; or how be pruned, or how made to fructify?

The horticulturists (who are worthy of the name) begin by describing for us a plant before they venture upon any details of proper culture and of subsequent fecundation. But what shall be said, in this line, of sentiment? Strephon and Phyllis may hide their heads (from all but each other) as we go on to talk of this topic of the season. The dictionaries lead us all astray; at

[illegible]

least, they do not cover the meaning of what is here intended to be discussed under the word sentiment, and which Damon and Celia, wandering in the woodland, would be more apt to illustrate than all the lexicographers in the world.

In dictionary parlance, the moderator of a town-meeting asks if any member of that body (the town-meeting) wishes to "express his sentiments" upon the question under discussion. But, of a surety, any sentiment which might be elicited by such an invitation, at the present epoch of town officials, would not be one that could ever suggest to Strephon or to Phyllis, as they sit upon the shore, any silken sails or gales of Araby. So, too, the sentiments which are "spoken to" after a festal banquet (except, indeed, it be a wedding feast) would scarce be such as would touch the thought of Peter and of Joan; yet these, and the couple of the shoreland and the couple of the woods, shall be bathed in sentiment, as they are bathed in the glowing mists of autumn.

Do I hear anybody intimate that these couples are couples of lovers? Possibly they may be; position makes the supposition easy: but sentiment is not so dreary or so rare a commodity as to be restricted to the ownership of lovers. It is too subtle a grace for limitations, — too rarefied for any such boundaries. Chivalric, tender, generous, — these are some of the colors of this flower of character, of which no man boasts, and yet for the possession of which every man is the better. I call it flower of character, since it seems to me to bear the same relation to intellect and energy which bloom bears to other vegetable development, — crowning it with its last grace, winning by unexpected contrast of color, and only provoking indifference when (instance the poppy) a cheap gaudiness tires one. If I was to carry on the figure, I should say that sentiment was a flower that grew at some time or other in every man's garden, — loving deep tilth and generous culture, but still capable of seizing upon some little fissure in a barren ledge for nourishment, and even in the best of soils (like all delicate plants) liable to be choked by an overgrowth of foul vegetation; so buried in this foul overgrowth oftentimes as to escape observation altogether, and to be only discoverable by some wooing familiar hand, or by a careless step that bruises it into fragrance.

There is something droll in the earnestness with which men disclaim all sentiment; and in these *Sorosian* days I think the tendency is observable in the women as well. The disclaimer is entered very early; boys are shy of any manifestation in this direction; here and there we have a Master Harry Walmers, Jr., who is outspoken and very positive in his demonstrations. But Harry Walmerses are rare; the "*curiousest* thing," said Boots of the Holy Tree Inn, that had ever fallen under his eye; and we all gave delighted acquiescence as Mr. Dickens recited that sweet idyl. But if there is coyness in boyhood, with the lad in his teens there comes up a weedy growth of hypocrisies to screen, but not wholly conceal, that sweet flower of sentiment. Delia is very dear indeed; but to whom does the lover of fifteen whisper this, save to Delia's self? If you or I twit him with his tendency, he whistles his sentiment down the wind; yet we know it is all glowing, from the meditative walks he takes with Delia in the misty eventides of autumn.

At twenty-five there is an even stronger aspersion of tender feeling, to which matrimony may possibly give color of reason; but there are times at twenty-five when the harvest moon is more than silver, and the autumn mists twice golden. At forty to fifty, the moon, I think, generally ceases to have any particular association with Diana (except your washerwoman bear that name), and is studied as a crooked sign hung in the sky by which to prognosticate changes of weather. Moon-lit sails upon the "billowy deep," except under a stiff sou'wester with a fishing frolic in prospect, have lost their color. And yet under all his

wraps, puffing at inordinately strong Cabanos, does Peter — *Æ.* 50 — forget wholly, when upon such a night, with such a moon, with such scudding phosphorescent spray, years ago, his hand — all tremulous — sought the little white hand of Joan, lying conveniently near, and when he filled her pearly ears with all the pretty nonsense he could muster on such short notice? And as he recalls it, is he not conscious of a certain suffusion of his senses with the same old dreamy sentiment, which makes him for hours after less liable to kick the cat, and more liable to toss a penny to a beggar?

Honestly — and all rural proclivities apart — I do not think that husking corn is very likely to promote the flow of the tenderer sentiments. It is simply — hard work; specially when we come to count up a score or two of bushels. It is another instance in which the printed pastoral is far more attractive than the actual pastoral. A roomy old barn with blithe sunlight pouring in and lighting up the cobwebs and flashing in the golden locks of Joan, who wears striped brocade and sits magnetically near you, might make the work tolerable. But with half a hundred of damp shocks standing awry in an angle of the cornfield, with a biting northwester whistling among them, — fingers benumbed, a thumb worn bare by its wrestle with the rasping husks, and Joan (if she be there at all) sitting on a cow-stool, and with nose pinched fearfully by the October chilliness, — the affair wears quite other aspect. The realists, if they venture upon the subject, may rely upon these latter data as correct. What, too, if Joan be red-nosed and ugly? She may not make a fine figure in a cornfield or in a picture; but even ugly Joan may so illumine that home of hers with smiles, with cheery activity, with delicate and unflagging attention to all home interests, as to make an atmosphere about her in which she moves transfigured, and seems ever as beautiful as the morning. Lovers think themselves wise; but in reality they are as blind as bats, and have no conception of the devotion and the self-sacrifice of which a true woman is capable.

A beautiful face is one of God's beautiful works; but He has made more beautiful things. We shall see may be in our travel of to-morrow — you or I — some angular-faced woman of youthful but uncertain age, in gold-bowed glasses perhaps, and shall say at the first cruel glance (you or I), "Good gracious, what a woman to live with!" An old gentleman, her attendant, goes haltingly to the place beside her; and there is such touching and delicate attention on her part to every want of his, — such grace of action, — such tender, eager, yet not officious or presuming watchfulness, — that you cannot keep eyes from her, ugly though she be; and the face of the old gentleman grows so radiant as it turns towards her, and you perceive him to be under such abiding charm as her low musical voice falls on his ear, that — little by little — even as you look, the angularities seem to melt away into fine flowing lines, and the homely text of her face, hour by hour, and feature by feature, grows luminous with a sweet, deep meaning that is as subtle and penetrative in its influence as beauty itself. And if an hour of onlook can work such transfiguration and make one blind to any possible crabbedness of text by reason of the sweet meaning it carries, how shall it be with the reading of a month or a year, or a life?

Your beauty may be admirable, my good Phyllis; but it is your character that will give home growth to sentiment, and keep Strephon a lover. And pray consider too, Mistress Phyllis, that you cannot at all seasons command those equipments of your charming face and figure, by aid of which you — sitting side by side with Strephon on the shore — have bewitched that impressible young man. That fashion of piled-up coils of hair which so sets off your dazzling brow and Greek profile will go by; so will

the great pannier of rustling silk that makes you look deliciously like a picture out of old French books; you can't count always upon that impressive high-heeled slipper with its blue rosette; there must be a season of morning-gowns, and of hair in papers or crimping-pins; there may be a swollen face, terribly disfiguring, or some new fashion of leg-of-mutton sleeves may come in that shall make your figure almost dwarf-like; and the gray may creep into your hair, and the flesh become a burden, and Strephon cease to be a lover, — if he love only the saucy eyes under your shepherd hat of to-day. But if you be tender and true and womanly, all the world shall be your lovers, and I among them.

In these autumn days which invite to the woods, I observe from time to time great stir and excitement among the young people of the neighborhood about some forthcoming picnic or nutting frolic. There is the question — first of all — of time: it must be on a holiday of course; Wednesday would do, but Saturday is better; and on Friday, the last thing before bed, eager eyes peer into the darkness to see if the stars are shining. Then there is the great question of invitations: Master Harry must go of course, — he is a good climber and good fellow; and Frank he must go, — who thinks of a picnic without Frank? (there are some people who are born to invitations, — without knowing the reason; and their friends are often as ignorant.) Then there is little Barbara, — who shall deny little Barbara? They may have to lift her over the fences, and she may spill more nuts than she gathers; but all through life she shall go on doing the same by virtue of her sunny face and of her golden curls. Is it Lamb's mention of it that makes Barbara seem a very attractive name? Or is it some floating memory of another Barbara, — a frail little one with ruby lips for whom in boy-days we made a chair, — two of us knitting our arms together for that purpose, — and trotted off with our proud burden? I do not think we could lift Mistress Barbara now.

I could not name the half of the invited ones for our picnic; but there are some among them whose coming have, I think, quickened a little coquetry of dress: else how happens it that Miss Floy insists upon that blue sash, so rarely brought into requisition? Is Master William to be one, Miss Floy? And Miss Floy turns squarely round, — to study the weather, — and I see only the trailing ends of the sash upon her robe of white, and cannot tell if she be blushing or no. Master Charles, too, has planted a glowing cockade in that sailor-hat of his, which, with his white drilling trousers and blue jacket, is very killing: what little bird is to be slain, and fall helpless, with that shot? I think the youngsters exult in conquest, and go as cruelly up to the work — specially the girls — as their elders and betters.

Finally, with panniers all made ready, and provisioned for a long cruise, with oranges and sandwiches and comfits, the disorderly, rollicking procession moves away. I see them winding up the hill with shouts and laughter, — now lost among the trees and again trailing over the hill pastures, and at last only a speck or two of white flitting in and out by the edge of the wood, and so vanishing into the forest shades.

Mr. Gradgrind — God help him! — sneers at these things. What's the use of picnicking or blue sashes, and of leading away that little petulant Barbara into the woods to be bitten by mosquitoes, and thereafter keep one awake half the night with her complainings? Where's the sense in having holidays at all? Cut off the ringlets, says Gradgrind, and put the hair in a net; it's neat and tidy; and don't go about to fill their little heads with nonsense.

But let a man chafe at sentiment as he will and refuse to entertain it, there will be hours in these days of autumn-tide, when it will drift upon him with memories of opportunities neglected, — of kind words that might have been, but were not

spoken, — of sunny faces that might have looked gratefully on him, but did not, — of sweet voices whose music wrought its spell on other ears, — of children who have turned away in dread, leaving shadow where sunshine might have rested. Cheer up, old man. It is never too late to buy comfits; the shops are open (till seven on Saturdays, when, you know, the clerks must have their holiday). Rosy and grateful smiles may be won, if you will. Don't snub Master Harry if he does pocket coyly a motto from the pile of bonbons, which to his juvenile apprehension seems to have point and tenderness. Don't hide so religiously those old letters, — miniatures, — locks of hair may be, which are locked away with other rubbish — you know where. If you do take the hand of old Joan in yours, — odd whiles and rarely, — don't be ashamed thereof, as if it were a reproach upon your manliness. The manliness that loses thus has poor reservoir of supply.

But sentiment should not be blatant; no, no. Even when it gives its refining grace to our story-telling, it must be coy, reluctant. Strephon must not gabble his tender feelings like a gander; if he does so, it does not touch us, and will very likely not touch Phyllis, — unless she be a goose. It will never do for the romancist to blurt his sentiment to listeners or to readers. Though Harry is dead in love with Barbara, and thinks she is charming, yet Harry must never say she is charming; but Harry, no one being nigh or by any possibility overlooking the proceeding, draws a tiny primrose glove from his pocket (a glove of Barbara's number or thereabout), and kisses it adoringly.

Wherever there is strain or stress of words in this matter of sentiment, there is almost surely lack of the sentiment itself. Show me a damsel who talks overmuch about the moon and bleeding hearts, and I think she is about the last one in the world to curl little gold-ringletted Barbara upon her lap, and ply Barbara with bonbons, and make the hearts of adventurous young men shake with a delightful ague. As for the man who cultivates moonlight and warps his words into sentimental talk, why, all the pretty women who have hearts capable of a ripe bound, shun him as they would a punster.

Again, it is to be observed that sentiment when it takes the shape of language, is never so telling as when it is married to humor. This latter salts it, and keeps it sound. Lamartine, for instance, is full of sentiment, but there is never a touch of humor in him, — not the remotest. One reading sates you: how savory, in contrast, is the sentiment of such a man as Charles Lamb! Yet, after all, the finer sentiments are not measurable or expressible by language. You can never lay a harness on your high-mettled racer. Put a sigh of Strephon into words, and the heat and the perfume of it is gone. Little Barbara's glance, if she but give you her joyouslest one, is completer than a poem of a hundred lines. The greatest artists in words only compass our sentiment when they touch it most delicately, and their greatest triumphs in this way are made when they seek none. Swift writes on a little parcel in his drawer, "Only a woman's hair," and there is no page of his — corrected and illustrated — which so brims with sentiment.

About the humblest home where refinement dwells at all, there is a play of sentiment which language can never interpret, which can never crystallize in so crude a shape. Joan and Peter, and Harry and Barbara, — in naming these, I have named the personages of a drama that shall touch greater depths and greater shallows of human affection than can be recorded by the aptest pen, — a drama which the actors will make cheery or sombre, as they will, — a drama which is bound to go on evolving sentiment, from a year's beginning to a year's end, until the curtain drops at last, and Joan and Peter, and Barbara and Harry, sleep, side by side, in the grave.



WHAT PICTURES SHALL I HANG ON MY WALLS?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THIS is a question of more importance to you and yours than at first it may appear to be.

Within the memory of many of us, with some rare exceptions, no houses had pictures. In each town or village there might perhaps be one grand seignior whose name was pronounced with respect by his neighbors as a man that had travelled, and had in the inmost recesses of his house PICTURES.

These mysterious, inaccessible treasures were looked on as the solemn symbols of unknown wealth. There were the *few* who had seen them, and the many who had not. They glimmered in the divine, sacred shadows of that best parlor which was only open to the elect on state and festival occasions, and concerning their awful beauties mysterious whispers circulated among the uninitiated. Besides these first-class magnates, there were well-to-do citizens who by some accident had, hanging on their walls, one or two engravings. A picture of General Washington and one or more of family portraits constituted the æsthetic garniture of well-to-do houses in those simple days.

But now the case is far otherwise. No house is without its pictures any more than its carpets and its rocking-chair. The print-shops do a thriving and yearly increasing business. There are at Williams & Everett's, at Dole & Henderson's, at Goupils & Sitzes's, in New York, and at dozens of other equally flourishing stands of art, a most bewildering variety, at prices to suit every customer. It is now simply from want of taste, if one has no pictures, since they are fairly, in some form, within the limits of the humblest means.

The question *what* to get, amid all the crowd of applicants and possible choices, is often a puzzling one.

A picture that is to look you in the face at all hours of day or night is after all somewhat of an item in our existence. It is taking to yourself a silent companion; and though there is no speech or language, and its voice is not heard, yet its line goes out into your daily life, and its words to the end of your days.

Pictures are as different as people, and to them as to persons applies the rule, *think* before you choose an intimate friend.

Well-meaning people who have money to spare often are sorely troubled with the question, *what to buy*. There are a crowd of talkers about pictures, and the cry of "high art," and a variety of other bewildering cries, are flung in one's face at every turn. Does the honest John Stubbs want to get a picture, because it is a pretty thing and pleases *him* or comforts his wife when she has the blues? Then he has awful thoughts of Don Positivo, his next neighbor, who writes art-critiques for the "Ne Plus Ultra," and solemnly informs him that it is a duty he owes to society to protest against everything that is n't high art. Nobody must be left in peace to have anything but the publications of the Arundel Society, or artist's-proof of Raphael's Madonnas, or proof-casts of the statues in the Louvre, or something else which has the seal of ages, — a written certificate of good antiquity giving him leave to admire.

Poor Stubbs does n't admire the Madonna San Sisto half as much as one of Tair's pictures of chickens picking at a worm, or some hens in a barn-yard, which put him in mind of the pleasant old days when he was a boy, and of the old farm and meadows, and father and mother, and "our folks" who are gone. All this almost fills his eyes with tears as he looks; but Stubbs is a good fellow, and when Don Positivo tells him with a lordly air that he can buy such things if he pleases, but he feels it his duty to inform him how very trashy they are in point of art, like a good Chris-

tian he wipes up his eyes, and goes resignedly, and gives a hundred or two of dollars for an old proof engraving of the San Sisto, and hangs it up where those dear, too charming hens and roosters were to have been, and feels that he has done his duty by society. To be sure he does n't care a bodle for the picture, and never will; but Don Positivo tells him it's high art, and he has saved him from getting a poor thing for his money, and that is a comfort. Poor Stubbs and wife lost their little Charlie a month ago; and Mrs. Stubbs, who is a tender, little, weakly woman has hardly smiled since. In a walk the other day she saw a beautiful, flower-crowned figure of an angel bearing a little baby up to heaven, and thought, as most mothers in similar states of feeling do, that the blessed baby was the exact image of her lost Charlie. There was the empty cradle, below the little shoe and stocking, and the ascending angel all there; and she thought within her foolish heart that with that picture in her room she should find comfort. So good Stubbs buys it, and has it gorgeously framed, — delighted to get anything that will give Mary Jane comfort. Alas! on the door-mat he meets Don Positivo, who has the charge of his art gallery, and who informs people that he is educating Stubbs up in the use of his money; and it is, "Well, my dear fellow, what have you here?" Stubbs feels as if detected in sheep-stealing, while Don Positivo tears open the package.

"O, my dear fellow, what dreadful trash! — terrible! — terrible! Such pictures should be suppressed by law! Now, if you want a genuine religious picture, why not go with me, and look at the chromoliths of Fra Angelico's angels. There's the chromolith of the Coronation of the Virgin, if you want that sort of thing. Keep up to high art always, whatever you do."

"Well, you see," Stubbs says humbly, "my wife fancied the baby looked like our boy, — our Charlie, you know."

"O that's it, is it? O, well! if it's going to be hung away up stairs, it may do for a chamber picture. One *can* have such things, if one takes them for just what they are worth; still you ought to know just how poor a thing it is." So Stubbs, though he really looks on this picture with tears in his eyes, does it as feeling himself an ignorant and miserable sinner, and with an instructive and fructifying sense of his own infinite nothingness and Don Positivo's boundless wisdom and knowledge.

The question now arises, Ought house and home pictures to be primarily selected for what is called "high art"? What is high art, and why *must* people *like* high art that does n't please them better than low art that does?

High art means, as nearly as we can make it out, what professed artists and instructed people who understand the technical properties of art, and the technical difficulties to be overcome in it, consider as interesting and valuable. It also means what past ages have liked and enjoyed, and things that are historically interesting, as the record of the modes of thinking and feeling on such subjects in past ages. Now, many of the best records of these in cast-engravings are not suited to family life, but ought to be kept in museums and portfolios. The Laocoön is all very well in its way; it is a splendid piece of marble-craft, interesting both for its wondrous work and its antiquity; but a framed photograph of the Laocoön is not therefore an advisable dining-room picture. In the same manner the admirable engraving of old blind Belisarius is a *chef d'œuvre* of engraving art, — a touching and tragic picture; but who wishes at all hours to be confronted by the image of a blind father with a son bitten by a serpent in his arms, however well represented? The better the representation of such a subject, the worse it makes it for a home picture. Hung in a bed-chamber, this work of high art might give bad dreams and a possible nightmare; and it had better be kept in a portfolio, and admired when the subject of proof-engravings is up. If a person should be so fortunate or unfortunate as to get a



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capital photograph of the first draft of that bloody-bones picture, Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, where the Judge looks like a prize-fighter in a passion shaking his fist at his mother,—such a sketch might have a certain value as “high art,” for there is abundance of high art in this very disagreeable picture; but we should earnestly recommend him not to frame it, and hang it up for the terror of his wife and the bad dreams of his innocent babes. Neither should we recommend a photograph of Michael Angelo's Moses, with two well-developed horns on his forehead and a supernatural beard, as being, because a standard work of art, a proper thing to frame for household daily contemplation. Had the Moses ever attained the position Michael Angelo meant it for, as part of a monument where the spectator should view it a hundred feet up in the air, it would have justified the praises artists give it. As it is generally seen where spectators are churched up to it, face to face, in a narrow space, we do not wonder that it takes many sessions and a deal of study to get weak women of susceptible, nervous system to acknowledge that they understand the beauties of it. All pictures of shocking, painful, and brutal subjects are unfit for family pictures. A splendid copy of Snyder's boar-hunt, for example, with its tangle of bleeding dogs and its hellish fury of animal struggle is a very barbarous ornament of a dining-room. As a general thing, what is *not* high art, but only respectable and permissible art, is the best company for every-day family life. As we should not think it amusing to have Satan's Speech to the Sun recited at our breakfast-table, notwithstanding it is the highest style of poetry, so neither should we think Sheffer's picture of Francisca di Rimini a proper thing to be forever talking to us from the walls of our parlors or bedrooms.

Not that we would have all pictures mere prettinesses. There may be solemn, sustaining pictures of heroic men or heroic deeds, — of the higher side of our nature.

While we condemn the Dying Gladiator as teaching only stolid brute despair, we would accept De la Roche's Trial of Marie Antoinette, painful as it is, for the witness it bears to the victorious firmness of woman in her hours of utmost desolation, and still more the same artist's Martyr of the Tiber, for that solemn halo of supernatural light in which we see the black waters of death, and the peaceful face of her who sleeps in Jesus.

Fra Angelico's angels have this advantage, that while they have the stamp of permission from the high-art critics, they are in themselves interesting, soothing, and agreeable. People of im-pressible temperaments, quite ignorant of art, are apt to like and be impressed by them, and they are pictures that wear well.

On this point there is a great difference with pictures, as with people. Some pictures, as some people, give all in the first interview; you are carried captive by them, but they do not *wear*; you find they bore you in the end, — there is no depth to them. Who goes to Paris, and goes into the hall of French art, will be carried off his feet with enthusiasm for pictures so perfect that language cannot tell their beauty. If he stay in Paris, he will find in three months that he walks through this hall without stopping to look at them, and goes on to some less obvious study he hardly noticed when he begun. There are ravishing little French heads, — boys with dogs, and girls with kittens, — that you will as surely tire of as you buy. Experience will lead one, as a rule, to doubt the picture of which *all* the beauty strikes you at once. It leaves no story to tell you by and by. There are other pictures that year by year grow on one as they look down on you from the walls. *What* they are will depend, of course, much on temperament and association.

Pretty *genre* pictures, such as Prang is getting up so many of, have a certain value as house ornaments, quite independent of considerations of high art. A red cashmere shawl carelessly

thrown down on a garnet-colored sofa, with a gleam of sunshine across it, often forms a bit of coloring that turns a room into a picture. So Prang's overturned basket of bright red cherries, hung on a wall of a proper tint, is a pleasing bit of color, — pleasing because it attempts not much, and *does* all it attempts well. So also pious mottoes and texts in illuminated letters have a double value, — they ornament, and they teach. They have no value one way or the other as *art*, but they are very pleasant and useful as household ornaments.

The great value of pictures for home should be, after all, in their *sentiment*. They should express sincere ideas and tastes of the household, and not the tyrannical dicta of some art-critic or neighbor. It is desirable that the drawing and painting should be good and respectable, and that the family should be well enough informed to know that a picture painted on a japanned waiter, however smooth and pretty, is not a good picture simply because it is smooth and pretty.

We should try to cultivate our taste, and then express it; but the value of family pictures in a great degree should consist in the fact that they do sincerely represent our own tastes and preferences, and not those of others. It is desirable that these should be *cultured* tastes, but quite as much so that they be real and genuine. A respectable engraving that truly is *felt* by the family as an artistic pleasure is a better thing for them than a much higher one that they do not understand or care for.

There are certain families we wot of, where the engravings on the walls are mostly all reproductions of highly classical portions of art from the Vatican or the other art-galleries of Europe. There is nothing which would strike a simple-minded, sensitive person as particularly beautiful or interesting in these representations, though to educated eyes and artists they are full of interest. Such garniture, if it be the sincere expression of a cultivated taste, is all very proper, but its whole value as household ornament depends on this fact. If to the family it is full of pleasant associations of art study and travel, if the mere diagram of the picture is to them filled up and colored by the enthusiastic memories of the glories of the original, such apartments are properly decorated.

But if some painstaking business man, and his plain, excellent housekeeping wife, have apartments furnished for them in the same way, by the busy supervision of some neighbor who assures them what is the thing to buy, even though they have laboriously read up all about them in Murray's handbook, still their pictures are not so good for them as far poorer ones might be. A genuine picture of a smiling baby, a good dog, a fine horse, a bunch of flowers, are worth the whole Vatican to such a family, and it is neither sorrow nor shame to say it.

Can there be but one sort of thing in this world? and is not a tuft of moss, in its way, as good as an oak-tree? Is it any sin not to have been to Rome and lived, or any merit to have done so? If your neighbor is steeped to the lips in “high art,” and so classical that his very chairs have ages of good authority for his patterns, let us not despise him therefor, and let him not snub and predominate over his weaker brother, who has got only so far as a sincere admiration for the pretty things the Lord makes, when genuinely represented. “Hast thou faith? have it to thyself.” Applaud and glorify thy own collection with a full heart, but be gentle to thy next-door neighbor, who eateth only herbs.

There are certain humble walks of art in which excellence consists simply in a faithful and truthful imitation of nature, in which the excellence is of a kind of which common people can become good judges. It takes very little artistic skill or sense to judge whether a stalk of blue gentian is faithfully painted, or the copy of a bunch of apple-blossoms is true to the model of its great originals. A host of such simple, inexpensive ornaments are

given by Prang in his lithography. A bunch of apple-blossoms, a blue gentian, so represented as to excel average painting, forms a charming domestic ornament, unpretending, unambitious, and always beautiful. Never do our hearts cease to thrill when the time of year comes round for their fair originals to smile on us, and never can we lose the sense of beauty in their imitations.

It is one of the signs of the millennium that real good art, correct and pure as far as it goes, is being made the inheritance of the million, as it is now being done by the chromo-lithograph; and we have little sympathy with the scornful style in which some self-important art-critics have condemned or ridiculed efforts that are bringing beauty and pleasure to so many thousand homes that otherwise poverty would keep bare.

There are delicacies about the arrangement of pictures as to character, which befit certain rooms of houses. As a general rule, solemn and religious pictures should not be conspicuously placed in reception-rooms, or parts of the house where the mere surface-intercourse of life goes on. Albert Dürer's exquisite engraving of *It is Finished*, representing the peace of death on the face of the crucified Redeemer, should not be suspended over the mantelpiece in a family sitting-room, but in a library, a boudoir, a chamber. To those who can bear at all that kind of religious representation, it may do a silent work in many a sad hour of life, and utter from the wall a prophecy that to those who bravely endure shall come also the final rest, — the moment of saying, "*It is finished.*"

Family portraits seem an appropriate ornament for the walls of a dining-room. It is pleasant there to meet at meal-times the faces of the family group, whom death or absence may hold apart from us. Fruit, flower, and bird pieces seen also natural and cheerful subjects for what should be a room full of agreeable associations.

As to parlors, as a general rule they are about the worst place in which to hang any work of real merit, as light is a thing strictly prohibited, and curtains are the principal objects in the minds of all parties concerned. A good picture in a fashionable parlor is about as thoroughly hidden and smothered as if it were behind an altar in a European cathedral, chiefly useful in being smoked with incense.

We would recommend to every family to aim to have at least one good picture somewhere, by some living artist. A couple of hundred dollars is often spent in small sums, five dollars at a time, in little ornaments and frames and captivating objects, which are always breaking and being lost. The same two hundred, bravely invested in buying the first careful picture of a rising artist, may be a great help both ways, — to the buyer and the artist: the artist, whom it helps into notice; and the family, who gain a picture which becomes a standard and rallying-point for other pictures.

But enough has been said, and we fear to overflow our margin like an ill-advised brook in April; so we wish our readers many pretty things, and much enjoyment of them.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

By JOSIAH QUINCY.

PEMBERTON, in his "*Manuscript Scraps*," states that, "soon after the settlement of our fathers in Boston, the persons employed to explore the country and lay out the public roads did it as far as the bank by Mr. Bigelow's in Weston, and reported that they had done it as far as they believed would ever be necessary, it being about seven miles from the colleges at Cambridge." Here then to the Puritan was the beginning of the Great West. The

fertile valley of the Connecticut soon attracted settlements, and that stream received in its turn that appellation. The Revolution came, and the title was transferred to the settlements on the Mohawk. The great land speculation of Gorham and Phelps in the valley of the Genesee carried it to Lake Erie. The purchase of Louisiana advanced it to the Mississippi, and the discovery of gold in California removes the boundary of the Great West of America to the Pacific Ocean. The Great West of the Atlantic became the greater East of the Pacific, and the republics in the great valleys watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries have taken the place of New Jersey and Pennsylvania as the MIDDLE STATES of our Republic. Few comprehend the extent, the resources, and the necessities of this section.

The Atlantic seaboard of the United States is about 3,500 miles. Taking both shores into consideration, the Mississippi and its tributaries open 30,000 miles of inland navigation, upon whose bosom is now floating an amount of commerce three times as great in value as the entire foreign commerce of the country. In former days the trade with foreign ports was looked upon as our most important interest. It is now entirely superseded by the transportation and handling of domestic produce for domestic markets. In 1860 the entire product of the United States was \$1,900,000,000. Its exports were \$373,189,274, or less than one fifth, leaving four fifths for exchanges between the States. This gives an excess of four fifths of articles chiefly of necessity, and leaves but one fifth to represent the luxuries acquired by foreign exchange. It has been stated that not more than one fiftieth of the business of our great metropolis is based upon foreign commerce.

The Mississippi drains 1,785,000 square miles of territory, which contains 768,000,000 acres of the finest land in the world. It has space for 150 States of the size of Massachusetts, and with the same number of inhabitants to the square mile, its population would be more than five times that of the whole United States, or, peopled like Belgium, it would contain 400,000,000, or one third the present population of the world. This valley contains more than one half of the whole 3,000,000 square miles in the United States. Out of 163,110,720 improved acres, it has 94,402,869. Out of 244,101,818 unimproved, it has 126,703,393. Out of \$16,077,358,715 valuation, its fourteen States possess \$8,467,511,274.

These States claim to pay more than one half the taxes, work more than one half the improved land, have a majority of the population, and the greatest amount of land yet undeveloped in the United States. In considering the products of this vast region, we must bear in mind that at present only one acre in five is under cultivation, and the vast resources of coal and minerals have scarcely begun to be developed. Yet the value of the commerce of the Mississippi is estimated by Professor Waterhouse to be at least \$2,000,000,000, and the cereal products of eight of the Northwestern States, which in 1840 were 165,000,000, in 1860 were 556,000,000, and the population which at the former period was 3,340,000, at the latter was 8,855,000. The Agricultural Bureau, basing its calculations on past results, estimates that the cereal products of the West will be, in 1870, 762,000,000, and in 1900, 3,121,000,000 of bushels. It is not easy to estimate the vast amount of cereals already produced in these Middle States, and the incalculable amount that will be produced in the immediate future. The value of the crops, as well as that of the forest, the mine, and the herd, depends on the facilities of transportation. If the expenses of these are such as to absorb the whole production, it is of no advantage either to the producer or the public. These channels of transportation are either artificial, as the railway and canal, or natural, as the ocean, the lake, and the river.

The railway possesses great advantages in organization and rapidity of movement. One disadvantage it has in being under the control of private corporations, whose managers are too often influenced only by their own and their shareholders' interest. Another comes from the impossibility of competition. Put two railways side by side: it may for a moment reduce fares, but the managers soon find that they cannot destroy one another, and they soon agree to charge the merchant large sums that the public will have to pay, and divide *pro rata* the profits. There is another possible evil. We read of stock being "watered," which means that new stock is issued without any payment, upon which the public at large shall be forever taxed for the benefit of the shareholders. It is estimated that at least forty per cent of the capital of the railroads of the United States were either unnecessarily expended or never paid in by the shareholders. There were, in 1867, 30,793 miles of railroads, costing \$1,151,560,829. If forty per cent be "fiction," the people are unnecessarily paying interest in the shape of transportation on at least \$400,000,000. At all events, 1,250 miles of railroad would swallow up the whole value of corn in transportation. As the directors consider it their first duty to secure dividends to their shareholders, and wish to avoid trouble for themselves, they naturally prefer to carry a small amount of merchandise at a high rate, rather than a large amount at a low one; and as there can be no permanent competition between railroads, this evil must be perpetual, under the present system. Several methods of removing this burden on American industry have been suggested. One which has been strongly advocated is the construction of new roads by the State. In support of this, it is claimed that one freight railroad carrying 200 tons to the train, running at the rate of ten miles an hour, with half-mile spaces between them, could transport over 70,000,000 tons per annum, and carry all the freight between the West and the seaboard. Another plan which has been warmly urged has been the purchase of existing railroads by the States or general government, just as the British nation is to purchase the telegraphs. It is of vital importance that the whole subject of railway management should be brought before the people, and their interests and rights clearly shown them. I rejoice in the attention this subject is receiving from the leading minds in this country and in Europe. But there is another mode of transportation provided by nature, or by nature assisted by man, which offers a less expensive mode of reducing freights. The estimated cost of carrying a ton of merchandise a mile on the ocean is one and a half cents, on the lake, two cents, on the river, two and three fourths cents, on the canal, five cents, on the railroad, from twelve and a half to thirteen and a half cents.

Of the amount of grain received at Chicago, seventy-five per cent comes by railroad, but from that point ten per cent is sent East by railroads, and ninety per cent by the lakes. The comparative rates of transportation from the upper Mississippi at Dubuque is, according to Professor Waterhouse:—

By the Lakes to New York, per bushel,	68 cents.
" New Orleans, to New York, per bushel,	38 "
A difference of	30 "

The merchants, manufacturers, and consumers of the East, and the farmers of the West, have a common interest in reducing the price of transportation. This can be effected by improving the communications by the great river and the great lakes. The removal of the rocks at the Des Moines Rapids is of as much importance to the citizen of Massachusetts as the dredging of Boston Harbor; and the construction of a canal round the Falls of Niagara should be demanded by the representatives from New England as loudly as by those of Illinois and Michigan.

The Mississippi is but one of the outlets of the vast region through which it passes. The great lakes open a broad belt of this fine country, inclosing large peninsulas like Michigan and part of Canada West, which by canals and railroads bring almost every farm within short and easy distance of ship navigation. Mr. Alvin Bronson, in his "Essay on the Commerce and Transportation of the Great Lakes and Rivers," represents the trade by an inverted cone with a base at the West of one thousand miles, and its apex at the East, on Erie and Ontario. When we look at the map, we think only of Wisconsin and Minnesota as their tributaries; but there is another valley little known to commerce or geography, with a mild climate and fertile lands. The valleys of the Red River of the North, of the Saskatchewan, and Lake Winnipeg, combining a steam navigation of over a thousand miles, will soon minister to the commerce of these lakes.

A charter and most liberal grants of land have been made to the Northern Pacific Railway. This route passes by the Upper Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the Pacific at a point fifteen hundred miles nearer than San Francisco to the great cities of China, Japan, and Eastern Russia. The valleys of the Mississippi, Columbia, and Missouri Rivers, by which it passes, are navigable for long distances. Owing to its elevation and the width of its valleys, it is less obstructed by snow than the Southern route. Its gradients do not exceed forty feet to the mile, with its main summit two thousand five hundred feet lower, and the coast-range summit, if the line is carried across it, four thousand feet lower than the Nevada summit upon the route through the South Pass to San Francisco. The fertility of the soil, its mineral productions and coal-beds, are unsurpassed on any other route. At Puget Sound the mean annual temperature, forty-seven degrees, differs but little from that of Norfolk in Virginia, and wheat matures in the latitude of sixty degrees on the Pacific, seven hundred miles from our international boundary. The exploration of Professor Hind, in 1858, disclosed the fact that there is a broad strip of fertile country, rich in water, woods, and pasture, possessing rich stores of lignite coal, iron, and salt, capable of settlement and cultivation, extending from near the Lake of the Woods, two hundred miles northwest of Lake Superior to the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

Such in brief are some of the prospective promises of these vast and fertile regions which will be developed as surely as time endures. Man, however, must not neglect the power conceded to him, to further the designs of the Creator in providing this magnificent heritage for his children. These great lakes, with more than five thousand miles of shore, extend nearly one half across the continent, and for more than twelve hundred miles their tributaries interlock, and have the same boundaries with the Mississippi. Cheap transportation is the vital necessity of the whole country. Three obstacles now impede the realization of this object,—the monopoly system that controls our railways, the obstructed navigation of the Mississippi, and the want of a canal round the Falls of Niagara. Let the present generation insure them to their posterity. Let it determine that the facilities for intercourse shall correspond with the wealth and vastness of the country intrusted to its care.

On the 22d of December, 1820, the termination of two hundred years from the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Daniel Webster, after reviewing the past, anticipated the next centennial celebration, in that eloquent language so familiar to every American schoolboy.

How little did he anticipate that, when half that period had elapsed, San Francisco would be as accessible from Plymouth as was then the capital of the nation, and that thought would fly with the rapidity of lightning across the ocean and the continent from London to China and Japan!

A sepia-toned illustration depicting a scene in a snowy, wooded landscape. Two men are the central figures. The man on the left is kneeling on the snow, wearing a dark, heavy coat and a hat. He is holding a small, dark-furred animal, possibly a cat or a small dog, in his hands. He is looking towards the other man. The man on the right is standing, leaning forward, and holding a long, thin staff or pole. He is wearing a light-colored, heavy coat and a hat. He is looking down at the animal held by the kneeling man. Two dogs are present: one is standing on the left, looking towards the men, and the other is standing on the right, looking towards the kneeling man. In the foreground, there is a small fire burning on a log, with smoke rising from it. The background is filled with snow-covered trees and a dense forest. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	THE SUN.								THE MOON.					PHENOMENA, &c.					TABLE OF LIGHT.																
		Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASH'GTON.		East of Rocky Mts.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.					Moon's Phases. d. h. m.					This table embraces the period between 6 o'clock P.M. and 6 o'clock A.M., the gradations of light being thus indicated: —														
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Souths.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.					● FIRST MOON . . . 3 5 33 A.M. ○ NEW QUARTER 10 6 3 P.M. ○ FULL MOON . . . 18 6 42 P.M. ○ LAST QUARTER . 25 9 26 P.M.																			
		h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.																							
		h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.																							
		h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.																							
1	Wd.	7 10	4 28	7 5	4 33	7 0	4 39	10 14	4 41	4 39	4 36	4 42	Mars sets, 6 : 8 P.M.																							
2	Th.	11	28	6	33	1	38	11 10	5 54	5 51	5 47	5 52	Venus sets, 7 : 57 P.M.																							
3	Fri.	12	28	7	33	2	38	P.M. 7	7 6	7 2	6 58	7 2	♂ ♀ eve.																							
4	Sat.	13	28	8	32	3	38	1 5	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	♂ ♀ eve.																							
5	S.	14	27	9	32	4	38	2 2	6 49	6 54	6 50	7 9	2d Sunday in Advent.																							
6	Mo.	15	27	10	32	5	38	2 57	7 49	7 54	7 58	8 8	Nicolas.																							
7	Tu.	16	27	11	32	6	38	3 49	8 50	8 54	8 58	9 7	♂ ♀ mor.																							
8	Wd.	17	27	12	32	6	38	4 38	9 51	9 54	9 57	10 6	Conception of B.V.M.																							
9	Th.	18	27	13	32	7	38	5 24	10 52	10 54	10 57	11 5	Jupiter sets, 4 : 16 A.M.																							
10	Fri.	19	27	14	32	8	38	6 7	11 51	11 52	11 54	mor.																								
11	Sat.	20	27	15	32	9	38	6 49	mor.	mor.	mor.	0 2																								
12	S.	21	27	15	32	10	38	7 30	0 49	0 50	0 50	0 57	3d Sunday in Advent.																							
13	Mo.	21	27	16	33	10	38	8 12	1 47	1 47	1 46	1 53	Lucy.																							
14	Tu.	22	27	17	33	11	38	8 55	2 45	2 44	2 42	2 49	Venus sets, 8 : 15 P.M.																							
15	Wd.	23	28	18	33	12	39	9 39	3 45	3 43	3 40	3 46	♂ ♀ mor.																							
16	Th.	24	28	18	33	13	39	10 26	4 46	4 43	4 40	4 45	O Sapientia.																							
17	Fri.	24	28	19	34	13	39	11 16	5 48	5 42	5 40	5 45	Mars sets 6 : 1 P.E.																							
18	Sat.	25	29	20	34	14	40	A.M. 6	6 49	6 44	6 40	6 44																								
19	S.	26	29	20	34	14	40	0 9	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	4th Sunday in Advent.																							
20	Mo.	26	29	21	35	15	40	1 4	6 21	6 26	6 31	6 41	Jupiter sets, 3 : 33 A.M.																							
21	Tu.	27	30	21	35	15	41	2 0	7 26	7 30	7 35	7 44	St. Thomas.																							
22	Wd.	27	30	22	36	16	41	2 55	8 33	8 37	8 40	8 49	21st, Winter begins 1 : 8 P.M.																							
23	Th.	28	31	22	36	16	42	3 49	9 42	9 48	9 47	9 56																								
24	Fri.	28	31	23	37	17	42	4 42	10 52	10 54	10 55	11 3	Venus sets, 8 : 27 P.M.																							
25	Sat.	28	32	23	37	17	43	5 33	mor.	mor.	mor.	mor.	Christmas Day.																							
26	S.	29	32	24	38	18	44	6 23	0 3	0 2	0 4	0 11	1st Sunday after Christmas.																							
27	Mo.	29	33	24	39	18	44	7 14	1 14	1 16	1 12	1 19	St. John. [St. Stephen.]																							
28	Tu.	29	34	24	40	18	45	8 6	2 25	2 30	2 21	2 27	Innocents' Day.																							
29	Wd.	29	35	24	40	19	46	8 59	3 36	3 43	3 30	3 35	Jupiter sets, 2 : 59 A.M.																							
30	Th.	30	35	25	41	19	46	9 54	4 47	4 56	4 39	4 44	Mars sets, 5 : 59 P.M.																							
31	Fri.	7 30	4 36	7 25	4 42	7 19	4 47	10 50	5 55	6 6	5 46	5 50	Sylvester. ♂ ♀ mor.																							

TALK CONCERNING THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS MANAGEMENT.

BY THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

[Reported for the Atlantic Almanac.]

It is no new thing for an almanac to deal with the various branches of medical science. The signs of the zodiac have long been supposed to have their corresponding divisions in the human body.

In this old treatise, dated 1522, the twelve symbols marking the course of the sun through the heavens are represented as grouped on and about a full-length male figure. The Ram is seated on the top of the head; the Bull upon the neck; the Twins slant gracefully upward, reclining along the two extended arms; the Lion stands in front of the heart; while the Virgin, to whose charge we should have assigned that organ, presides over the less sentimental domain of the stomach. So through the several signs and the related regions of the body, until we reach the feet, where the Water-bearer, Aquarius, empties his vase over the Dolphins who represent the Fishes of February.

The same fanciful doctrine survives to our own time, and may be found in almanacs of the present year, and particularly in one which is slipped under our doorsteps by a philanthropist who sells pills and potions, that he may obtain the means to give away his instructive calendars, — unless it may be supposed that he gives them away that he may sell more pills and potions.

Almanacs, too, are very commonly repositories of medical information in the form of recipes and gratuitous advice of all sorts, so that the reader need not think it a strange innovation when he finds by the side of agricultural and horticultural admonitions, or in place of them, some talk about the tree of human life, which, like its vegetable brothers and sisters, must be well cared for, or it will not flourish and bloom, but which, unlike them, never grows after it is replanted in the soil from which it was taken.

I. — FIXED CONDITIONS.

We will begin our breakfast-table talk with a few words on ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

Take one of these boiled eggs, which has been ravished from a brilliant possible future, and instead of sacrificing it to a common appetite, devote it to the nobler hunger for knowledge. You know that the effect of boiling has been to harden it, and that if a little overdone it becomes quite firm in texture, the change pervading both the white and the yolk. Careful observation shows that this change takes place at about 150° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The substance which thus hardens or coagulates is called *albumen*. As this forms the bulk of the egg, it must be the raw material of the future chicken. There is some oil, with a little coloring matter, and there is the earthy shell, with a thin skin lining it; but all these are in small quantity compared to the albumen. You see then that an egg contains substances which may be coagulated into your breakfast by hot water, or into a chicken by the milder prolonged warmth of the mother's body.

We can push the analysis further without any laboratory other than our breakfast-room.

At the larger end of the egg, as you may have noticed on breaking it, is a small space containing nothing but air, a mixture of *oxygen* and *nitrogen*, as you know. If you use a silver spoon in eating an egg, it becomes discolored, as you may have observed, which is one of the familiar effects of *sulphur*. It is this which gives a neglected egg its peculiar aggressive atmospheric effects. Heat the whole contents of the shell, or, for convenience, a small portion of them, gently for a while, and you will have left

nothing but a thin scale, representing only a small fraction of the original weight of the contents before drying. That which has been driven off is water, as you may easily see by letting the steam condense on a cold surface. But water, as you remember, consists of *oxygen* and *hydrogen*. Now lay this dried scale on the shovel and burn it until it turns black. What you have on the shovel is animal charcoal or *carbon*. If you burn this black crust to ashes, a chemist will, on examining these ashes, find for you small quantities of various salts, containing *phosphorus*, *chlorine*, *potash*, *soda*, *magnesia* in various combinations, and a little *iron*. You can burn the egg-shell and see for yourself that it becomes changed into *lime*, the heat driving off the carbonic acid which made it a carbonate.

Oxygen.	Iron.
Hydrogen.	Potash.
Carbon.	Soda.
Nitrogen.	Magnesia.
Sulphur.	Phosphorus.
Lime.	Chlorine.

This is the list of simple elements to be found in an egg. You have detected six of them by your fireside chemistry; the others must be in very small quantity, as they are all contained in the pinch of ashes which remains after you have burned all that is combustible in your egg.

Now this egg is going, or rather was going, to become a chicken; that is, an animal with flesh and blood and bones, with a brain and nerves, with eyes ready to see and ears ready to hear, with organs all ready to go to work, and a voice ready to be heard the moment it is let out of its shell. The elements of the egg have been separated and recombined, but nothing has been added to them. Just these twelve elements are to be found in the chicken, no more, no less.

Just these same twelve elements, with the merest traces of two or three other substances, make up the human body. *Expende Hannibalem*; weigh the great general, the great thinker, his frame also may be resolved into a breath of air, a wave of water, a charred cinder, a fragment of lime-salts, and a few grains of mineral and saline matter which the earth has lent him, all easily reducible to the material forms enumerated in this brief catalogue.

All these simple substances which make up the egg, the chicken, the human body are found in the air, the water, or the earth. All living things borrow their whole bodies from inanimate matter, directly or indirectly. But of the simple substances found in nature, not more than a quarter, or something less than that, are found in the most complex living body. The forty-five or fifty others have no business in our organization. Thus we must have iron in our blood, but we must not have lead in it, or we shall be liable to colic and palsy. Gold and silver are very well in our pockets, but have no place in our system. Most of us have seen one or more unfortunates whose skins were permanently stained of a dark bluish tint in consequence of the prolonged use of a preparation of silver which has often been prescribed for the cure of epilepsy.

This, then, is the great fact of animal chemistry; a few simple substances, borrowed from the surrounding elements, give us the albumen and oil and other constituents of the egg, and, arranging themselves differently during the process of incubation, form all the tissues of the animal body.

Can we come at any statement as simple and satisfactory with reference to the ANATOMY of the animal body? That will depend upon the kind of anatomy we wish to know something of.

The body may be studied as the geographer studies the earth, or as the geologist studies it. A surgeon who is to operate upon

any part must make a very careful study of its *geography*. A very slight deviation of his knife may be the death of his patient. There is no short and easy method of getting at an intimate knowledge of the particular arrangements of all the different organs of the body. But most persons have picked up some idea of the position and general characters of the most important among them. They have seen Yorick's skull in the hands of Hamlet, and the same object with the crossbones on monuments or in pictures. They have even a notion of the whole skeleton, derived, perhaps, from the New England Primer, or Hans Holbein's Dance of Death. The aches of childhood taught them where their alimentary canal belongs, and the palpitations of adolescence fixed the situation of the heart. A smattering of phrenology has given them a notion of the brain. The ballet has made them full learned enough in the anatomy of the leg; and if they have ever swung a dumb-bell or pulled an oar, they can hardly have remained ignorant of the form and connections of such muscles as the *biceps* and the *pectoral*. Everybody knows the artery which beats at the wrist and gives the pulse, the veins that stand out on the arm or hand, the nerve that is numbed by a blow on the elbow. In short, most persons have a tolerable conception of the geography of the body, and do not care to go through the tedious and uninviting details which most medical men master more or less imperfectly, to forget in great measure as soon as they become engaged in practice.

But the *geology* of the body, the list of *anatomical elements* into which the microscope easily resolves it, is quite another matter. Of this most unprofessional persons know absolutely nothing, yet it is full of interest, and made intelligible with the greatest ease to any person who will give an hour or two to its study under the guidance of any intelligent student who has a microscope of moderate power, and knows how to use it on the objects required, which are obtained with great ease, and have nothing to excite repugnance, if for no other reason, because they are employed in almost infinitesimal quantities.

A slight prick of the finger with a cambric-needle supplies a point, not a drop, of blood, which we spread on a slip of glass, cover with another much thinner piece of glass, and look at in the microscope. You see a vast number of flattened disks rolling round in a clear fluid, or piled in columns like rouleaux of coin. Each of these is about one fiftieth of the diameter of the dot over this *i*, or the *period* at the end of this sentence, as it will be seen in fine print. You have many millions of millions of them circulating in your body, — I am almost afraid to say how many by calculation. Here and there is a pearly looking globule, a little larger than one of the disks. These are the red and the white blood corpuscles, which are carried along by the pale fluid to which the red ones give its color, as the grains of sand are whirled along with a rapid torrent. The blood then, you see, is not like red ink, but more like water with red and white currants, say one of the latter to two or three hundred of the former, floating in it, not dissolved in it.

The solids of the body are made up chiefly of *cells* or particles originally rounded, often more or less altered in form, or of *fibres*. Here is a minute scrap of fat, half as large as the head of a pin, perhaps. You see in the microscope that it consists of a group of little vesicles or cells, looking like miniature soap-bubbles. They are large, comparatively, — eight of them in a row would stretch across the dot of the *i* which it took fifty blood-disks to span. That part of the brain with which we think is made up of cells of a different aspect. They are granular, instead of being clear like the fat-cells. Each of them has a spot upon it called its nucleus, and that has a smaller spot, called the nucleolus. Turn down your lower lip and scrape it very lightly with the

blade of a pocket-knife. Examine what it removes, on the slip of glass, as before. Here is a cell again, with its nucleus and nucleolus, but the whole flattened out, so that the spot looks like the boss of a shield. All the internal surfaces of the body are lined with altered cells like these, except that some are not flattened, but round or elongated, and that in some internal passages, as in the air-tubes of the lungs, they have little hair-like appendages called *cilia*, which keep moving all the time by some unknown power of their own. Here is a shred from an oyster just opened; you see a row of cilia in a perpetual ripple like that of a field of grain in a light breeze. Once more, here is a little slice of cartilage from the joint we are to see on table by and by. Cells again, spotted or nucleated cells, scattered like plums in a pudding through a solid substance which has no particular structure, so far as we can see, but looks like ground glass.

Now let us examine some fibres. These fine wavy threads are the material employed by nature for a larger variety of purposes than any other anatomical element. They look like silk floss as you see them here. But they take many aspects. Made into bands and cords, they tie the joints as ligaments, and form the attachments of muscles as tendons. Woven into dense membranes, they wrap the limbs in firm envelopes, sheathing each separate muscle, and binding the whole muscles of a part in a common covering. Shaped into stout bags, they furnish protections for the brain, the heart, the eye, and other organs. In looser masses, they form the packing of all the delicate machinery of life, separating the parts from each other, and yet uniting them as a whole, much as the cement at once separates and unites the stones or bricks of a wall, or more nearly as the cotton-wool packs the fragile articles it is used to protect.

These other fibres, coarser, curling at the ends like the tendrils of a vine, are used to form many of the elastic parts of the animal machine. They are employed as labor-saving contrivances where parts that have been displaced are to be restored, just as india-rubber bands are used to shut doors after us. A stout bundle of them stretches along the back of an ox's neck, and helps to lift his head after he has done grazing. All our arteries are rendered elastic by a coating of these fibres.

On the point of this pin is a particle of red flesh from the sirloin which is to be on our table. The microscopic threads of which our instrument shows it is made up are exactly like those which form all our own muscles, the organs of all our voluntary acts of motion and of speech. See how every one of them is crossed by closely set, cobweb-like lines, as if it were a ladder for invisible monads to climb upon. These striped filaments are the servants of the brain. To each bundle of them runs a nervous telegraphic cord, which compels it to every act good or bad which it does, to every word right or wrong which it utters. Your muscles will murder as readily as they will embrace a fellow-creature. They will curse as willingly as they will bless, if your brain telegraphs them to do it. Your red flesh has no more conscience or compassion than a tiger's or a hyena's.

But here we have taken up on the point of the pin, and placed on the glass slide, a scarcely visible fragment taken from another familiar form of flesh, known as tripe, which, as you are probably aware, is the prepared stomach of the animal which furnished your sirloin. If it is not on your own list of delicacies, you may remember that Katharine was not too proud to beg for it in the "Taming of the Shrew." The stomach can move, as the facts of every day, not to speak of more convincing nautical experiences, have probably convinced you. But like other internal parts, it will neither move nor be quiet at your bidding. And in correspondence with this difference in its endowments, this entire independence of the will in contrast with the complete submission to

it of the outer muscles, such as those of the limbs, you will notice a difference of structure at the first glance. The involuntary muscular fibre has not the delicate transverse stripes of the voluntary. It is made up of separate spindle-shaped threads, spliced, as it were, to each other.

We want a bit of nerve to look at in the microscope. We can get that very easily at the provision stall where we get our diners, and have found our specimens so far, but there is a mischievous school-boy in the house who has, without meaning it, become the purveyor of science. Nature has organized one of her creatures so admirably for the purposes of the physiologist, that Mr. Bergh himself would hardly deny that there was a meaning in it. One cannot help thinking what a festival of science the Plague of Frogs must have been to the Brown-Séquards of the time of Moses. That luckless animal, which has storks and mice and snakes and anglers and boys as its natural enemies, displays some of its nerves so beautifully and liberally on the most superficial anatomical inspection, that it becomes in consequence of this indiscreet exposure a foredoomed and necessary victim of experiment. Our school-boy has just brought home what he calls a "Bull-paddy," which he has slain with a stone after the manner of boys of Æsop's day, and ours and all days. From this victim we have snipped off this little piece of nerve, looking like a bit of white thread. It seems at first as if it were simply fibrous, but examining it in the microscope we see that each fibre is a *tube*, with thick walls and a kind of pith in its centre,—looking something like a thermometer-tube with transparent contents. Through these canals flows in the knowledge of all that is outside of ourselves, nay, of our own bodies, to our consciousness, which has its seat in those granular, spotted cells of the brain before mentioned. Through these stream forth, also, from the brain-cells, the mandates of the will.

These are the anatomical elements of the soft parts of the animal body,—of our own frames. The bones are more than half mineral substance, lime being their basis. Our earthly house of this tabernacle is built upon a rock. The teeth are still more largely mineral in their composition, yet both bones and teeth are penetrated by canals which carry nourishment through their substance. A very thin cross-section of the arm or leg bone shows a network of little tubules radiating from a round hole, which is one of the larger canals seen cut transversely. The arrangement reminds one of a spider's web. A similar section of a tooth shows that it is penetrated by tubes that radiate from the pulp cavity, and which appear to contain delicate extensions of the pulp,—which fact sufficiently accounts for the lively sensations attending the filling of a tooth.

Blood corpuscles, red and white.

Cells, round; flattened; elongated; provided with cilia.

Fibres, { Fine, wavy,—(connective tissue, etc.)
(passive) { Coarse, curly,—(elastic tissue.)

Fibres, { Striped muscle,—(voluntary.)
(active) { Unstriped muscle,—(involuntary.)

Fibres, { Tubular, forming the nerves.
(conducting)

Hard tissues.—Bone. Teeth.

Fluids, all largely made up of water.

To these may be added that simple, structureless, solid substance, looking like ground glass, which forms, as we have seen, the basis of cartilage. Also *granules*, specks of indeterminate form, but always of minute dimensions.

Just as we have seen the chemical elements combined to form

the living tissues, we find these anatomical elements combined to form the organs. The demonstration of them is simple to the last degree. The specimens may all be brought in on a half-dime for a silver waiter, and an hour or two will be enough to give a satisfactory exhibition of the whole series.

Let us now see if we can bring down the most general facts of LIFE to a statement as simple as those in which we have attempted to include the plans of composition and structure.

We cannot use our bodies in any manner without wearing away some portions of them, or so far deteriorating these portions, that they become unfit for their duties. These must, therefore, be got rid of, and their place supplied by fresh materials. You have only to overwork and underfeed a horse or a human being, and you find that the subject of the experiment loses weight rapidly; and if it is carried too far, becomes the victim of it.

It is obvious, then, that we change our bodies as we change our clothes. It was an old fancy, belonging to the category of the seven stars, the seven ages, the seven days of the week, and the seven sleepers, that we are made over again every seven years. But a strong man, leading an active life, takes between two and three pounds of dry food daily, and five or six of liquids. He receives into his lungs between four and five thousand gallons of air every twenty-four hours, of which he absorbs between two and three pounds. In a year, therefore, such a man takes into his system about three thousand pounds of foreign material, or twenty times his own weight. All of this, with insignificant exceptions, has become a part of his own fluids or solids. That is, if he weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, he has been made over twenty times in the course of a year, or as often as once every two or three weeks. But the change occurs much more rapidly in some parts than in others,—in the blood, the hair, the cuticle, much more rapidly than in the bones or the teeth, so far as our observation extends. Yet, that the process of growth is pretty active even in the bones is rendered probable by the rapidity with which a fracture unites, especially in young and healthy persons. The dentists will tell you that even the teeth are capable of repairing their own damages to a certain extent, which implies that they too are changed more or less, like other parts.

Just so long as this exchange of materials between the organized being, vegetable or animal, goes on, it is said to be alive. Provision is made for its being constantly kept up by the adjustment of the brute universe to its growing and conscious tenants, plants and animals.

Every organized being always lives immersed in a strong solution of its own elements.

Sometimes, as in the case of the air plant, the solution contains all its elements; but in higher plants, and in animals generally, some of the principal ones only. Take our own bodies, and we find the atmosphere contains the oxygen and the nitrogen, of which we are so largely made up, as its chief constituents; the hydrogen, also, in its watery vapor, the carbon in its carbonic acid. What our air-bath does not furnish us we must take in the form of nourishment, supplied through the digestive organs. But the first food we take, after we have set up for ourselves, is air, and the last food we take is air also. We are all chameleons in our diet, as we are all salamanders in our *habits*, inasmuch as we live always in the fire of our own smouldering combustion; a gentle but constant flame, fanned every day by the same forty hogsheads of air which furnish us, not with our daily bread, which we can live more than a day without touching, but with our momentary, and oftener than momentary aliment, without which we cannot live five minutes.

We are perishing and being born again, at every instant. We do literally enter over and over again into the womb of that great

mother, from whom we get our bones and flesh and blood and marrow. "I die daily," is true of all that live. If we cease to die, particle by particle, and to be born anew in the same proportion, the whole movement of life comes to an end; and swift, universal, irreparable decay resolves our frames into the parent elements. I can find the truth better stated by a great divine than in any book of Physiology that I remember:—

"Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which Death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought we die; and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity; we form our words with the breath of our nostrils; we have the less to live upon for every word we speak."

The products of the internal fire which consumes us over and over again every year pass off mainly in smoke and steam from the lungs and the skin. The smoke is only invisible, because the combustion is so perfect. The steam is plain enough in our breaths on a frosty morning; and an over-driven horse will show us on a larger scale the cloud that is always arising from our own bodies.

Man walks, then, not only in a vain show, but wrapped in an uncelestial aureole of his own material exhalations. A great mist of gases and of vapor rises day and night from the whole realm of living nature. The water and the carbonic acid which animals exhale become the food of plants, whose leaves are at once lungs and mouths. The vegetable world reverses the breathing process of the animal creation, restoring the elements which that has combined and rendered effete for its own purposes, to their original condition. The salt-water ocean is a great aquarium. The air ocean in which we live is a "Wardian case," of larger dimensions.

We are ready now to attempt a definition which has tasked the ingenuity of so many physiologists, that it is like throwing a pebble on a cairn, to add a new one to the number. I have long been in the habit of giving it as follows, hardly knowing whether it was my own, or conveyed, as the wise call a process not unfamiliar to lecturers and writers:—

LIFE is the state of an organized being in which it maintains, or is capable of maintaining, its structural integrity by the constant interchange of elements with the surrounding media.

Death is the final cessation of that state. We commonly consider it as taking place when the last breath is drawn. To expire is, in our ordinary language, the synonyme of die. After this last breath, no further interchange of material between the body and the surrounding elements takes place, or at least none that tends to keep the organization in its state of structural integrity.

Still, there are unused materials and unexpended forces which sometimes startle us by their manifestations after the body has ceased forever to be the tenement of conscious being. It is not the whole of death to "die," in its physiological any more than in its spiritual sense. There seems to be good reason for saying that the beard and hair may grow, and some of the secretions continue to be formed, long after the last breath has been drawn. The heart of a decapitated criminal has been observed throbbing in his breast one hour, two hours and a half, nay, in one case twenty-seven hours and a half, after the axe had fallen. Even the severed parts contain a certain lingering vitality. Lord Bacon saw the heart of a traitor who had been executed leap for some minutes after it had been thrown into the fire. Still more startling evidences of life surviving death have been recorded. Dr. Bennet Dowler of New Orleans has related very curious facts of movements occurring in the inanimate limbs of patients

who had died of cholera, — movements so regular and extensive as to recall the experience of the Ancient Mariner:—

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee,
The body and I pulled at one rope:
But he said naught to me."

From this glance at the composition, structure, and conditions of life belonging to organized beings, we can make several very plain practical inferences. A plant must find in the soil any elements it requires, and which the air does not furnish. We feed our cereals with phosphate of lime, for instance; and we know that, unless we keep replenishing the soil, it is soon exhausted of this and other important constituents. So if a hen does not get lime enough in her food, she lays soft or thin shelled eggs. And just as certainly as a man does not get lime enough in his food, his bones will be liable to soften and bend under him.

These little striped fibres, which do the bidding of your will, must be exercised, or they will undergo a gradual change, diminishing in size or in number, or perhaps becoming converted into fat, and thus substituting a burden for a force.

The constant exchange of elements between our bodies and the matter surrounding us, in which, as we have seen, life essentially consists, may be easily prevented or hindered to a greater or less extent. Death, or disturbance of health, in proportion to the interruption, must follow. A cord about the neck obstructs the windpipe and is fatal. Air too long breathed has been robbed of its oxygen and become overloaded with carbonic acid; it can neither furnish the blood what it requires, nor relieve it of what it should get rid of, — for a sponge already full will not take up water.

Knowing the dozen elements of which the human body is made up, we know exactly what elements must be supplied in the food. An analysis of the common articles we use for our sustenance at once shows us how our tissues are renewed. Air and water furnish oxygen and hydrogen; bread and meat supply us with nitrogen and carbon; lime is found in the water we drink and the cereal grains; phosphorus also in the latter, in milk and in eggs; sulphur in the two last, and in water; common salt (chlorine and sodium) in different articles of food, and added to all as a condiment; potash in vegetable food generally, and in water; iron in flesh and in water.

One would say that the regulation of the conditions of the body should be as simple as the ordering of the conditions which enable a skilful agriculturist to raise healthy vegetables and fruits. There are only two difficulties, — we cannot choose our constitutions, and we cannot always command many of the circumstances which have most influence on health.

What do we mean by constitution? We mean the inherited sum of living force, with all its manifestations in form, in structure, in tendency. In the elements of which we are composed, and the processes by which our life is maintained, we are all alike. But in constitution there are differences so great between individuals that they hardly seem to inherit the same nature. Every vital act is harmoniously and easily performed in one set of persons, those whose tissues and organs are duly constituted and adjusted to each other. Everything goes wrong in another set of persons, in whom the same tissues and organs are ill constructed and imperfectly fitted or proportioned. We all see about us those to whom life is a constant easy victory over the elements and forces of the outside world, and by their side those to whom the mere labor of existence is enough and more than enough to task all their powers. Invalidism is a function to which certain persons are born, as others are born to poetry or art as their calling.

This difference of constitution makes it impossible to lay down a complete set of rules of universal application. If we could determine by an edict what families should be allowed to continue their lineage, if we could with propriety cause every child of a certain undervalued make to take advantage of its period of innocence and retire from the unequal contest with the difficulties of life, it would be comparatively easy to lay down a code of health for our select community. But infants are allowed to grow up all around us whom the Spartans would have condemned without ceremony as unmerchable human articles. These unfortunates find it very hard to accept the fact that their normal state is invalidism. They are constantly consulting medical men for evils no more to be remedied than their stature can be made to suit them. The worse they are by nature, the more they cry to be set right. It is as if the cripples should all insist on being taught all the accomplishments which the dancing-master professes to impart.

Why particular families should run down, and taper off, and die out, it is not always easy to say, but we can all see that the process is continually going on around us. When Nature has made up her mind that she has had enough of a particular stock, and that its room is better than its company, the work of patching up the constitutions of its offspring and keeping them alive, if they can ever be called so, is one of the most desperate tasks assigned to the healers of men. How many lives, physiologically speaking, are a great deal more trouble than they are worth, — belonging to animated machines no more fitted from the very first to keep vital time, than the watches sold at a Broadway mock-auction den are to tell the time of the day!

Yet some of these lives, so worthless in the wholesale physiological aspect, are precious to their owners and the friends of their owners, — nay, they may go with natures worthy of far better fleshly tenements. No doubt there are many individuals, and some families, that would do best to let their infirmities die with them, rather than add them to the already sufficiently ample stock belonging to the race. Unfortunately, they do not commonly think so, and nature has at last to interfere with the gentle violence of what we call disease, but which is often a mere incapacity for living.

There is one comfort even for these. Infirmities may be bred out of a race by fortunate alliances and improved conditions, so that, as I once showed by an example borrowed from this neighborhood, some of the great-great-grandchildren of a person who graduated at Harvard College nearly a century and a half ago, a man of delicate organization and feeble health, were and are remarkable for robust qualities of body and mind.

The tendency to physical deterioration is marked enough here in the northern and eastern section of the country, but whether more so than in other temperate regions is by no means proved. One of the lustiest looking Englishmen I have ever met told me that almost every one of his relatives had died of consumption, and that he himself had been doomed at one time by his physician. Sir Kenelm Digby said that half the Londoners of his time died of that disease, — which was a great overstatement, no doubt. But I have often noticed, in our own returns of the weekly mortality of Boston, that one third, and sometimes one half, of the deaths of persons over twenty years old are from consumption. Some might think this was owing to our particular climate or conditions, but Dr. Casper's statistics show a greater percentage of phthisis for New York, Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg than for Boston.

It may well be a question whether human creatures raised under glass, which is the condition of being raised at all for the civilized inhabitants of all but the central zone of the planet, represent the normal state of humanity. A man ought to be born under a

tree, or at most in a tent, to get his full allowance of elemental influences. The land of the palm governs the land of the pine at this moment, either in virtue of the fact that the priests and prophets of Asia were better endowed men, or, as the Christian world generally believes, were selected as worthiest of immediate communications from the Deity.

It is not a question with most persons, however, whether they shall permanently change their climate. They must make the best of their own. Ours is a very trying one. On the seaboard we have the sudden transition from warm southerly to chilling east winds, the last so much dreaded by invalids. This we may get rid of to some extent by going farther inland; but the east wind has a bad name pretty widely as compared with the "wild west," the "sweet south," the "bracing north." Poets have little to say about it, and that little not flattering: —

"How do ye this blae eastlin' win',
That's like to blaw a body blin'?"

The hot summers "wilt" us; the keen northwesterners intoxicate us with their champagne-like stimulus. The dryness of the atmosphere drains our moisture and makes us thin, and consequently sensitive to outward influences. The last circumstance has been illustrated in a very interesting pamphlet by Mr. Desor. He tells us that laundresses from the Old World find their linen dries quicker here than at home; that cooks find their bread hardens instead of moulding, as they used to see it; and that persons who brought soft, silken hair from the Old World notice that it becomes harsh and dry after a residence on this side of the Atlantic. To these things we must make up our minds. In compensation, we of the North, at least of New England, are almost wholly free from malaria. I examined this subject with some care many years ago, and could only find a spot here and there open to suspicion, — on the shores of Lake Champlain, and in former years at some points on one or two of the rivers of Western Massachusetts. In the earlier periods of settlement, it seems to have betrayed its presence by causing intermittents occasionally, and I have heard that within a few years these have been showing themselves in some places supposed to be exempt. A rare instance or two of the origination of fever and ague in this neighborhood may be found in recent medical records.

II.

ADJUSTABLE CONDITIONS.

To cultivate human organizations under glass, as we are submitted to the necessity of doing, implies furnishing them with artificial HEAT, and depriving them of natural light. Both these are grave considerations with reference to their effect on human beings.

So long as people will sacrifice luxury, comfort, health, and even life, to economy, we shall have the drying anthracite fire, or the hole in the floor exhaling baked air and mineral effluvia, the tight room with double windows, the poisoned atmosphere, and the dull headache and fevered skin and sulphurous taste in our mouths which accompany in various degrees these money-saving and life-wasting arrangements.

Open fireplaces, wood, or soft coal, aided, if need be, by moderate furnace heat in the coldest weather, are the first requisites for health, comfort, and cheerfulness. Even heating by steam or hot water is no substitute for the blaze of the open fireplace and the brisk circulation of air kept up by the breathing passage of a room, — its chimney.

A temperature of seventy degrees suits many persons. A famous traveller, enured to the heats of Africa, told me he liked

to have the thermometer at sixty-eight degrees. An equally celebrated statesman whom I visited last winter wanted it at eighty degrees. Some are comfortable when it is not much over sixty.

For the last year or two I have had three instruments in my study which I regard as so great conveniences that I shall run the risk of unfriendly comment in the interest of my reader. The first is the aneroid barometer, now common enough, and much more convenient as an index of slight changes in the weight of the atmosphere than the mercurial barometer. The second is one of these large cheap thermometers made by Finnell of New York, the height of the column in which can be seen all over the room. The third is the very ingenious "Hygrodeik," which I consider a trustworthy guide for determining the amount of moisture in the atmosphere, fulfilling the purpose which Saussure, De Luc, Mr. Edgeworth, and others, attempted in vain to accomplish by their various contrivances, none of which retain their sensibility unaltered for any great length of time. With the aid of these three instruments, you can tell how to regulate your climate within doors, and guess with some chance of being right what the weather is to be out of doors.

Warmth, however, and an atmosphere containing a due amount of moisture, are not enough to secure health without insuring the daily presence of a sufficient amount of LIGHT. The dark side of a street is far more subject to disease than the light side. Sir James Wylie found three times as many cases of disease on the shaded side of the barracks at St. Petersburg as on the other side. Dupuytren is said to have wrought a cure in the case of a lady in a seemingly desperate condition, by simply removing her from her dark quarters to a brighter residence, and keeping her as much as possible in the daylight. There is no better testimony on any such point than that of Miss Florence Nightingale. What she says of the value of light to those who are ill indicates no less its necessity for those who are well:—

"Second only to fresh air, however, I should be inclined to rank light in importance for the sick. Direct sunlight, not only daylight, is necessary for speedy recovery. . . . Instances could be given almost endless, where in dark wards, or in wards with a northern aspect, even when thoroughly warmed, or in wards with borrowed light, even when thoroughly ventilated, the sick could not by any means be made speedily to recover."

Very few persons seem to have a due sense of the luxury and benefit of *aprication*, or immersion in the sunshine bath, which every fair day will furnish gratuitously to all applicants. One ancient man, very poor, and very simple in most matters, whose clay pipe I sometimes replenish for him, is almost the only person I happen to know who seems really to enjoy the sunshine as much as if he were a vegetable. That these humbler creatures enjoy it, if they enjoy anything, we may guess by their actions. The passion of the sunflower for "her god" is famous in song. But there are examples of still more ardent devotion than hers. Mr. Jesse tells how a potato, left in a dark cellar with only one opening, sent its shoot twenty feet to get at the light through that little crevice. After this story, the "eye" of a potato seems a well-deserved name for the bud that can see a crack so far off. The feathered bipeds value sunshine more than many of the unplumed ones appear to. There is a little streak of morning sun which in early spring comes in between two buildings near by me and traverses the open space beyond, as the sun moves up the heavens. The sensible barn-yard fowls of the Infirmary hen-coops follow it as it slowly travels along, as faithfully as if their brains were furnished with heliostats.

It is well to remember that there is something more than

warmth in sunlight. The skin does not tan and freckle in warm, dark rooms. Photography reminds us that there is a chemistry in sunshine, without which that beautiful art would be unknown. You have only to look at the windows in some of the lower houses in Beacon Street, just above Charles, to see what a singular change of color has taken place in many of the panes of glass which were set quite colorless. Mr. Gaffield's interesting experiments have illustrated this curious fact, and added another chapter to the alchemy of the sunbeam.

Color is not commonly consulted, except for the sake of the eyes; but a notion has long prevailed in some countries that it has an important influence in disease. When John of Gaddesden was called to the son of Edward the Second, who was attacked with the small-pox, he had the prince wrapped in scarlet cloths, and surrounded with draperies of the same color. The Japanese, according to Kämpfer, have a similar fancy. It survived in England at least as late as 1744. A physician practising at that date tells how he was called to the child of a certain military officer, and, on his announcing that it was breaking out with small-pox, three women took off their scarlet capes, and wrapped the child in them. It was kept so enveloped during the whole time of its sickness.

I had done with this matter of color, when, by one of those curious coincidences which seem more than accidental, between the end of the last paragraph and the beginning of this, a little book was laid on my table bearing upon this very subject. I cannot neglect such a hint from the Disposing Powers. "Happily," says Mr. Masury, who sends me this "Popular Treatise on the Art of House Painting," "the day of dead-whites for the interior of our dwellings has passed by, — let us hope not to return. It was a kind of Puritanism in painting, for which there was no warrant in nature, which, in such matters, should be our teacher and guide." And this leads me back to Miss Nightingale's invaluable "Notes," full of hints, such as only a sensitive woman could have had the subtlety to suggest. "Form, color, will free your patient from his painful ideas better than any argument. . . . No one who has watched the sick can doubt the fact, that some feel stimulus from looking at scarlet flowers, exhaustion from looking at deep blue," etc.

The light of the moon has, from time immemorial, been supposed to exercise some evil influence on living creatures, as the words *moon-calf*, *moonstruck*, *lunatic*, remind us. That the moon is the chief cause of the tides we know. That it influences the weather is believed on the strength of: certain amount of evidence. Professor Marcet of Geneva examined a series of meteorological tables extending from 1800 to 1860, and came to the result, from their showing, that the chance of a change of weather on the day of the full moon is 0.121, at new moon 0.125, the day after full moon 0.143, and the day after new moon 0.148. Now, if the moon influences the weather, it must, indirectly at least, influence human health.

It has been supposed to cause and aggravate insanity more especially, not only in common belief, as may be seen in the writings of poets like Shakespeare and Milton and lawyers like Blackstone, but by so grave an authority as the illustrious Pinel, the reformer of the doctrine and treatment of mental diseases. Yet the notion is generally rejected, I believe, at this day. Dr. Harlan made nothing of it from the examination of his register; and our own Dr. Woodward states, as the result of the analysis of his tables, that "no theory seems to be supported by them which has existed among the ignorant or wise men who have been believers in the influence of the moon upon the insane." There are stories of persons having been struck with temporary blindness after sleeping in the moonlight.

The tailor's art has blanched the surface of our bodies to the

whiteness of celery. Like that, we are buried alive, all but our heads. We can hardly doubt that the condition of the primitive man was to bask in unimpeded sunshine, and that in depriving himself of it to so great an extent he must pay the penalty in the form of some physical deterioration. Men and women must have sunshine to ripen them as much as apples and peaches. The exposure that is liable to produce sunstroke, of which the present summer has furnished an unprecedented number of instances, and the over-fatigue of the eyes being guarded against, the sun-bath may be considered as a great preservative and curative agent for most persons. Yet there are those with whom it does not seem to agree, and who avoid exposure, at least to the direct rays of the sun in warm weather, from their experience of the effects that follow it. Some individuals seem to be born a certain number of degrees north or south of the region fitted for their constitutions.

The AIR we breathe is the next point to be touched upon. If we inspire and expire forty hogsheads of air a day, rob it of some pounds of oxygen, and load it with other pounds of carbonic acid gas, we must need a very large supply for our daily use. The ventilation of buildings, public and private, is accomplished easily and safely enough, if people will take the pains and spend the money. Yet it is sadly neglected by those who spare no trouble and expense for luxuries much less important. I have been at elegant dinner-parties, where, what with the number of guests crowded together in a small apartment, the blaze of numerous lights, and the long sitting, to say nothing of the variety of wines that insisted on being tasted, the greatest care was no security against such a headache the next morning as only a debauch ought to account for. There were a dozen courses for the palate, and only one for the breathing organs. Let no host expect his guests to be anything but sleepy and stupid, if they are imprisoned in an atmosphere which reduces them all to a state of semi-*asphyxia*.

It is our own fault, in most cases, if we do not get ventilation enough at home, without any dangerous exposure to draughts. But once cross your own threshold and go abroad, you are no longer safe. A friend grapples you, warm with exercise, and keeps you talking, with the wind blowing through you, charged with catarrhs, rheumatisms, lung-fevers, and other complaints, any of which your particular constitution may happen to fancy. Never stop on a doorstep to discuss the origin of evil, or linger at a street corner to settle the authorship of Junius and Eikon Basilike, unless you are impregnable to the blast as an iron-clad to bullets. There are some, no doubt, who can run half a dozen times round the Common, and sit down on Park Street Meeting-house steps and cool off, without being the worse for it. But sensible persons are guided by their own experience. It is not their affair how much exposure other people can bear. Least of all must the delicate male sex be guided by the conduct of their rugged and insensible female fellow-creatures. Either God tempers the wind to the bare shoulders as to the shorn lamb, or these dear sisters of ours are the toughest of organized creatures.

The railroad car is the place where your danger is greatest. A delicate little woman, sitting on the seat before you, will throw a window wide open, and let the winter wind in upon you in a steady current for hours, without the least idea that she is committing homicide. "There is no need of assassination," says the late Professor Harris, "to temper the asperities of politics. When your victim starts for Washington, let there always be a woman on the seat before him. He will die a natural death before long, — perfectly natural, under the circumstances."

There must be some reason in the nature of things for the

way in which the seemingly tender frame of woman bears such exposure to the elements. We must understand her before we condemn her for dealing death and destruction among the unfortunate males who are her fellow-travellers. Woman requires more air, or at least purer air, than man. She is the first to faint in a crowd; she takes to her fan in distress before a man begins to be uncomfortable. In her need of fresh air she becomes accustomed to draughts, just as in obeying the law of her being, to please, she learns to brave the seasons in an undress which her brother or her lover would consider his death-warrant. I have seen a young girl sniffing the icy breeze of January through a wide-open car window as if it were a zephyr of summer, while the seats about her were deserted by one frozen wretch after another, no one of them willing to interfere with her atmospheric cold-bath, though it was at the risk of their lives they had been forced to share it. The struggle between those who complain of being stifled and those who fear being chilled to death is one that can never cease; it is, like conservatism and reform, a matter of organic instinct. Women are born atmospheric reformers.

The principles on which the amount and the nature of our FOOD are based flow obviously from the facts already laid down. We must take enough to supply the daily waste. We must supply in due proportion the dozen elements or more of which our body is formed. Air and water are of course the principal substances on which we feed. From these we get our supplies of oxygen and hydrogen. Why not of nitrogen, as four fifths of the air consist of that gas? Thirty hogsheads of nitrogen pass in and out of our lungs daily, and yet it can hardly be shown that we take toll of it to the amount of a cubic inch! We are all our lives soaking in a great aerial ocean, made up chiefly of nitrogen; and we shall die of nitrogen-famine, if we do not have a portion of it supplied to us in our solid or our liquid food.

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

We get our nitrogen from the cereals that furnish our bread, from peas and beans, from milk, cheese, and from animal food, except its fatty portions. We cannot take carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, lime, chlorine, iron, potash, soda, in their simple forms; but they are contained in the plants and in the flesh of animals which furnish our common diet, or in the water we drink, or, as in the case of salt, supplied as condiments. If the food does not supply iron enough, we have to take that separately, as we do salt; in fact, it might very properly take its place in the casters, were it a little less unpalatable.

The body is a soil capable of being improved by adding the elements in which it is deficient, as much as farming or garden land. Fresh vegetables are the fertilizers of human clay or dust that has grown scorbutic on a long course of salted food. On the other hand, some of our domestic animals must be "salted" as much as they must be fed or watered, or they will not thrive. The *agriculture* of the human body has hitherto largely consisted in top-dressing, if we may judge by the number of capillary fertilizers we see advertised in the papers. But out of a proper study of the material wants of the system, and of the best nutritive substances for supplying these wants, we may expect a great improvement in the physical conditions of the race. The cook makes our bodies; the apothecary only cobbles them.

Shall we make use of animal or vegetable food, or both? The controversy has lost something of its importance since chemistry has shown the essential identity of the most characteristic elements of the seeds of which we make our bread and the flesh of animals. Nature declares unequivocally for animal food in

the case of mammalian, including human, infants; fat and cheese, with *eau sucrée* and saline condiments, being our earliest diet, in the form of milk. Very young birds are fed entirely on eggs, unboiled. As they grow up, many animals become vegetable feeders, but not always so exclusively as we suppose. I once saw a squirrel eating a live snake like a radish, and I have records of several similar facts. Cows will eat fish and other animal food occasionally, perhaps on the principle that all flesh is grass.

It is easy to understand the repugnance with which fastidious persons regard the act of devouring the flesh of animals. The fanatics on the subject are sometimes terribly abusive, as I have had occasion to know. Yet I have had refreshing seasons of converse with vegetable feeders, who are commonly of a speculative turn of mind, and amuse unbelievers with their curious fancies. Theories commonly go in sets like chamber furniture, and you will find a mind furnished throughout, physiologically, philosophically, morally, theologically, in the same shade of color, and with the same general pattern prevailing through all its articles of belief.

Here and there a healthy person is found thriving on vegetable diet, and patients who have had apoplectic attacks, or slight epileptic seizures, and some who have had symptoms threatening consumption, seem to have arrested or delayed the course of disease by confining themselves to it habitually.

There is no absolute answer to the inquirer who would know, once for all, whether he is herbivorous or omnivorous. Climate settles it in a great measure. The blubber of Iceland and the breadfruit of the Pacific islands are the enforced food of their inhabitants. As the nutritive elements of animal and vegetable food are, as has been said, the same, it is mainly a question of appetite and digestion. Some have an invincible repugnance to animal food, for which there is probably some good reason in the economy. Others relish it when they hardly care for anything else. In Dr. Beaumont's famous experiments on Alexis St. Martin, the man with an accidental side-door to his stomach, we have some very interesting results as to the digestibility of different substances. Tripe and pigs' feet were easiest of digestion; pork, most difficult. We can say *ex pede Herculem*, but not *ex pede porcum*. Venison came next to the two first in the ease with which it was reduced in the stomach.

There is a widely prevalent and very ancient prejudice against swine's flesh, traceable as far back as the early Egyptians, embodied in the codes of Judaism and Mahometanism, and shared in by many on various grounds, the latest of which is the fear of the *trichina*. Considering the vast amount of pork consumed in this country, and the few instances in which these little living coils are found specking human muscles, the danger cannot be great. Proper cooking reduces it to nothing at all. That a pork-fed race will in the long run show a constitutional and characteristic difference from one that lives on beef and mutton, on fish chiefly, or vegetable food, we may safely believe. We are trying the experiment on a great scale. With what feelings would Jerusalem have looked on Cincinnati in prophetic vision! Few Christians reject the forbidden article in at least one form. A law prohibiting the use of ham in sandwiches would bring dismay to the bearers of luncheon-baskets and cast a darker shadow over those sufficiently depressing festivals known as *picnics*.

Veal disagrees with a good many people; with some, probably, who do not suspect it as the cause of the disturbance of the digestive function while they are suffering from it. Persons who are liable to be injured by it do well to avoid "*chicken salad*" and *croquettes*, unless their composition is sworn to before a magistrate. Soups made from veal and sweetbreads seem less liable to prove unwholesome.

I have met with individuals who could not eat *mutton*, and I

have seen two cases in which *corned beef* was the apparent cause of attacks of vertigo.

Cases of poisoning from eating *partridges* are not very uncommon. Dr. Jacob Bigelow has brought together accounts of ten such cases in his collection of essays entitled "*Nature in Disease*," one of which I myself attended and furnished him. The symptoms are somewhat like those occasioned by prussic acid, and are not known to have terminated fatally in any instance, though sufficiently alarming. The cases commonly occur in winter, when snow is on the ground. An ancient lady told me that the first Dr. Jeffries used to speak of February as the month of danger from this cause. Only three of the cases given by Dr. Bigelow are dated, and all these happened in February. The cause of the poisonous quality of the flesh of certain partridges has been supposed to be in something they have eaten, especially the buds and leaves of the mountain laurel, on which the bird has fed while the ground was covered with snow. The examination of the crops of many partridges has not confirmed this notion, or shown anything to account for the poisonous effects observed.

Lobsters, clams, muscles, mackerel, have all occasionally proved poisonous.

Cheese, honey, strawberries, disagree with many persons. I saw a sudden outbreak of nettle-rash brought on by strawberries last year, annoying, but soon over, and hardly enough to frighten the subject of it from repeating the experiment.

It is a delicate matter to meddle with the subject of *DRINKS*, after the experience of the last year or two, in which we have seen purely scientific questions made the subject of party controversy. With reference to the great point in dispute, there has been some confusion between two different questions; namely, that of the effects of *alcohol* and that of the effects of different *alcoholic drinks*.

Alcohol itself can hardly be said to be used as a drink at all, though the jars containing preparations, anatomical or other, in museums, are said to have sometimes lost their contents too rapidly for evaporation to account for.

All alcoholic drinks have certain effects in common; that is, all affect the brain more or less. A single glass of lager-beer changes the current of thought and the tone of feeling in a person not in the habit of using stimulants. But alcoholic drinks differ entirely from each other in some of their effects. Champagne, beer, gin, brandy, are all well known to produce specific influences on particular functions, in addition to their action on the brain, which again is by no means identical in all these liquors.

But the difference in their action extends further than at first sight appears. An argument has been founded on the alleged fact that alcohol diminishes the exhalation of carbonic acid from the system. It appears, however, from the very careful and long-continued experiments of Dr. Edward Smith, that while some alcoholic drinks diminish this exhalation, brandy and gin for instance, others increase it, as rum, ale, and porter. Lallemand and his collaborators found that alcohol passed unchanged out of the system, as we know it does by perceiving its smell too often in our neighbor's breath. But only a limited portion of the alcohol taken, one fourth it is said, is thus accounted for; and the rest may, for aught that yet appears, serve as food or fuel in the system. The chemical argument, on which so much stress has been laid, cannot be safely appealed to. We must turn to experience.

There is no need of dwelling on the ruinous effects of over-indulgence in strong drink. Neither is there any use in telling lies, still less in legislating them. The habitual use of alcoholic fluids in the form of wine does not prevent men and women from living long, active, useful, healthy, and virtuous lives. Four of those whom I most honored in the last generation drank wine

daily all the years I knew them. Their age reached an average of between eighty-seven and eighty-eight years, and yet not one of them was of robust habit, or promised to attain any remarkable longevity.

This argument from experience is good as far as it goes, but may easily be perverted by those who are neglecting all the rules of moderation which these four persons strictly observed. A common mistake is to confound the *tolerance* of a disturbing agent, which habit easily establishes, with the indifference of the constitution to it. One may take a drachm or two of laudanum in a day, after practice enough, without minding it much, but not without its contributing its fraction to the bodily and mental ruin which the drug brings about in due time. So one may form the habit of taking considerable quantities of alcoholic drink every day with apparent impunity, yet every observing eye will detect in the complexion the variable states of the mind and temper, and by and by in the slight unsteadiness which marks the slow change going on in the nervous centres, that the system has all along been suffering, though its complaints have been too slight to attract much attention.

We cannot disguise the fact, however, that men "drink" because they like it, much more than for any good they suppose it does them, beyond such pleasure as it may afford; and this is precisely the point that all arguments fail to reach. Pleasure is the bird in the hand which foolish persons will always choose before the two birds in the bush which are to be the rewards of virtue. Intoxication offers to the weak or ill-managed brain a strange pleasing confusion, a kind of Brahma's heaven, "where naught is everything and everything is naught," and where all perplexities at last resolve themselves into the generous formula, "it's of no consequence."

If Physiology does not condemn all alcoholic drinks as poisons; and the argument that it does has clearly been overstated; if we cannot prevent their use by reasoning or legislation; the next thing is to find out which among them are likely to do least harm. If the battle is to be between the native and foreign light wines on the one hand, and any distilled spirit on the other, we can hardly hesitate. We have of late years fairly nationalized the Scotchman's usquebaugh under the shorter name of whiskey. It exactly suits the American tendency to simplify all contrivances and reach the proposed end by the shortest route. It furnishes an economical, compendious, portable, manageable, accommodating, and not unpalatable method of arriving at the Brahma's heaven above mentioned. And there is good reason to fear that it is breeding a generation of drunkards. In view of its dangers, many of those who believe in abstinence from all strong drinks may agree with Professor Agassiz and Dr. Hammond, that it is expedient to encourage the importation and production of those wines which have proved comparatively safe and wholesome as habitual beverages to so many generations of men.

Assuming that alcoholic drinks will continue to be used, it is well to know which are best, or, if the teetotaler's scale is to be adopted, which is worst. *Champagne* is the lightest of wines to many persons. *Sherry* is very often better borne than *Madeira*, which is too acid. *Rum* proves quieting in some cases, where whiskey irritates. Dr. Edward Smith has found rum and milk one of the most valuable forms of nourishment in exhausting diseases, and less disturbing to the brain than other alcoholic mixtures. Willis found a glass of *ale* act kindly as a "thought-stopper"; but all such direct attempts on the thinking centres are dangerous and of exceptional application. Some cases of dyspepsia have been cured or benefited by the use of *cider*, — a fact hardly surprising when we remember the chemical nature of the process of digestion. *Brandy* and *gin* may properly be called alcoholic drugs, and are prescribed for certain special conditions

of the system. The same remark might be applied to *whiskey* when prescribed for consumptive patients; it forms part of a plan of treatment, to be judged by its effects as observed by an expert.

The experience of those who train for athletic sports has abundantly shown that alcoholic drinks and narcotics form no part of a regimen meant to insure the best physical condition. The inference is plain enough that their habitual use can only be justified by exceptional circumstances, such as age, invalidism, or temporary exhaustion. The "coming man" will consult his physician, perhaps, before he ventures to employ any of these disturbing agents. The present man is at no loss for a motive.

"If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or least I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why."

Coffee, in excess, produces heat, headache, tremors, wakefulness, and a kind of half-insane disconnection in the association of ideas. *Tea*, in excess, is liable to cause wakefulness and palpitations. The heart tumbles about in a very alarming way, sometimes, under its influence. Shall we give them up, because their over-use disturbs the system? Common sense answers, that other substances besides oxygen may require dilution to change them from destructive or injurious agents into food, or comforts, or luxuries. Liebig justifies the use of both on chemical principles. Better than this, common experience proves them to be adapted to most constitutions. Dr. Hammond says that the use of both in armies cannot be too highly commended. Dr. Kane's exploring parties found that coffee served them best in the morning, and tea after the day's work, — a conclusion which many of us have arrived at by our own observation.

The *tobacco* question is one of the hardest to deal with. When the Arctic voyager describes his little party travelling over the icebergs, and pictures them as they rest at evening, when their freezing day's journey is over, who can grudge them the pipe of tobacco they take with such calm enjoyment after their coffee? Who would have robbed Napoleon of his snuff-box at Waterloo? Who would deny the sailor on his midnight watch, or the sentry on his round, the solace which he finds in his acrid nepenthe? The plain truth about tobacco is, that it is not a strong poison enough to produce any very palpable effects on the health, when used in small quantities, by people of average constitutions. Yet I remember seeing a very famous athlete decline a cigar offered him, on the ground that it would be enough to unfit him for his performance, which required perfectly steady nerves and muscles. A danger to which smokers are exposed is injury to the temper, through the increased irritability which the practice is apt to produce, and to the will, which it is powerful to subjugate. This habit introduces into the conduct of life one of the most imperious forms of self-indulgence known to human experience. Our State-prison convicts are said to pine for their tobacco more than any other luxury of freedom. The amount of duty unperformed or postponed or slighted, in obedience to the craving for the narcotic stimulant, must form a large item in the list of the many things left undone that ought to have been done. Carry the use of the strange herb a little further, and the partial palsy of the will extends to other functions. The sense of vision is one of the first points where the further encroachment of the drug shows itself. Many cases of *amaurosis*, or loss of power in the nerve of the eye, are traced to the free use of tobacco. Some hard smokers are great workers, as we all know; but few who have watched the effects of nicotization on will and character would deny that it handicaps a man, and often pretty heavily, in the race for distinction. It encourages revery, — the contemplation of the possible, which is

a charming but unwholesome substitute for the performance of the duty next at hand. If we divide our friends into the *if things were so* and the *as things are so* sections, the nicotizers will probably be found most numerous among the former. But it must be remembered that all habits of this kind, like insanity, are more apt to fasten themselves on natures originally defective and ill-balanced, than on those in which the poise of the faculties is well adjusted, and the self-determining power too vigorous to become enslaved. If one comes to the conclusion that he will be better for leaving off the use of tobacco, he must expect to find that it costs him a hard struggle. It is a second weaning, almost as trying as the first, but a few days put an end to the conflict.

The subject of CLOTHING is understood well enough, and the rules of common sense are well enough observed by men. But woman is under the guidance of a higher law than any relating to her individual safety.

"No woman that is a woman," says the late Professor Harris, "values her comfort, her health, or her life in comparison with her personal appearance. She is impelled by a profound logic, say rather a divine instinct. On the slender thread of her personal attractions hangs the very existence of a human future. The crinkle of a ringlet, the tie of a ribbon, has swayed the wavering choice of a half-enamored swain, and given to the world a race which would never have come to the light of day but for a pinch of the curling-tongs or a turn of the milliner's fingers."

It is in virtue of this supreme indifference to consequences, — this sublime contempt of disease and death as compared with the loss of the smallest personal advantage, — that woman has attained the power of resistance to exposure which so astonishes the male sex. Think of her thin shoes and stockings, her bare or scarcely protected neck and arms, her little rose-leaf bonnet, by the side of the woollen socks, the layers of flannel and broad-cloth, and the warm hats and caps of her effeminate companion! Our cautions are of no use, except to the fragile sex, — our brothers in susceptibility and danger.

"A man will tell you he has the constitution of a horse; but the health of a horse is notoriously delicate, as Shakespeare reminds you. A woman is compared to a bird by poets and lovers. It should be to a *snow-bird*," says the late Professor Harris.

We may learn a lesson in the matter of clothing from the trainers and jockeys. They blanket their horses carefully after exercise. We come in heated, and throw off our outside clothing. Why should not a man be cared for as well as Flora Temple or Dexter? We dress for summer, and the next thing down goes the thermometer, and we run a risk which the owner of a trotting horse would not subject his beast to for a thousand dollars. Last Sunday the thermometer was 74° Fahrenheit in the morning; on Monday, at the same hour, it was 56°. Yet when one has once worn summer clothes, it is hard to change back, and we prefer to take the chance of rheumatism, pleurisy, "congestion of the lungs," or common catarrh, which is troublesome enough without going further.

The conveniences for the use of the BATH constitute one great advantage that city life offers over that of common country-houses. Habit makes it one of the essentials of comfortable existence. A morning shower-bath is a cordial better than any sherry-wine bitters. A plunge into the salt sea brings back youth in a way to shame Mrs. Allen's hair-restorer. But remember Alexander at the Cydnus, going in too hot! Remember Leon Javelli, the great performer on the tight rope, who stayed in too long! One of the finest human organisms ever shown, in the flower of physical perfection, was doubled up in spasms, and straightened out and laid in the earth almost before the cord had ceased quivering

under his elastic bounds. It is a word and a blow with Nature when her laws are insulted or trifled with.

It is by no means so easy to lay down precise rules about EXERCISE as many at first thought suppose. When one is told to walk two or four hours daily, it seems as if the measure of time was the measure of work to be done. But one person weighs a hundred pounds and a little over, a large part of it muscle, which does not feel its own weight; and another person weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, three quarters of it inert matter, nearly as hard to carry as if it were packed in boxes and bundles. Think of Miles Darden, the great North-Carolinian, weighing, as we are told, over one thousand pounds, walking off a dozen miles in the company of a feather-weight who seems to himself a little lighter than nothing, feeling so "corky," in fact, that he almost wants anchoring, like a balloon, to keep him down! Some of these very heavy people have but little muscle to work with. I have seen those fine muscular masses which emboss the front aspect of the Torso of the Vatican with swelling reliefs, reduced to little more than the thickness of a sheet of paper, in a man, too, of large proportions. Some persons are thought lazy when they are simply over-weighted and under-muscled. On the other hand, there are many persons of the pattern of Joseph Hailes, "the spider," as they called him, a noted prize-fighter, with muscles slender as those of monkeys, but who can use them as if they were made of iron. Whether an individual requires one hour's exercise in the open air daily, or three or four, must depend in great measure on how much the person has to carry.

Two points deserve special attention connected with exercise, — the aeration of the blood and its distribution. Exercise drives it more rapidly through the lungs, and quickens the breathing in proportion. You will see persons, not in love so far as is known, who sigh heavily from time to time. It is simply to make up the arrears of their languid respiration, which leaves the blood over-carbonated and under-oxygenated. A deep breath sets it right for the moment, as the payment of a long bill disposes of many petty charges that have been accumulating.

During exercise the muscles want blood, and suck it up like so many sponges. But when the brain is working, that wants blood, and when the stomach is digesting, that wants blood, and so of other organs. Therefore the best time for brain work is before exercising in the morning; for those who are strong enough, before breakfast, but for others after the light meal of the morning, which does not task the digestive powers to any great extent. After a couple of hours' exercise, the mind is no longer what it was when it had all the blood to itself. You may criticise what you wrote while the brain had the whole circulation to draw upon, but insight and invention are dim and languid compared to what they were in the virgin hours of the morning. The cream of the day rises with the sun.

The effects of prolonged training on the after-conditions of the subjects of it have been often questioned. The recent death of Chambers, the rowing champion of England, of *consumption*, has called attention anew to the matter. It is an old story, however, that athletes are liable to become phthisical. A case has been mentioned where a pugilist died of consumption not long after winning a prize-fight. Charles Freeman, the "American Giant," who fought the "Tipton Slasher" in the prize-ring, died of the same disease, as did the "Spider" above referred to. Dr. Hope has pointed out the danger of bringing on disease of the heart by over-exertions in boat-races and Alpine excursions. When a young man strains himself in a rowing-match until he grows black in the face, he is putting his circulating and breathing organs to the hazard of injuries which are liable to outlast the memory of all his brief triumphs. "It is the pace that kills," is an axiom as applicable to men as to horses.

I am disposed to be as charitable to human infirmity in the matter of SLEEP as I am in that of exercise. I would no more accept Sir Edward Coke's limit of six hours than I would endorse his other arrangements. Eight hours seem to me a fairer average, but many can do with less, and some may want more. General Pichegru is said to have found four enough. Some, like Napoleon, can help themselves to sleep whenever they will. Our great General can catch a nap on the field while a battle is going on. It is much more common to find a difficulty in going to sleep after getting to bed. Those who are wakeful can do a good deal by forming the habit of dismissing all the toils and cares of the day, as far as possible, during the hour preceding their bedtime. There is good management, as well as piety, in closing the day with an act of devotion. "Happy is the patient camel, happy is the humble saint," says the late Professor Harris; "they kneel when the day is done, and their burden is lifted from them."

OCCUPATION of some kind is necessary to the health of mind and body in most persons. Yet we are so lazy by nature that, unless we are forced to work, we are apt to do nothing. For this reason it is that Coleridge would have every literary man exercise a profession. The body requires a certain amount of atmospheric pressure to the square inch. The mind must have the pressure of incumbent duties, or it will grow lax and spongy in texture for want of it. For want of such pressure, we see so many rich people always restless in search of rest, who cannot be easy in Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street for thinking of the Boulevards, and once there, are counting the days until they are home again. A life of mere gossip and amusement may do well enough in some Old World capitals, but is desperate in American cities. A wicked Parisian would find it punishment enough to be sent to Philadelphia or New York, or even Boston, when he dies.

Do what you will to keep well, the time will probably come when you will want the advice of a PHYSICIAN. If you will trust a lecturer, who does not practise, and has not practised for a good many years, he will give you some rules in which he believes you may put confidence. Choose a sensible man, personally agreeable to yourself, if possible, whom you know to have had a good education, to stand well with the members of his own profession, and of whom other scientific men, as well as physicians, speak respectfully. Do not select your medical adviser on the strength of any vague stories of his "success." The best physician in a city loses the largest number of patients. You stare, no doubt, but reflect a moment. He is called to all the hopeless cases. His patients trust him to the last, whereas such people are apt to drop the charlatan as soon as they are in real danger.

Once having chosen your medical adviser, be slow to leave him, except for good cause. He has served an apprenticeship to your constitution. I saw a lady, not many months ago, who, in talking of an illness from which she had long suffered, told me she had consulted twenty-six different doctors in succession, and was then in search of a twenty-seventh. I did not tell her she was as bad as Don Giovanni, but I was glad my name did not have to be added to the roll of her professional conquests, though my visit was a very pleasant and friendly one. I recommended a great master in one of the specialties, then residing in this neighborhood, who I thought would understand her case better than anybody else, and that she should stick to him and his prescriptions, and give up this butterfly wandering from one camomile flower of medicine to another.

What is the honest truth about the medical art? That by far the largest number of diseases which physicians are called to treat will get well at any rate, even in spite of reasonably bad treat-

ment. That of the other fraction, a certain number will inevitably die, whatever is done. That there remains a small margin of cases where the life of the patient depends on the skill of the physician. That drugs now and then save life; that they often shorten disease and remove symptoms; but that they are second in importance to food, air, temperature, and the other hygienic influences. That was a shrewd trick of Alexander's physician, on the occasion before referred to, of his attack after bathing. He asked three days to prepare his medicine. Time is the great physician as well as the great consoler.

Sensible men in all ages have trusted most to Nature. Hippocrates, more than two thousand years ago, laid down the whole doctrine in just three words. Sydenham, two hundred years ago, applied it in practice. He was called to a young man who had been well blooded and physicked and dieted by his doctor, but seemed not to be doing very well. The great physician sat down and entered into discourse with the young man. Presently out went his under lip, like a pouting child's, and the next thing, he burst into a terrible passion of crying. It is as a fit of the mother, said the English Hippocrates, and proceedeth from naught but emptiness. Let him have a roast chicken to his dinner, with a cup of canary. And so his disorder left him. "Temperance, hard work, and abstinence from medicine,"—such was the formula given us the other day by our admirable Dr. Jacob Bigelow as the secret of his own long-continued health of mind and body, and the essence of the experience of a life devoted more especially to the practice of the healing art and the teaching of the *materia medica*.

You are liable to hear babble in some quarters about "old school" and "new school," about "allopathists" and other *pathists*, and may at last come to think there is a great division in the field of medical practice, two or more contradictory doctrines being balanced against each other. Now, it is just as well to understand the unmeaning character of this way of talking.

People may call themselves what they like, but if they apply a term to their neighbors, they should see that it is one which belongs to them. The medical profession, as represented by the Massachusetts Medical Society, for instance, or by the teachers in the leading universities of the country, are not "allopathists" at all; but if they must have a Greek name of this pattern, they are *pantopathists*; that is, they profess only this simple doctrine, *to employ any agency which experience shows to be useful in the treatment of disease*. Anything that can make a decent show for itself is sure of a trial at their hands. But then they are the judges of what constitutes a presumption in favor of any alleged remedy, and they are a great deal better judges than you, or than your aunt, or your grandmother, because they have made a business of studying the history of disease, and know how easy it is for people to deceive themselves and others in the matter of remedies.

Shall they give the medicines advertised with the certificates of justices of the peace, of clergymen, or even members of Congress? Certainly, it may be answered, any one of them which makes a good case for itself. But the difficulty is, that the whole class of commercial remedies are shown by long experience, with the rarest exceptions, to be very sovereign cures for empty pockets, and of no peculiar efficacy for anything else. You may be well assured that if any really convincing evidence was brought forward in behalf of the most vulgar nostrum, the chemists would go at once to work to analyze it, the physiologists to experiment with it, and the young doctors would all be trying it on their own bodies, if not on their patients. But we do not think it worth while, as a general rule, to send a Cheap Jack's gilt chains and lockets to the mint to be tested for gold. We know they are made to sell, and so with the pills and potions.

Remember this then, that the medical profession, fairly enough

represented by the bodies I have mentioned, have no theory or doctrine which prevents them from using *anything that will do you good*. If they do not adopt this or that alleged remedy which your aunt or your grandmother praises as a panacea, it is because they do not think a case is made out in its favor. They consider the witnesses incompetent or dishonest, it may be, or the evidence wholly unsatisfactory on its own showing. Think how rapidly any real discovery is appropriated and comes into universal use!

Take anæsthetics, take the use of bromide of potassium, and see how easily they obtained acceptance. If you are disposed to think any of the fancy systems has brought forward any new remedy of value which the medical profession has been slow to accept, ask any fancy practitioner to name it. Let him name *one*, — the best his system claims, — not a hundred, but *one*. A single new, efficient, trustworthy remedy which the medical profession can test as they are ready to test, before any scientific tribunal, opium, quinine, ether, the bromide of potassium. There is no such remedy on which any of the fancy practitioners dare stake his reputation. If there were, it would long ago have been accepted, though it had been flowers of brimstone from the borders of Styx or Cocytus.

No, my kind listener, you may be certain that if you are the patient of a sensible practitioner who belongs to the "old school," if you will call it so, of Hippocrates and Sydenham, of common sense as well as science, he will not be scared by names out of anything like to help you; that he will use a cold lotion or a hot cataplasm to your inflamed limb, a cool or warm drink in your fever, as one or the other may feel most comfortable and seem like to do most good, without troubling himself whether it is according to this "pathy" or that "pathy," in the jargon of half-taught pretenders. But as your life and health are your own, you have a perfect right to invest them in patent medicines and fantastic systems, to your heart's content. The same right that you have to invest your money in tickets to the different gift enterprises, or (if a bachelor) to answer the advertisements of the refined and accomplished ladies, twenty-nine years old and under, who wish to open a correspondence with middle-aged gentlemen of means, with a view to matrimony.

Only I would n't, if I were you. You say you cannot decide between what you choose to consider as opposing or rival doctrines or theories. I have explained to you that the medical profession have no doctrine or theory which prevents them from using anything which has been proved useful. They do not commonly try the quack medicines on their patients; there is no sufficient reason why they should believe the advertisements of the commercial remedies. But the public tries them very largely; and if any nostrum proves really and exceptionally efficacious, the fact will certainly establish itself, as it did in the case of the *Eau medicinale*, one of the very few secret remedies which was ever shown by true experience to possess any special virtues.

On the whole, you will act wisely to adopt the principle that it is better to die in the hands of a regular physician, than to get well under those of a charlatan or fancy practitioner. Wait one moment. I do not say that it is better to die of any one disease in good hands, than to get well of that same disease in bad ones. *That* would be a rather robust assertion. But most people must get well of many complaints in the course of their lives, and it will be probably rather sooner and more comfortably in good than in bad hands. Besides, it is a bad thing that an ignorant or incompetent person should get the credit of curing them. Somebody will have to suffer for it sooner or later. On the other hand, as all must die at one time or another, it is a good thing that the last function of mortality, taking off its garments, should be tenderly watched by faithful, intelligent, and instructed professional friends.

And this leads me to say that this last function, involving a physiological process or series of processes, as has been explained, deserves far more study and attention on the part of the physician than it has generally received. The medical art has performed its duty in the face of traditional prejudices, in smoothing the bed of anguish to which maternity had been hopelessly condemned. It owes the same assertion of its prerogative to the sufferings sometimes attending the last period of life. That *euthanasia* often accorded by nature, sometimes prevented by want of harmony in the hesitating and awkwardly delaying functions, not rarely disturbed by intrusive influences, is a right of civilized humanity. The anæsthetics mercifully granted to a world grown sensitive in proportion to its culture will never have fulfilled their beneficent purpose until they have done for the scythe of death what they have done for the knife of the surgeon and the sharper trial hour of woman.

And with this suggestion, I conclude my brief discourses.

THE RISKS AND FAILURES OF CITY LIFE.

BY REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., LL. D.

"SHALL I go to the city? There everything is full of life; there are chances for making money rapidly; there are the best advantages of society and culture; there one can see the world, its gayeties, its amusements, its fashions; there one may see the best works of art, and hear the best music and eloquence; and there, too, one may make the most of himself, and bring out whatever talent he has for business, for society, for art, for politics, for professional success, for public influence. The country is stupid; its society is hum-drum; its pleasures and varieties are few; its chances in business or politics are rare; farming is a bore; and getting on in the world is every way hard and slow. Yes, I'm bound for the city."

Such a soliloquy as this passes through the minds of thousands of young men of country birth and training, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. To them the great city is wrapped in the illusory atmosphere of distance; it has the fascination of mystery; exaggerated rumors reach them of the success of fortune-hunters; the excitements of city life, its shows, processions, amusements, festivities, as pictured in the sensational reports of newspapers, address their imagination; and sometimes pleasures of a doubtful sort, suggested by artful advertisements, awaken a prurient curiosity. The consequence of all this is a continual rush of young men from the country to the great cities, which increases the competition of city life, and dooms many to disappointment and failure.

On the other hand, with numbers of merchants and professional men in the cities, the great object of thought and toil is to acquire enough to retire upon in the country; to get rid of the turmoil and pressure, the care and perplexity, of city life, of the tyranny of fashion, the empty, heartless routine of society, the oppressive exactions of luxury, and to enjoy the dignity, the independence, the repose, of life in the country. The judgment of men who have tried the city, who have outlived its fascinations, have grown weary of its pleasures, have suffered its changes and disappointments, should weigh with those who are ready to attempt the same vortex with the inexperience of youth.

The question between city and country life cannot be determined by any uniform law, nor even by general principles which can be applied with certainty to every individual case. What one shall do with himself, what he shall make of himself, how he shall make the most of life, are questions which, if not already settled for him by force of circumstances, every man must decide upon his own responsibility. Even where one has the best possible

start in life, with the best counsel and helps, his success will depend upon himself, and not upon the accidents of his position. But we are supposing a case where it is within the power of a young man to choose between two widely opposite spheres of life, — city and country, — and the question is up in the family, whether James or John shall stick by the farm, or go to try his luck in trade. As the *Almanac* is admitted to a seat at the home circle, and is a sort of domestic counsellor, we propose to take part in this family chat, by offering some hints and observations drawn from a pretty wide knowledge of life under all its phases.

The first point that comes up is the criterion of success. What constitutes a successful life? or better, What makes up an *average* of success in life, such as any one may fairly hope to attain to? Health, prosperity, culture, enjoyment, family, society, position, influence, character, are the principal factors that enter into a successful, honorable, and happy life, and a proper combination of these would leave almost nothing to be desired. Now, by looking at these items in the comparison of city and country, the farmer's boy may find that the average of advantages is on his side; that there is nothing certain to be gained, but there is a risk of losing everything, in leaving the farm for the city.

The country youth who thinks of trying his fortune in the city would do well to study the vital statistics of boards of health and life-insurance companies. He would there learn that rural occupations stand highest in the list of longevity; that the probabilities of a vigorous health, long life, and a cheerful age are decidedly in favor of the farmer. Now, though the success of a life is not always in the ratio of its duration, but he lives longest who lives to the best purpose, yet no man is warranting in throwing away his chances of long life upon visionary attempts to make up for brevity by a more brilliant career. Nor does any such motive commonly inspire the youthful emigrant from country to city; he is more likely to be quite heedless of the question of health, under the allurements of pleasure or gain. But one should consider whether a gain which is acquired by an expenditure of vital force that greatly reduces the time or the ability for enjoying it is really worth what it costs; whether a fortune won by the sacrifice of health is so good a thing as a modest competence with health wherewith to enjoy it; whether, seeing that one can go over the course of life but once, it may not be better to amble along pleasantly, taking the comfort of the way, than to rush for the goal, there to pant and die.

City life is life at high-pressure. The young clerk, manufacturer, merchant, lawyer, editor, in the arduous struggle to establish himself, or, if established, to keep down competition, works as hard as the farmer, and, taking the year through, works more hours upon an average for the day. And while the farmer's work is in its nature and surroundings healthful and invigorating, that of the citizen is toilsome and enervating, often performed in a vitiated atmosphere, and with little relaxation. The pressure of necessity or of competition makes a constant draft upon the vital forces of the system, which shows itself in the alarming frequency of brain diseases among business men.

In cultivating the soil, one may count upon the steady co-operation of Nature, whose laws work for him even while he sleeps; he has only to observe those laws, and the harvest comes, and an average of five years shows that Nature is true to her promise. But in mercantile business, one is subjected to competitions, chances, fashions, financial fluctuations, which often baffle calculation, and call for constant vigilance. Though trade has its laws, which political economists have sought to define and classify, yet these are so broad upon the one hand, and on the other so recondite, that the average trader must be continually upon the watch against miscalculations or surprises. Instead of the uniformity of Nature he encounters the fickleness of Fortune,

and this introduces into business an element of uncertainty, which produces a constant strain upon the attention, that tells at last in the exhaustion of nervous vitality, in softening of the brain, in paralysis, or in premature death.

"But do not many who go to the city succeed in establishing a safe and lucrative business, which enables them to take life leisurely, — to enjoy the comforts of a good income, and at last to retire upon an independent fortune?" No man can take life *leisurely* so long as he is in active mercantile business. The larger his business, the more he has at stake; the greater his apparent prosperity, the less can he afford to leave matters to their own course, or trust them to the care and competence of others. Few men in New York have less leisure and repose than the head of the largest dry-goods house in that city. The successful merchant in New York, Boston, or Chicago is always a hard-working man. We have studied the habits of this class for years, and are confident that no farmer, in the height of haying-time, is more driven than they are during the busy seasons of the year. They are at business early and late; business crowds their thoughts all day long; they carry home business at night, often to vex their slumbers; even in the summer they toil on, separated from their families, or using the country-house simply as a lodging-place; they are up with the dawn for the first train to the city, whence the last train at night brings them, jaded in body and brain. Of course there are exceptions to this, since not all kinds of business are equally pressing, and a good deal depends upon one's temperament as well as his position, in the degree in which his business drives him. There is a difference, also, in the tone and habits of business communities, — there being less of feverish excitement in Boston and Philadelphia than in New York and Chicago. And the suburbs of some cities, especially of Boston, afford an easy and attractive retreat from the atmosphere of the city, thus alternating with the fatigues of business the repose of a country home. But, after all, there is little opportunity of leisure to one who is under the pressure of business responsibilities in a great city.

That the city affords peculiar opportunities for success in business, and that this success is sometimes great, rapid, and brilliant, are facts that appeal powerfully to young men who are plodding in the country to make trial of city life. With no disposition to undervalue such success, nor to detract from its weight as an argument, we must nevertheless insist upon the corresponding facts, that all success is relative, and that instances of rapid and brilliant success are exceptional; and while perhaps the majority of successful merchants in the great cities came originally, poor and friendless, from country homes, to push their way in the world, yet it is not true of the majority of young men who forsake country for city life, that they succeed in business according to their expectations, or even that they gain a safe and permanent foothold in the mercantile world. In a great mercantile community, the ratio of clerks and bookkeepers to employers and partners is at least ten to one, and the percentage of the ten who rise to be heads of houses is proportionately small.

Persons from the country who succeed in the hazards of city business usually belong to one of two classes, — those who take with them capital, or a capacity for influencing trade, which enables them at once to form a connection with a responsible house, or those who obtain employment in a house whose future partnerships are open to the competition of merit, — not being forestalled by relatives or by capitalists from without.

Aside from these, there are sometimes openings by which young men who have acquired a business experience, formed a business acquaintance, and saved from their earnings a modest capital, may enter into connections of their own choosing, or start new enterprises with a reasonable prospect of success. But with the high

rate of rents and of running expenses, in a large city, and the tendency to the concentration of business in the hands of a few leading houses, the chances of success for young men starting independently upon small means are far from encouraging. The statistics of business life in the great cities show that a decided majority of the young men who resort to them in the hope of bettering their fortunes remain through life in dependent and precarious positions, upon salaries that make it impossible either to marry and bring up a family respectably, or to accumulate enough from yearly savings to establish by and by a business capital. As a rule, the chances are against the success of a young man who goes to the city to try his fortune without capital or friends. Not every young man is fitted for the competitions of city life, and even with the best advantages many fail. To be a successful merchant requires a combination of tact, energy, shrewdness, caution, enterprise, which few possess; the sanguine and the timid, the plodding and the speculating, are equally deficient in those opposing qualities which give balance and "drive," coolness and pluck, to the true man of business. Hence a large proportion of those who attempt the risks of mercantile life come to a disastrous end. We can recall scores of merchants who, after a few years of apparent success, have been reduced by failure to subordinate places upon moderate salaries. And the position of a clerk in a great mercantile house is often as humiliating as it is toilsome. How much more independent and stable would have been the position of such a man as the owner of a few acres; how much more free from risk and care, how much more real and lasting his success in life. He who stands upon soil that he can call his own is sure of subsistence and a home; by judicious cultivation and wise economy he can gradually acquire a decent competence, and feel secure against old age. Stringent markets, financial revolutions, business panics, may for the moment affect his income, but these cannot touch his capital nor shake his security; and at the end of twenty years he will find himself better off in respect of provision for advancing life than are the majority of those who venture into the excitements and risks of trade.

We here go upon the supposition that he who follows farming will put his mind into it. Much that passes under the name of farming is of little profit to the soil or its owner. One who contents himself with being a mere digger and ditcher could hardly be worse off by any change. But he who is capable of succeeding in the city, by the application of the same talents and energy would be sure to succeed in the country, and would have before him a higher *average* of prosperity as a matter of certainty. In these days of scientific agriculture, and of mechanical inventions for the relief of manual labor, there is no need that the farmer should be a drudge. He should rather become the intelligent superintendent of the working forces at his disposal, directing by his mind where once he could only have labored with his hands. If his home is on the broad prairies of the West, he has every encouragement to skilful cultivation. If he is shut up to the rocky soil of New England, he may nevertheless learn the profit of "a little farm well tilled," by a knowledge of agricultural chemistry, and a study of the produce best suited to his market. The railway helps him to a ready market for fruits and vegetables brought to early maturity. It is of farming as an intelligent scientific pursuit that we predict more satisfactory returns in the course of twenty years than can be looked for from the average of business ventures; and in such farming young men of intelligence and spirit will find a worthy scope for their ambition.

Almost every young man who has right motives and aims in life looks forward to marriage and the raising of a family as the consummation of his hopes and happiness. To have a home of his own, to be able to maintain a wife and children, to surround himself with the comforts of life, and take a respectable position

in society, are often the most powerful, as they are certainly most praiseworthy motives to diligence in his calling, even before he has come under the controlling influence of "the tender passion." And when love adds its persuasives, though sometimes too inconsiderate of temporalities, one has the highest ambition for success in life. But it is just here that city life is apt to be most disappointing. The cost of living in the city may well intimidate a young man from matrimony until he is established upon a surer financial basis than a clerkship, and can see his way to a satisfactory income. Then comes the struggle of years, with hope deferred, plans frustrated, the consummation indefinitely postponed; or if in a moment of desperation or improvidence he marries, there comes perhaps a life-long struggle with poverty, the dream of an independent home exchanged for the discomforts of boarding-house life, or the domestic and social privations of the "tenement-house," with a toiling wife, who often pines for the freedom of the old homestead, and puny children who never taste the wholesome air of the open fields. We draw this picture from scores of such cases that have come under our personal observation in the study of city life for thirty years; and when we contrast these dwarfed and disappointed lives with the free, tidy, and cheery homes of the country, where hard toil is blessed with ruddy health and decent competence, where bread and shelter are sure, and where all the gentle and beautiful associations of the homestead cluster about the growing family, we feel how sad a mistake many a young man has made in forsaking the soil for the shop.

This contrast is most telling in the case of mechanics and artisans, who have to struggle with high rents and high prices, and the irregularity of employment. Compelled to live at a distance from their work, and often in narrow quarters and a squalid neighborhood, they can know little of the comfort of a home or the enjoyment of domestic life in comparison with the farmer, who at his busiest hours is seldom out of call of his house, and whose wife and children have the constant privilege of pure air, and the security and privacy of an independent homestead.

Nor would we yield the palm to the city in social and literary attractions, wherein its superiority to the country is accepted by many as a thing of course. That the city affords opportunities for social selection and literary intercourse which cannot be had in the country is an obvious advantage of such an aggregation of numbers and wealth as a city secures. All that the country affords in these respects the city has more abundantly, with the further advantage that here one may find in social and literary circles the best of the best, and also that peculiar tone of refinement and culture which is like the last polish of the diamond when, through the attrition of diamond dust, its surface has been ground to the finest. Here are gathered the leaders in every profession, the authors, the scientists, the artists, and here, too, are men of wealth and leisure, who have made the city their home for the advantage of its culture, and who give to its society the benefit of their own taste and travel. But while such a precedence in society and culture is thus freely conceded to the city, there are two considerations which greatly modify the charm of all this for one who is tempted to forsake the country for city life. One of these is that the choicest social and literary advantages of the city are within the reach of very few, and to count upon these as an inducement for resorting to the city is a little like counting upon becoming a millionaire. Society in the higher circles holds itself very strictly upon its own terms.

The other consideration, arising out of this, is that in the *average* of social and literary attractions the city is not at all superior to the country, and that one may rise to a relatively higher sphere of influence, culture, and enjoyment in the country than in the city. Literature in the form of books and periodicals,

information in the form of newspapers, instruction and entertainment in the form of lectures, are so widely diffused, that their advantages are pretty well equalized in city and country, while an occasional visit to the city enables one to profit by exhibitions of art, concerts, and other means of culture which pertain rather to city life.

But in the country one who devotes his leisure, especially the long cheery winter evenings, to social and literary improvement, who has his few choice books and engravings for the domestic circle, his choice friends for mutual improvement, who takes an interest in educational matters for his district, in agricultural associations for his county, in the general improvement of society, will presently find that his influence extends to no mean circle of affairs, and that while he himself is growing in knowledge, he is growing into more of social consideration and more of character and position with the public than he could ever hope to attain in the vast population of the city.

Here comes in a consideration of the greatest weight in the estimate of a successful life,—the formation of a *character* that men will respect, which is one's moral capital in the community, the measure of all other values, the true source of influence in his own generation, and the best legacy he can bequeath to his children. If the city has attractions, it has temptations also; if it has advantages, it has perils; if it has facilities for success in business, it has equal and even greater facilities for the destruction of health, character, and happiness. Here Vice employs her most seductive and most fatal arts; here amusements, that should make one the healthier and purer by their innocent diversions, are often framed with reference to the sensual passions, and, instead of quickening the generous pulses of the soul, consume men with the fever of their lusts; here the gambler, assuming the guise of friendship and the manners of a gentleman, watches to decoy some over-curious, over-confiding victim; here the saloon, made gay and gorgeous with the decorative arts, and offering the most inviting lounge, lures to drinks that poison the blood and madden the brain; here woman plies her practised arts to reduce others to the degradation to which she herself has fallen; and to these multiform temptations must be added that magnetic tone of pleasurable excitement in the very atmosphere of city life, that makes it easy to suppress one's moral convictions, and to follow the multitude in doing evil. No young man can assure himself beforehand that *he* will not fall under these various, constant, and exciting temptations. His very innocence and simplicity may prove his snare; and the fact that many more young men do succumb to the vices of the city than rise by its opportunities may well cause any young man to hesitate before he trusts his inexperienced bark to shoot the rapids.

Thus far the question of going to the city has been viewed solely in the light of personal interests. But every man owes it to his country and his times to plan his life with a regard to the best results to be accomplished for humanity. Now there is no single interest of this nation which has more need to be fostered and developed than the agricultural. The foundation of our strength and prosperity as a people must lie in an intelligent farming class, owning the soil, cultivating it scientifically, bringing out its resources to the best advantage, improving the face of the country by their skilful tillage, beautifying it with their neat and tasteful buildings, improving the stock by careful breeding and the markets by the quality of their produce, and improving the *morale* of the country by that strong sense and healthy virtue that are best nourished among the tillers of the soil. In all the land there is no vocation more honorable, more useful, more rewarding than this. The young man who resists the allurements of the city, and resolves to make the most of his farm, and the most of himself as a practical agriculturist and a country gentleman, may prove himself in the end the wisest of economists, the best of patriots, and the happiest of men.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By C. P. CRANCH.

A WONDROUS light is filling the air,
And rimming the clouds of the old despair;
And hopeful eyes look up to see
Truth's mighty electricity.
Auroral shimmerings swift and bright
That wave and flash in the silent night,—
Magnetic billows travelling fast,
And flooding all the spaces vast
From dim horizon to farthest cope
Of heaven, in streams of gathering hope.
Silent they mount and spread apace;
And the watchers see old Europe's face
Lit with expression new and strange,—
The prophecy of coming change.

Meantime, while thousands wrapt in dreams
Sleep, heedless of the electric gleams,
Or ply their wonted work and strife,
Or plot their pitiful games of life,—
While the emperor bows in his formal halls,
And the clerk whirls on at the masking balls;
While the lawyer sits at his dreary files,
And the banker fingers his glittering piles,
And the priest kneels down at his lighted shrine,
And the fop flits by with his mistress fine,—
The diplomat works at his telegraph wires:
His back is turned to the heavenly fires;
Over him flows the magnetic tide,
And the candles are dimmed by the glow outside.
Mysterious forces overawe,
Absorb, suspend, the usual law.
The needle stood northward an hour ago,—
Now veers like a weathercock to and fro.
The message he sends flies not as once;
The unwilling wires yield no response.
Those iron veins that pulsed but late,
From a tyrant's will to a people's fate,
Flowing and ebbing with feverish strength,
Are seized by a power whose breadth and length,
Whose height and depth, defy all gauge,
Save the great Spirit of the Age.
The mute machine is moved by a law
That knows no accident or flaw;
And the iron thrills to a different chime
From that which rang in the dead old time.
For Heaven is taking the matter in hand,
And baffling the tricks of the tyrant band.
The sky above and the earth beneath
Heave with a supermundane breath.
Half-truths, for centuries kept and prized,
By higher truths are polished
Like gamblers on a railroad train,
Careless of stoppage, sun, or rain,
We juggle, plot, combine, arrange,
And are swept along by the rapid change.
And some who from their windows mark
The unwonted lights that flood the dark,
Little by little, in slow surprise,
Lift into space their sleepy eyes;
Little by little are made aware
That a Spirit of Power is passing there,—
That a spirit is passing, strong and free,—
The soul of the Nineteenth Century.

CHRONOLOGY, ECLIPSES, AND TIDES.

CYCLES.

Dominical Letter C	Golden Number 8	Solar Cycle 2
Epact 17		Julian Period 6582

EXPLANATION OF THE CALENDAR.

The times of sun's and moon's rising and setting, given in the calendar, apply to the upper limbs of those luminaries, and account is taken of refraction, of semidiameter, and (in the case of the moon) of parallax. The risings and settings for Boston and New York are calculated for the meridian of Washington. In the case of the sun, these times will answer for any other meridians; in the case of the moon, two minutes should be added for every 15° of longitude west from Washington. The times of rising and setting of the moon's upper limb cannot be accurately observed, owing to that being the dark side of the moon at night.

The column headed "Phenomena," etc., contains the moon's phases, the conjunctions of the four principal planets with the moon, the times of rising and setting of the same planets, and the Sundays and Saints' Days of the English Calendar, whether the latter are rubricated or not.

In the table of light there is a space between two horizontal lines for each day of the month, and a vertical line for every hour between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. The different kinds of shading distinguish the different kinds of light. Thus, turn to the 4th of July. It is the sixth Sunday after Trinity. In the table of light there is no shading from the hour of 6 to a little more than half-way from 7 to 8. This shows that the sun remains above the horizon until about 7:35. Next, a shading indicating twilight reaches nearly to the ten-hour line; this shows that twilight ends about 9h. 40m. P. M. Next, there is a perfectly black space until somewhat more than half-way from the one-hour line to the two-hour line; this shows that there is starlight or darkness until about 1h. 35m. A. M. of Monday, the 5th. Next, there is a stippled space until about a third of the way from the two-hour line to the three-hour line; this shows that there is moonlight until about 2h. 20m. Then there is a light shading until a little more than half-way from the four-hour line to the five-hour line; this shows that there is moonlight with twilight, until about 4h. 35m., when the beginning of a white space shows that sunrise takes place. The table of light is constructed for New York; but it will serve for any part of the country, if we bear in mind that twilight lasts longer in more northerly latitudes, and not so long in more southerly ones.

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1869 two eclipses will be visible in the United States,—a partial eclipse of the moon and a total eclipse of the sun.

The eclipse of the moon takes place on January 27th. The magnitude is $\frac{4.58}{10.0}$ of the moon's diameter, the northern part of the moon being eclipsed. The eclipse begins at the northeastern part of the moon, and ends at the northwestern part. It is noticeable that, on the Sierra Nevada, it would (owing to refraction) be possible to see a portion of the moon in eclipse while a portion of the sun is above the horizon.

The following table exhibits the times of the different phases for several places.

Phase.	Boston.	New York.	Washington.	Chicago.	San Francisco.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	
Moon enters Penumbra	6 33.5	6 21.9	6 9.8	5 27.7	Before Moon-rise.
Moon enters Shadow	7 44.2	7 32.6	7 20.5	6 38.4	" "
Middle of Eclipse	8 53.9	8 42.3	8 30.2	7 48.1	5h. 28.3m.
Moon leaves Shadow	10 3.5	9 51.9	9 39.8	8 57.7	6 37.9
Moon leaves Penumbra	11 14.2	11 2.6	10 50.5	10 8.4	7 48.6

A total eclipse of the sun is not only one of the most imposing spectacles of nature, but also one of the most important of astronomical phenomena. Although such an eclipse occurs nearly every year somewhere on the earth, yet the area within which it can be observed is so small that it happens to few persons to witness one in the course of a lifetime. There have been only two that were visible in any large part of the United States since the beginning of the present century, namely, those of 1806 and of 1834. Hence, a total eclipse, whose path lies through a large and thickly settled portion of our country, is an event whose interest cannot be exaggerated. Such an eclipse will take place in the United States on the afternoon of August 7th. It will be seen as partial all over the country, and as total throughout Iowa, Central Illinois, Southern Indiana, Kentucky, and North Carolina. Moreover, as the sun will be nearly at its greatest distance from the earth and the moon at its least, the obscuration will last a longer time than usual.

The chief points of popular interest in a total solar eclipse, and those also that can be seen by the naked eye, are as follows:—

1. The changes in the color of the sky and the clouds, and in the colors and shades of the distant landscape, and also of near objects. 2. The approach and retreat of the *dark shadow*, which may be stated approximately to be at the rate of a mile a second. 3. The degree of darkness during the totality,

its effect upon animals and plants, and whether stars can be seen; and if so, how many, what stars, and of what color. 4. The *corona*, or halo of light, which surrounds the moon, and which usually appears three or four seconds previous to the total extinction of the sun's light and continues visible for about the same interval after its reappearance. In general, it may be compared to the nimbus commonly painted around the heads of the saints. To the naked eye, the corona appears to start out from the dark body of the moon just at the moment of total eclipse. It is the most startling and impressive incident of the eclipse,—the climax of the whole phenomenon,—and perhaps the most thrilling effect in nature. 5. The *rose-colored projections*, which appear around the margin of the moon's disk, are often (though not always) visible even to the naked eye. 6. The *sphericity* of the moon, which has sometimes been seen projected upon the bright sky; also the effect of the moon's *hanging out in the sky* between the earth and the sun, and sometimes apparently very near the former. 7. The moments of the four contacts should be noted by all who have even small glasses and who can obtain the correct time, and should be communicated to Professor Stephen Alexander of Princeton, N. J., who is the chairman of the Committee on this eclipse, appointed by the National Academy of Sciences. For a full list of points to be observed, see an elaborate paper by the same gentleman in the Coast Survey Report for 1860.

Solar eclipses always begin on the west side of the sun and terminate on the east side; that is, the moon moves over the sun from west to east. The whole duration of a total eclipse is about two hours, and that of the total phase two or three minutes, more or less. There is no premonition of a solar eclipse, the moon (whose dark side is toward us) being invisible in the intensely brilliant beams of the adjacent sun, until her eastern limb (or rim) actually touches his western limb. After a half an hour, if the sky be clear, the light begins to alter. Gradually the cheerful and vigorous brilliancy of summer will seem to change into something like the feeble and ineffectual radiance occasionally noticeable in winter. Mrs. Airy, wife of the Astronomer Royal, who was one of her husband's party in Spain, thus describes a still deeper phase of an eclipse: "A gloominess gradually crept over the whole scene as if a storm were coming on. The southern mountains beyond the Ebro began to stand up strangely black. Then a sickly green hue overspread the whole nearer landscape. A peculiarly mournful sighing wind, cold and strong, began to rise, as if from among the large old trees beneath us on the north side of the hill. The butterflies disappeared, but the swift continued on the wing. These appearances grew more and more intense, and all 'instructions' were totally forgotten in the excitement of the moment. It became very cold, and I was glad to wrap myself in a large Scotch plaid."

Half a minute before totality Lieutenant Gillis speaks of seeing the purplish-black moon "for the first time in my life in its true form,—a sphere and not a disk. At the moment of totality, beads of golden and ruby-colored light flashed almost entirely round the moon." This flickering band broke up suddenly, and the rose-colored protuberances attracted Lieutenant Gillis's attention so strongly that he forgot the corona and lost the beat of the chronometer. Indeed, the most experienced observers are often thrown off their guard at the moment of inner contact. Thus, Mr. Baily says of the eclipse of 1842: "I had noted down, on paper, the time of my chronometer, and was in the act of counting the seconds in order to ascertain the time of inner contact, when I was astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and at the same moment was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be imagined. For, at that instant, the dark body of the moon was suddenly surrounded with a corona, or kind of bright glory, similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints, and which by the French is designated an *auréole*. Pavia contains many thousand inhabitants, the major part of whom were at this early hour walking about the streets and squares, or looking out of windows, in order to witness this long-talked-of phenomenon; and when the total obscuration took place, which was *instantaneous*, there was an universal shout from every observer, which 'made the welkin ring'; and for the moment withdrew my attention from the object with which I was immediately occupied." The observers of the eclipse of 1860 in Labrador saw "the dark shadow advance from the west with a frightful rapidity, and then pass over. It looked like a dark column or very dark cloud. The tint of the sky during the totality was of an intense blue. The dark moon appeared to hang out in space between us and the sun. A gloomy unearthly light fell upon all objects, impressing one with the idea that some fearful calamity was about to happen. The wind, which had been blowing in gusts, now sank, and a death-like stillness prevailed. A little solitary bird poured forth a melancholy song, and then the stillness appeared even greater than before. Capella and other stars were seen."

In Spain, just before the totality, Mr. Airy saw through the telescope, "while the white sun was still shining, two red prominences of great splen-

dor and one double floating red cloud. The white corona formed round the moon all at once; and the moon was seen complete, with dazzling sun, brilliant coraa, and brilliant prominences." To the naked eye, however, the crescent had diminished to a thread. "The gloom," continues Mr. Airy, "was everywhere intense. I was particularly struck with the moaning of the wind among the old forest-trees beneath me. The swifts had disappeared. A deeper gloom filled the sky in the northwest, and came rapidly on. The moment of totality had come; the whole air was at once filled with darkness, yet it was darkness through which mountain and valley could be distinctly seen. For a moment we seemed to be in the midst of a streaky shower of smoke or fine dust, which, however, was perfectly clear, and which could not be felt. The range of southern hills was of an inky black, while the sky beyond them was an intense golden orange. My shadow on the ground was quite black and sharp as in the clearest moonlight." The corona was a bright radiating glory, its appearance made very singular from the projection of four or five brilliant beams at about equal intervals, far beyond the width of all the rest. I could not, with the unarm'd eye, see the red prominences." At the reappearance of the sun "we saw the dark shadow distinctly sweeping away along the valley to the southeast, a path of darkness, and the clear daylight breaking out behind it." The darkness of a total eclipse is doubtless similar both in tint and in degree to that of a very heavy thunder-storm.

Of the original of our cut, which has never been engraved before, an eye-witness of the eclipse it represents says: "With this I send you, for the American Philosophical Society, a painting, intended to represent the central eclipse of the sun on the 16th of June last. It is executed by Mr. Ezra Ames, an eminent portrait-painter of this place, and gives, I believe, as true a representation of that grand and beautiful phenomenon as can be artificially expressed. The edge of the moon" (he mistakes, perhaps, the inner part of the corona for the outer edge of the moon) "was strongly illuminated, and had the brilliancy of polished silver. No common colors could express this; I therefore directed it to be attempted, as you will see, by a raised silvered rim, which, in a proper light, produces tolerably well the required effect. As no verbal description can give anything like a true idea of the sublime spectacle with which man is so rarely gratified, I thought this painting would not be an unwelcome present to the society, or an improper article to be preserved among its collection of subjects for philosophical speculation. But, in order to have a proper conception of what is intended to be represented, you must transfer your ideas to the heavens, and imagine, at the departure of the last ray of the sun, in its retreat behind the moon, an awful gloom immediately diffused over the face of nature; and round a dark circle near the zenith, an immense radiated *glory*, like a new creation, in a moment bursting on the sight, and for several minutes fixing the gaze of man in silent amazement."

The tables upon the next page require no explanation. As the longitudes

of places in the West are mostly quite uncertain, the positions assumed have been given. By means of Tables III. and IV. the outline of the shadow can be laid down on a map, and the times of inner contacts for other places estimated.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1806, AS SEEN AT ALBANY, N. Y.



TABLES OF ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 7, 1869.

TABLE I. — Penumbra Phases. Calculated by means of the Occultator of Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., President of Harvard College.

Place.	Latitude.	Diff. of Time from Wash.		Beginning of Eclipse.		Middle of Eclipse.		End of Eclipse.		No. of Digits Eclipsed.	Side of Sun Eclipsed.
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
Sitka, Alaska	57° 0' N.	+3 53	11 46 A.M.	0 59 P.M.	2 10 P.M.					11	N.
San Francisco, Cal.	37° 53' N.	+3 2	1 22 P.M.	2 15 P.M.	3 40 P.M.					6	N.
St. Louis, Mo.	38° 40' N.	+3 53	4 3 P.M.	5 5 P.M.	6 32 P.M.					near 12	N.
Springfield, Ill.	39° 50' N.	+3 50	4 4 P.M.	5 7 P.M.	6 3 P.M.					total.	
Chicago, Ill.	41° 50' N.	+4 2	4 19 P.M.	5 13 P.M.	6 3 P.M.					11 1/2	S.
New Orleans, La.	30° 0' N.	+5 6	4 20 P.M.	5 15 P.M.	6 14 P.M.					9	S.
Cincinnati, O.	39° 10' N.	+3 40	4 29 P.M.	5 29 P.M.	6 23 P.M.					near 12	S.
Detroit, Mich.	42° 20' N.	+3 24	4 31 P.M.	5 32 P.M.	6 24 P.M.					11	S.
Cleveland, O.	41° 33' N.	+3 13	4 37 P.M.	5 38 P.M.	6 30 P.M.					11	S.
Pittsburg, Penn.	40° 30' N.	+2 42	4 45 P.M.	5 45 P.M.	6 45 P.M.					10	S.
Buffalo, N. Y.	42° 50' N.	+3 8	4 47 P.M.	5 49 P.M.	6 38 P.M.					10	S.
Charleston, S. C.	32° 50' N.	+12 3	5 59 P.M.	5 55 P.M.	6 49 P.M.					11	N.
Washington, D. C.	38° 50' N.	+5 5	2 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 53 P.M.					11	S.
Wilmington, N. C.	34° 10' N.	+5 5	4 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 53 P.M.					total.	
Baltimore, Md.	39° 20' N.	+2 5	3 P.M.	6 P.M.	6 52 P.M.					11	S.
Montreal, Canada	45° 33' N.	+14 5	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	6 55 P.M.					9 1/2	S.
Philadelphia, Penn.	40° 0' N.	+7 5	8 P.M.	6 P.M.	6 57 P.M.					11	S.
Albany, N. Y.	42° 40' N.	+13 5	10 P.M.	6 P.M.	6 58 P.M.					10	S.
New York, N. Y.	40° 40' N.	+12 5	11 P.M.	6 P.M.	7 P.M.					10 1/2	S.
Quebec, Canada	45° 50' N.	+23 5	15 P.M.	6 P.M.	7 P.M.					9	S.
Boston, Mass.	42° 23' N.	+18 5	16 P.M.	6 P.M.	7 P.M.					10	S.
Portland, Maine	43° 40' N.	+27 5	24 P.M.	6 P.M.	7 P.M.					9	S.

TABLE II. — Showing the times of Beginning and Ending of the Total Phase for several places in the United States.

Place.		Latitude taken.	Longitude taken.	Time of Beginning. P. M.	Time of Ending. P. M.	Duration of total Eclipse.	Side of Central Line.
Logan, Neb.	*	42° 29'	W. 19° 31'	h. m.	h. m.	m.	South.
Decatur, " Iowa	*	41° 58'	W. 19° 17'	4 31.1	4 33.5	2.4	South.
Linn, " "	*	43° 1'	W. 19° 39'	4 29.3	4 32.3	3.0	South.
O'Brien, " "	*	43° 3'	W. 18° 51'	4 32.8	4 35.8	3.0	North.
Sioux City, " "	*	42° 29'	W. 19° 39'	4 31.5	4 32.9	2.4	South.
Algona, " "	*	43° 0'	W. 17° 27'	4 39.3	4 41.8	2.5	South.
Boonesboro, " "	*	42° 8'	W. 17° 0'	4 42.5	4 45.5	3.0	North.
Cedar Falls, " "	*	42° 34'	W. 15° 21'	4 49.9	4 50.8	0.9	North.
Des Moines, " "	*	41° 36'	W. 16° 50'	4 44.1	4 47.0	2.9	South.
Grinnell, " "	*	41° 47'	W. 15° 47'	4 48.4	4 51.2	2.8	North.
Marengo, " "	*	41° 46'	W. 15° 18'	4 50.6	4 53.3	2.7	North.
Cedar Rapids, " "	*	42° 1'	W. 14° 52'	4 52.5	4 54.3	1.8	North.
Iowa City, " "	*	41° 39'	W. 14° 39'	4 53.8	4 56.2	2.4	North.
Osceola, " "	*	41° 4'	W. 16° 54'	4 45.1	4 47.1	2.0	South.
Oskawbosa, " "	*	41° 19'	W. 15° 47'	4 49.2	4 52.1	2.9	South.
Washington, " "	*	41° 17'	W. 14° 46'	4 53.6	4 56.3	2.7	North.
Muscataine, " "	*	41° 26'	W. 14° 4'	4 56.7	4 58.8	2.1	North.
Burlington, " "	*	40° 50'	W. 14° 10'	4 56.9	4 59.9	2.7	North.
Kokuk, " "	*	40° 21'	W. 14° 30'	4 56.4	4 59.0	2.7	South.
Rock Island, Ill.	*	41° 28'	W. 13° 33'	4 59.3	5 0.8	1.5	North.
Peoria, " "	*	40° 39'	W. 12° 33'	5 4.0	5 6.1	2.1	North.
Macomb, " "	*	40° 24'	W. 13° 45'	4 59.4	5 2.3	2.9	North.
Bloomington, " "	*	41° 27'	W. 11° 59'	5 7.3	5 9.4	2.1	North.
Quincy, " "	*	39° 55'	W. 14° 28'	4 57.4	4 59.7	2.3	South.
Decatur, " "	*	39° 43'	W. 12° 42'	5 7.7	5 10.4	2.7	North.
Springfield, " "	*	39° 48'	W. 12° 30'	5 4.8	5 7.7	2.8	South.
Jacksonville, " "	†	39° 43'	W. 12° 30'	5 2.3	5 5.1	2.8	North.
Shelbyville, " "	*	39° 24'	W. 11° 49'	5 9.2	5 12.0	2.8	South.
Vandalia, " "	*	38° 56'	W. 12° 9'	5 8.9	5 11.2	2.3	South.
Alton, " "	*	38° 53'	W. 13° 11'	5 5.5	5 6.2	0.7	South.
Terre Haute, Ind.	*	39° 31'	W. 10° 26'	5 15.1	5 17.4	2.3	North.
Vincennes, " "	*	38° 43'	W. 10° 29'	5 15.9	5 18.6	2.7	South.
Columbus, " "	*	39° 14'	W. 8° 50'	5 22.8	5 24.3	1.5	North.
Madison, " "	*	38° 46'	W. 8° 18'	5 25.4	5 27.3	1.9	North.
New Harmony, " "	*	38° 9'	W. 10° 53'	5 15.5	5 17.5	2.0	South.
Evansville, " "	*	38° 0'	W. 10° 32'	5 17.2	5 19.2	2.0	South.
Louisville, Ky.	†	38° 13'	W. 8° 27'	5 25.1	5 27.6	2.5	North.
Shelbyville, " "	*	38° 16'	W. 8° 6'	5 26.6	5 29.0	2.4	North.
Frankfort, " "	†	38° 14'	W. 7° 37'	5 28.8	5 31.0	2.3	North.
Lexington, " "	*	38° 6'	W. 7° 15'	5 30.5	5 32.7	2.2	North.
Bardstown, " "	*	37° 41'	W. 8° 20'	5 26.3	5 28.9	2.6	South.
Danville, " "	*	37° 43'	W. 7° 35'	5 29.5	5 42.0	2.5	North.
Piketon, " "	*	37° 28'	W. 5° 13'	5 40.0	5 41.6	1.6	North.
Bowling Green, " "	*	37° 2'	W. 9° 17'	5 24.9	5 24.9	0	South.
Somers, " "	*	37° 8'	W. 7° 18'	5 31.7	5 34.1	2.4	South.
Burkesville, " "	*	36° 41'	W. 8° 10'	5 29.5	5 30.5	1.0	South.
Abingdon, Va.	*	36° 41'	W. 4° 49'	5 42.4	5 44.7	2.3	North.
Wytheville, " "	*	36° 54'	W. 4° 0'	5 45.7	5 47.3	1.6	North.
Bristol, Tenn.	*	36° 34'	W. 5° 11'	5 40.9	5 43.2	2.3	North.
Greenville, " "	*	36° 4'	W. 5° 51'	5 39.5	5 41.3	1.8	North.
Knoxville, " "	*	35° 59'	W. 6° 55'	5 38.4	5 36.4	0	South.
Morgantown, N. C.	*	35° 46'	W. 4° 43'	5 44.1	5 47.1	2.0	South.
Statesville, " "	*	35° 47'	W. 3° 57'	5 47.3	5 49.5	2.2	South.
Ashville, " "	*	35° 34'	W. 5° 30'	5 41.8	5 43.0	1.2	South.
Lexington, " "	§			5 50.4	5 52.6	2.2	
Raleigh, " "	§			5 57.4	5 58.5	1.1	North.
Wilmington, " "		34 14	W. 0° 53'	6 1.7	6 4.6	1.9	North.
Newbern, " "		34 42	E. 0° 22'	6 5.8	6 8.0	2.2	South.

* The latitude and longitude have been taken from Mitchell's School Atlas
 † The latitude and longitude have been taken from Lippincott's Gazetteer
 ‡ The longitude is taken from Lippincott; the latitude from Mitchell.
 § Indicates that the calculations are only approximate, owing to the sun's being near the horizon.
 || The latitude and longitude are from Coast Survey Reports.

TABLE III. — Giving the Latitudes and Longitudes of Points upon the Central Line of the Eclipse and the Extreme Dimensions of the Shadow for successive minutes of Washington time.

Washington Time. P. M.	Central Points.		Azimuth of Sun at Central Points.	Greatest Radius of Shadow from Central Parts.		Radius of circular section of Cone in Geographical Miles.
	Latitude.	Longitude.		Away from Sun.	Towards the Sun.	
h. m.	°	°	°			
5 50	42° 53'	18° 46' W.	86° 57'	1 39	1 35	45
51	42° 29'	17° 58'	88° 15'	1 42	1 37	44
52	42° 5'	17° 10'	88° 50'	1 43	1 38	44
53	41° 40'	16° 20'	89° 44'	1 44	1 40	44
54	41° 14'	15° 28'	90° 24'	1 48	1 42	44
55	40° 48'	14° 35'	91° 38'	1 53	1 47	44
56	40° 21'	13° 39'	92° 35'	1 57	1 50	43
57	39° 53'	12° 41'	93° 30'	2 1	1 54	43
58	39° 24'	11° 39'	94° 30'	2 1	1 58	43
59	38° 54'	10° 34'	95° 30'	2 4	2 3	43
6 0	38° 23'	9° 26'	96° 40'	2 18	2 7	42
1	37° 50'	8° 12'	97° 33'	2 32	2 16	42
2	37° 14'	6° 52'	98° 38'	2 44	2 25	42
3	36° 37'	5° 22'	99° 46'	3 3	2 35	41
4	35° 56'	3° 44'	101° 0'	3 30	2 50	41
5	35° 10'	1° 50' W.	102° 19'	4 22	3 12	40
6	34° 16'	0° 33' E.	104° 22'	6 44	3 42	40
7	33° 2'	3° 57' E.	106° 6'	Imaginary.	4 58	39

TABLE IV. — Giving approximate Latitudes and Longitudes of Points upon the Edge of the Total Eclipse, and of Points at which the Total Phase lasts one and two minutes.

Washington Time. P. M.	Time of First Contact.	North of Central Line.						South of Central Line.					
		0 minutes.		1 minute.		2 minutes.		0 minutes.		1 minute.		2 minutes.	
		Lat.	Long.	Lat.	Long.	Lat.	Long.	Lat.	Long.	Lat.	Long.	Lat.	Long.
h. m.													
5 50	43° 20'	16° 52'	43° 20'	16° 52'	43° 20'	16° 52'	43° 20'	42° 26'	20° 33'	42° 16'	20° 6'	42° 9'	19° 20'
51	42° 55'	14° 42'	40° 43'	14° 42'	40° 43'	14° 42'	40° 43'	42° 4'	19° 50'	41° 53'	19° 18'	41° 47'	18° 35'
52	42° 27'	12° 42'	38° 14'	12° 42'	38° 14'	12° 42'	38° 14'	41° 41'	19° 51'	41° 30'	18° 35'	41° 22'	17° 44'
53	42° 31'	14° 18'	41° 51'	14° 18'	41° 51'	14° 18'	41° 51'	41° 16'	18° 14'	41° 31'	17° 41'	41° 57'	16° 56'
54	41° 36'	13° 25'	41° 22'	13° 41'	41° 31'	13° 5'	41° 31'	40° 51'	17° 23'	40° 41'	16° 54'	40° 57'	16° 6'
55	41° 9'	12° 27'	40° 54'	12° 48'	40° 37'	12° 6'	40° 37'	40° 26'	16° 35'	40° 15'	15° 59'	40° 16'	15° 0'
56	40° 11'	11° 30'	40° 27'	11° 40'	40° 11'	11° 9'	40° 11'	40° 15'	15° 29'	39° 49'	15° 39'	39° 14'	14° 7'
57	40° 13'	10° 30'	39° 56'	10° 59'	39° 10'	11° 39'	39° 10'	39° 36'	14° 49'	39° 21'	14° 43'	39° 12'	13° 7'
58	39° 40'	9° 23'	39° 21'	8° 50'	39° 3'	9° 39'	39° 3'	38° 13'	13° 49'	38° 54'	13° 9'	38° 43'	12° 3'
59	39° 38'	8° 17'	38° 52'	7° 48'	38° 29'	7° 46'	38° 29'	38° 39'	12° 50'	38° 26'	12° 6'	38° 14'	10° 59'
6 0	38° 34'	6° 59'	38° 17'	6° 38'	37° 54'	6° 37'	37° 54'	38° 10'	11° 46'	37° 51'	11° 0'	37° 42'	9° 43'
1	37° 58'	5° 37'	37° 39'	5° 18'	37° 15'	5° 13'	37° 15'	37° 6'	10° 21'	36° 49'	8° 27'	36° 32'	8° 19'
2	37° 20'	4° 9'	37° 1'	3° 38'	36° 33'	3° 31'	36° 33'	36° 33'	8° 6° 36'	15° 7° 8'			6° 42'

TIDES.

To find the time of high tide, enter the following table* at the top with the name of the place, and at the side with the hour of the moon's southing found in the calendar, and in the body of the table will be found a number which, added to the time of the moon's southing, will give the time of high tide.

Time of Moon's Southing.	Boston, Mass.	New York, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Penn.	Old Pt. Comfort, Va.	Baltimore, Md.	Smithville, N. C.	Charleston, S. C.	Fort Pulaski, Savannah, Ga.	Key West, Fla.	San Francisco, Cal.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
0 0	11 38	8 20	1 31	8 55	6 47	7 26	7 38	7 30	9 33	12 5
0 30	11 38	8 18	1 28	8 49	6 42	7 21	7 33	7 25	9 26	11 59
1 0	11 28	8 15	1 25	8 44	6 37	7 16	7 27	7 19	9 19	11 53
1 30	11 24	8 10	1 21	8 40	6 31	7 13	7 21	7 15	9 13	11 47
2 0	11 20	8 6	1 18	8 35	6 26	7 9	7 16	7 11	9 6	11 41
2 30	11 16	8 0	1 14	8 32	6 21	7 6	7 12	7 8	9 1	11 36
3 0	11 13	7 55	1 11	8 27	6 17	7 4	7 8	7 6	8 57	11 33
3 30	11 10	7 52	1 8	8 22	6 13	7 3	7 5	7 5	8 53	11 33
4 0	11 7	7 52	1 6	8 20	6 11	7 2	7 2	7 4	8 53	11 38
4 30	11 6	7 52	1 3	8 21	6 10	7 3	7 3	7 3	8 56	11 46
5 0	11 6	7 53	1 0	8 23	6 10	7 4	7 3	7 4	9 2	11 55
5 30	11 9	7 56	0 59	8 26	6 13	7 6	7 7	7 6	9 10	12 3
6 0	11 13	7 59	0 59	8 32	6 19	7 9	7 12	7 8	9 22	12 11
6 30	11 19	8 5	1 1	8 39	6 25	7 13	7 19	7 12	9 33	12 16
7 0	11 25	8 11	1 7	8 48	6 32	7 17	7 24	7 16	9 49	12 23
7 30	11 32	8 17	1 15	8 58	6 39	7 23	7 32	7 22	10 0	12 29
8 0	11 38	8 23	1 23	9 4	6 44	7 28	7 38	7 28	10 6	12 34
8 30	11 43	8 27	1 29	9 8	6 49	7 33	7 45	7 34	10 7	12 37
9 0	11 47	8 32	1 34	9 10	6 52	7 37	7 48	7 39	10 6	12 38
9 30	11 48	8 34	1 39	9 12	6 54	7 39	7 50	7 42	10 3	12 34
10 0	11 49	8 35	1 42	9 10	6 53	7 40	7 50	7 43	9 59	12 30
10 30	11 48	8 34	1 43	9 8	6 52	7 40	7 47	7 41	9 56	12 24
11 0	11 47	8 31	1 41	9 4	6 50	7 36	7 44	7 37	9 48	12 17
11 30	11 43	8 25	1 37	9 2	6 48	7 30	7 41	7 34	9 40	12 9

FARM WORK.

WINTER.—With winter comes planning for the year. A few evenings given to this will be well spent. To this end a good farm map is essential. Care should be given to condition of *harness, shoes, vehicles, and tools; accumulations of ice* are also to be guarded against. High price of *straw* may tempt sale; do it cautiously, if at all, and apply proceeds to manure purchase. This last is farm capital; open weather may give opportunity to make the *peat swamp* add to this capital; frosts will reduce it to an impalpable powder, and so convert it into the best of absorbents. *Drainage* of swamp lands (feasible in winter weather south of Maryland) is always in order, but should be done after a well-considered plan. *Orchard pruning* may be done in winter, if no large limbs are removed, and wounds are covered with protective varnish (shellac in alcohol). The frozen earth will tempt *teaming*,—removal of heavy timber, wood, and rocks. *Ice* may be gathered,—cutting in square blocks, not too large (to avoid sprains and bruises), and packing closely, with good drainage, and free use of chaff or saw-dust.

Stock should be looked well after; cleanly quarters, good shelter, generous food, will keep off vermin, horn-ail, bloody garget, and make cows "come in" all right. With best treatment a good cow need not go dry over six weeks; nor should full feeding be abandoned when dry; its virtue goes to the calf. Roots, oil-cake, bran, with clover hay, are excellent condiments,—say, peck of roots, pound of oil-meal, and quart of bran per day. This (and it may be safely increased) will give a sleek skin, and strength for calving. If bag is much distended before calving, remove milk (for the pigs). Let the "lying in" be in loose box, with ample straw. The *young calf* should suckle the first day; afterward—if not to be raised with her—remove it (Mr. Bergh to the contrary). Milk clean and (for best results) three times a day. Give warm "mash," sliced roots, oil-cake, and no chilling drink. If "caked bag" threatens, put teaspoonful tincture of arnica in food, and rub udder with same mixed with water. Rub often and thoroughly. *Feed calves* with warm milk, at first three times a day, then twice; skimmed milk (if at all), with oil-meal, should come later.

Early lambs are profitable only when proper care can be given, but bring large prices. In warm, dry, snug, well-ventilated sheds, littered with straw (passed through chaff-cutter), and with doors and shutters for closing on cold nights, they may be dropped in February. Eight to twelve ewes enough for one pen. At the South, these early lambs might be made source of great profit, and should come on with the first green peas from Charleston and Norfolk.

SPRING.—With tools and stock in good condition, look first to *farm roads*. Bad ones cost in money and patience. Good hard fords are better than poor bridges across streams; but water in ordinary roadways is bad; drainage is essential. A slough-hole may be made passable by a few cement-pipes covered with gravel; stones covered with same make everywhere good road-bed. *Fences* are mostly a nuisance, but customs of society compel their maintenance. When shall we grow wise? While soil is too soft for working, fences may be reset and repaired. As ground grows dry, *manure* is to be carted out (unless removed in later winter); if new, and not immediately ploughed in, should be deposited in large heap, and covered with muck, soil, or turfs. Look out sharply for your *galled cattle*. Working oxen, after season of rest, are liable to galls, and may injure themselves by sudden strain. Begin with light work; wash any abrasion with cold water, or pad with clean sacking kept wet. Bad roads make galled cattle.

Ploughing and harrowing should not begin till ground is thoroughly dry; else, clods and stiff lands, ruined, perhaps, for a whole season. A lapped furrow will dry faster and better than a flat furrow, and the harrow will give upon it a more deeply triturated surface. The *Michigan plough* is to be commended in deep soils,—the small share folding the sod, and the large one burying it with avalanche of mellow soil. For *small grains*, tillage and manure may be expended on surface; for *corn, cotton, and tobacco*, tillage should be deeper and manure deeper; for *root crops*, tillage and manure should be deeper still. *Early potatoes* may be forced with fermenting (horse) manure; late ones suffer by this application.

Seed of all kinds should be best; above all, free of foul growth. If your land is foul, buy your seed; if using your own, screen and screen again, for soundest berries. Select best portion of growing crop for seed. Follow same rule in regard to garden vegetables,—keep finest and earliest specimens; don't sacrifice to high price. When you buy, keep by men who have a reputation to lose.

Grass, in spring, wants only soluble or fine inorganic dressing, such as ashes, salt plaster, guano, superphosphate. Bone-dust and lime are better applied in autumn. Of guano (Peruvian) use two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; of salt, not over ten or fifteen bushels; apply others in quantities which experiment or your purse will justify. Even distribution of all is essential. *Stones* should be removed, biennial weeds rooted out, and if there are clods, or young clover is thrown out by frosts, apply roller.

For *corn*, spread fresh manure on sward, plough under, and dress hills

with superphosphate, for a good start. If ploughing is what it should be, harrowing will be needless. Don't plant too thickly,—especially if you drill the seed. *Cotton-planting* must be delayed only till fear of frost is gone; except that the young plant is much more delicate, and so requires mellowed soil, culture is very like that of corn. Superfluous plants are to be thinned out by hand, and culture in growing season done (for economy) much as possible by horse-power. *Annual grasses*, whose seeds stock most Southern lands, make great trouble; they should be cut off so soon as they appear. The moist, warm weather essential to a good stand of cotton favors these troublesome grasses. When air is dry and soil is hot, extirpate them. *Potatoes* are just now among the best paying crops. Ploughing should be deep for them; the planting early, manuring lavish; old sward land broken in autumn, and turned under in spring, will give the best results.

SUMMER.—Fighting the *weeds* is the farmer's battle of the summer. When crops grow fastest, weeds grow fastest; they are earliest killed when tender; a day's work in mid-June may do more than ten days in early July. Hoed crops admit and invite frequent stirring; thus, by departure from rotation, a succession of onion, cabbage, or carrot crops upon a foul field may work thorough extirpation of weed growth.

Haying should be begun so early as to allow no grass to stand till it becomes wiry, and seed is formed. For dairy purposes especially, it is much better to cut too early than too late. White daisies will be more surely squelched; and light dressing of compost or guano, after a cut in later June, will insure great second growth; whereas a field cut in August will be bare for the season. Late-cut hay is an abomination, and every friend of animals should set his face and his example against it. Theorizers tell, to a day, *when to cut grain*; but the good farmer cuts it whenever the weather is good, after the grain is fairly in the "dough," and plump, fair, and firm.

Turnips must be looked after in summer; a light loam suits them, and a well-drained clayey soil will bring great returns to a careful cultivator; some form of phosphate—bone-dust or superphosphate—is essential to good results. This is best placed in the drills. As fallow crop, plant three feet apart, and cultivate untiringly. Rutabagas may be sown in later June; French turnips, later; and English (or common) turnips, in early August. Land that has carried a crop of early sweet corn will, by good tillage, carry a crop of purple-topped turnips, and the same may follow early potatoes.

Buckwheat requires a short season, and is a very sure crop. It should be sown as early as the blooming of the chestnut. *Green fodder and soiling crops* are in order in summer. The pinching heats of August demand them; and he is a miserable provider who—with a milk-farm—fails to grow them. Corn is the great stand-by; it should be in drills for passage of cultivator, and should have ample manuring. A half-acre even will help a herd of cows amazingly over a month of drouth, and excess may be cured for winter. *Green manure crops* tax a farmer's faith; but he who bravely puts underground a great crop of clover will grow in grace and in good works.

AUTUMN.—Autumn brings leisure for attendance upon the agricultural fairs, which may ripen and enlarge the farmer's experience,—except, indeed, the fair become such a farce as the New England Society is getting to be, with its horse-trottings, its money-making devices, its fat giantesses, and its weak management. The true farmers can do nothing better than to work a reform in this. They should see to it that all our fairs become something more than a circus and a place to trumpet nostrums.

The *making of roads*, and the carrying out of systems of *drainage*, belong to autumn; so do the *digging of peat* and its transport to the manure-yard; so the clearing of brush pastures; the scythe should not be hung up while a worthless bush or a weed remains uncut.

Rye is easily raised on land that will not carry wheat; it will follow admirably an early potato crop; the straw (if you sell) will pay all costs of culture; and for soiling (if sown early), it will tide the cows over November with green food.

Wheat requires a better manned and better worked soil; very early kinds best escape the midge. The condition of ground is more important than the variety. Sow in September, in Pennsylvania and northward, as a general rule. Farther south sowing may be delayed even into winter. Rye may be safely put in at least a fortnight after wheat.

Grass-seed may be sown with either grain; or if put in earlier, may occupy the field alone, and secure such start as will give a good cutting the following season.

Fattening of cattle cannot commence too early in autumn. Grain in September is as good as grain in October. *Hogs* may have their diet of soft corn and a little old meal. It hardly pays to grind cobs and corn together, except corn be immature. A few beans daily will greatly help the *sheep*, if pasture be short. *Good shelter* should be offered as cold winds increase; roofs and gutters be looked after, fuel supplied, root-crops housed or pitted, water-pipes protected, hay-stacks dressed and thatched, so that when winter howls the farmer may take his ease at his fireside, and, with a contented spirit, thank God for the gifts of the year.

The standard single-rate to Great Britain is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois; to France and the Continent (by French mails) it is 15 grammes, or $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. avoirdupois.

The asterisk (*) indicates that prepayment of the rate to which it is affixed is optional; in all other cases prepayment is required.

[illegible]

LETTERS. *The standard single-rate weight is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois.*

Single-rate letter, throughout the United States	3 cents
For each additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or fraction	3 "
Drop-letters, for local delivery, single rate	2 "
" where there is no local delivery, single rate	1 "
Advertised letters are charged <i>extra</i>	1 "

These postages must be prepaid by stamps. Letters are to be forwarded without additional charge, if the person to whom they are addressed has changed his residence, and has left proper directions to such effect. Letters unrecalled for will be returned to the sender, if a request to that effect be written upon the envelope. Properly certified letters of soldiers and sailors will be forwarded without prepayment. No extra charge is made for the service of carriers taking letters to or from post-offices.

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Daily (seven times a week)	35 cents	per quarter
" (six ")	30 "	"
Tri-weekly	15 "	"
Semi-weekly	10 "	"
Weekly	5 "	"

These rates must be prepaid quarterly or yearly; for full security they should be paid at the office where the paper is received. One copy of a weekly newspaper may be sent free by the publisher to each subscriber who resides in the county where the paper is published.

PERIODICALS. *The standard single rate is 4 oz. avoirdupois.*

<p> Semi-weekly Monthly Quarterly </p>	<p> 6 cents per quarter 3 " 1 " </p>
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Books, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois	4 cents
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Miscellaneous mailable matter (embracing all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, book manuscripts and proof-sheets, whether corrected or not, maps, prints, engravings, sheet music, blanks, flexible patterns, samples and sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes or wrappers, cards, paper, plain or ornamental, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions), on one package to one address, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois, 2 cents [By a decision of the Post-Office Department, manuscripts and proofs passing between authors and editors of magazines and newspapers are not regarded as passing "between authors and publishers," and must pay *letter* postage.] Prepayment by stamps is required for all postage on transient printed matter.

The maximum weight of any package of printed or miscellaneous matter is 4 lbs avoirdupois.

Registration.—Letters may be registered on payment of a fee of twenty cents, but the government takes no responsibility for safe carriage or compensation in case of loss.

Money Orders.—All principal post-offices now receive small sums of money and issue drafts for the same upon other post-offices, subject to the following charges and regulations.

On orders not exceeding \$20	10 cents
Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30	15 "
Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40	20 "
Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50	25 "

No fractions of cents to be introduced in an order. United States Treasury
Notes or National Bank Notes only, received or paid.

The Order is only payable at the office upon which it is drawn. The Order should be collected within one year from its date. After once paying an Order, by *whomsoever presented*, the Department will be liable to no further claim.

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To or from the Dominion of Canada, irrespective of distance, if prepaid, 6 cents: otherwise . . .	10 cents
To and from other British North American Provinces, for a distance of not over 3,000 miles . . .	10 "
For any distance over 3,000	15 "

Prepayment is optional except to Newfoundland, to which prepayment is compulsory.

PRINTED MATTER.

The regular United States rate must be prepaid, but these only pay for transportation to the boundary line; a second fee is charged on delivery by the Provincial post-office.

Atlantic Almanac Advertiser and Miscellany.

1869.

TENNYSON'S "LOCKSLEY HALL," ILLUSTRATED.



"Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long results of time."



"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships."

The foregoing illustrations are taken from a new Illustrated Edition of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," a poem whose popularity has stood the severest of tests,—the test of time. None of the Laureate's shorter poems are better known or more frequently quoted in this country to-day than the noble verses which, on their first appearance, were hailed as the utterances of a great poet. In none of his writings has Tennyson touched the popular heart with a firmer and more delicate hand. The burden of Locksley Hall is the burden of the spirit of the age,—full of its aspirations and restlessness. Unlike "The Idyls of the King" or "Ulysses," it could have been written only in England and only in the nineteenth century. Every line is a picture. It is a poem especially adapted for illustration, and Mr. Hennessy has been singularly fortunate in selecting so suggestive a subject for his pencil. He contributes nineteen designs. The volume will be published in small quarto, uniform with "Evangeline" and "Sir Launfal," beautifully printed with red-line border, and bound in various attractive styles. It has been expressly prepared for the present holiday season.

HOUSEHOLD POETRY.—Dr. Palmer's "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship" has been accepted as the best collection of amatory verse in the language. The editor has carefully revised and enlarged the collection, which will be issued in a new form, illustrated by ten steel vignettes, a number of which have been engraved by Mr. Marshall, whose portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant have placed him in the front ranks of engravers on steel. "The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship" will be a favorite among the choicest Christmas books. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper with a red-line border, and in every way adapted in style to the holiday season. This volume forms the first instalment of a particular compilation of verse in Five Parts, which are to appear at regular intervals, and together constitute a voluminous collection, the speciality and plan of which are apparent in the order of the titles:—

II. The Poetry of Marriage and Offspring.

III. The Poetry of Home and Friends.

IV. The Poetry of Meeting, Parting, and Separation.

V. The Poetry of Loss, &c., &c.

The series, when completed, will form a noble Home Book of Poetry, exclusively the poetry of the family. It will contain more than three thousand poems, English and translated, of which scarcely fewer than two thousand are not to be found in any other compilation of verse.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW BOOK.—The announcement of a new volume by Longfellow is always an assurance of a work of consummate art. His new volume, just published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, is entitled "The New England Tragedies," and contains two poems in dramatic form, one turning on the persecution of the early Quakers in New England, and the other dealing with the Witchcraft delusion. These two passages in our country's history, picturesque and dramatic viewed from any point, have furnished Longfellow with the themes for his two very beautiful and pathetic dramas. Longfellow is never happier than when painting pictures of the old Colonial life. The pensive, half-sombre atmosphere that seems to brood over the personages and events of that period is congenial to him, and is admirably reproduced in his verse. There are scenes in these plays which no one can read without deep emotion; and throughout the book Longfellow's genius is exemplified in a very striking manner. The tragedies are entitled "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms." The following are extracts from the book:—

"Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the Past,
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last;
Let us behold your faces, let us hear
The words ye uttered in those days of fear!
Revisit your familiar haunts again,—
The scenes of triumph and the scenes of pain,
And leave the footprints of your bleeding feet
Once more upon the pavement of the street."

"O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!
Ah, why will man by his austerities
Shut out the blessed sunshine and the light,
And make of thee a dungeon of despair!"

"Delusions of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts,
These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past."

Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest,—
Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?"



KATHLEEN.

WHITTIER'S POEMS COMPLETE. *Illustrated Edition.*—No poet holds a warmer place in the affections of the American people than John Greenleaf Whittier. In the legends, history, and scenery of his own land he has found an inspiration as genuine as it is beautiful. His simple, picturesque style, while it charms the exacting scholar, is no less intelligible to those whose duties or inclinations have led them aside from the quiet world of letters. It requires nothing but an open and appreciative nature to feel the strength and tenderness of Whittier's poetry. His name will always be identified with the heroic period in American history as well as with what is genuine and enduring in its literature. It is only recently, however, that Whittier's poems—extending through numerous small books—have been gathered into one volume. There was a demand for such a collection, and also for the handsomely illustrated edition just added to the list of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. It is not easy to estimate at once the riches of a work containing such poems as the "Home Ballads," "Snow-Bound," and "The Tent on the Beach." The clear page, enclosed in a red line, the compactness, convenience, and elegance of the volume, will make it a favorite one among the buyers of holiday gifts. The twelve full-page illustrations which enrich this edition are from original designs drawn by Eytinge, Fenn, Hennessey, Griswold, and others.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have also issued a handsome and complete edition of Whittier's prose writings, in two volumes, uniform with the library edition of Longfellow's works. "Margaret Smith's Journal," "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," and many of the briefer papers in this series, have long ago taken their places among the best things of the kind.

THE HALF-DOLLAR TENNYSON.—The nine different editions of the Laureate's poetry which Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have hitherto published have proved insufficient to meet all the requirements of the trade and the public. Their DIAMOND EDITION, when published, was pronounced a miracle of cheap, elegant, and compact book-making. However elegant that edition may be in comparison with other books, it is quite outdone in cheapness and compactness by the HALF-DOLLAR EDITION OF TENNYSON'S COMPLETE POEMS, just published. This edition is from entirely new types, set in double columns, and in beauty and readableness affords a strong and favorable contrast to the very small type of the recent cheap editions of Shakespeare. The page is open and clear, and the paper of good quality and substantial thickness. No danger to the eyes need be feared from reading it. It is neatly and durably bound in a handsome green-paper cover with a vignette head of Tennyson from the latest and best London photograph. No one can now complain that Tennyson is beyond reach, when his entire poems can be had in handsome form in exchange for a fifty-cent currency stamp.

AMERICAN WINES.—On page 38 may be seen a pictorial representation of an American vintage. The rapid progress made in the production of American wines in the last few years affords the most emphatic testimony to the enterprise of those engaged in it. Until within a few years the Catawba wines have for the most part held the market; but now it seems that it is chiefly to the Pacific coast that we are to look for the development of this great branch of industry. The pioneer house in the introduction of California wines in the Eastern States is the house of Perkins, Stern, & Co., whose success in enlarging the business has been such as to greatly encourage the planters of vineyards in California.

The wines best known as coming from California are first "Hock" and "Claret." Both of these wines are near enough akin to the European varieties to be readily recognized as excellent dinner-wines. Nearly all the Hock wines sold heretofore in this section of the country have been produced in Los Angeles, which is in the southern part of California. But as the wines made in the North have more flavor and bouquet and less alcohol, the production of Hock wines is hereafter to be transferred to the northern portion of the State. The "Angelica" and "Muscatel" are both very fine, *naturally* sweet wines, no sugar being used in making them. They compare favorably with the best Hungarian wines, and for the sick-chamber, communion, or as dessert wines are destined to achieve a great and lasting popularity.

The "Port" is of fine quality. Of a deep-red color, obtained by fermenting the grapes on the skin, free from all foreign admixture, of good body and flavor, a little sweeter than its foreign namesake, it is unequalled by most Spanish wines of double the price.

Brandy is also made in limited quantities, and used chiefly for sickness and culinary purposes. No wine resembling Sherry has yet been made. Some wines have been called Sherry, but the likeness to any good foreign article existed only in the name.

Various attempts have been made to produce a sparkling or champagne wine. Thus far the success met with has not been such as to warrant a belief in the speedy success of this branch of the business. That it will eventually be done admits of no doubt. The extremely uncertain and hazardous nature of this part of the profession renders capitalists very unwilling to invest their money in it, and without a very large capital no success can be expected.

As any variety of grape grows in the utmost perfection in nearly every part of California, we may look for other varieties of wines than those named. The prejudice against domestic productions is fast passing away, and the vintners of California have only to make and keep their wines good and pure, and make such arrangements as will insure their delivery in a like condition to the consumers, to build up a business which shall be profitable to themselves and beneficial to their countrymen.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Speaking of the September issue of the *Atlantic*, the New York Leader says: "The *Atlantic* is remarkable, as usual, for the earnestness and profoundness with which important questions are discussed, and for the undeniable literary merit of its articles. This magazine has a character and individuality that is unmistakable. In its pages we find an atmosphere of assured calm, that can only result from genuine merit and power. Seldom, indeed, does an article appear in the *Atlantic* in which there is the false ring that we find in so many productions even of talented writers—particularly American writers—who do injustice to their own powers, by writing to produce an effect, to *please the public*, instead of to develop truly the thought of their interior life. Hence in a higher degree, probably, than any of our magazines, it fulfils the true duty of a periodical in this age, of being the inspiration and guide of the spiritual and intellectual life of the community. It does not make itself attractive by wooing the favor of the public, but by placing itself on an intellectual eminence where it must command attention and admiration."

THE DIAMOND SCOTT.—No series of Poetical Publications has ever proved so immediately and permanently successful as Messrs. Ticknor and Fields's DIAMOND EDITION OF THE POETS. It was begun with Tennyson's Poems two years ago, and many thousand copies have been sold. Longfellow and Whittier followed with a like result. It is proposed to continue this series of beautiful and complete little volumes, until they shall form a choice Cabinet Library of Popular Poetry. This season Scott is added to the collection. Various as are the editions of Scott, there is no one in the market which answers the popular want of an edition containing *all* his poetry, in a compact volume, free from the cumbrous notes and introductions which swell most of the editions to an inconvenient size. The DIAMOND SCOTT is just such an edition, and is sure to keep pace with its predecessors in the public favor.

PICTURES FROM THE POETS.

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(From the Illustrated "Evangeline.")

BASIL THE BLACKSMITH.

LOWELL.

(From the Illustrated "Vision of Sir Launfal.")

SIR LAUNFAL.

WHITTIER.

(From the Illustrated "Snow-Bound.")

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.



THE CARRIER.

TENNYSON.

(From the Illustrated "Idyls of the King.")

GERAINT AND EDYRN.

DICKENS'S ILLUSTRATED "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL is a book which one has to read whenever he encounters it. Beautiful type and artistic adornments are not needed to make it the most alluring of stories: yet Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have spared no pains in preparing for the holidays the most exquisite edition of the "Carol" that has ever been issued. "No Christmas story," says the Publishers' note, "has gained such universal regard as MR. DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL. The frequency with which the author has lately read that story to delighted audiences in America, as well as in England, while widely extending its popularity, has greatly strengthened a true appreciation of it. MR. DICK-



CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

ENS'S American Publishers therefore believe that a new edition, giving adequate pictorial expression to the various characters which the CAROL portrays, will address itself to a large circle of the best book-lovers; and they hope that this may prove such an edition. The drawings have been expressly made from new studies, by MR. EYTINGE, whose reputation as an illustrator of MR. DICKENS'S ideals has been so well established by the designs that accompany the Diamond Edition. The engraving, by MR. ANTHONY, and the printing, by the UNIVERSITY PRESS, have been done with a skill and delicacy which may be trusted to commend them fully to the public estimation."



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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SCROOGE'S CHRISTMAS VISITORS Frontispiece.

SCROOGE AND MARLEY'S.
IN THE TANK.
THE PHILANTHROPISTS.
MARLEY'S FACE.
MARLEY'S GHOST.
THE VISION OF ALI BABA.
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST.
THE FEZZIWIG BALL.

A RETROSPECT.
TINY TIM'S RIDE.
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
BOB CRATCHIT AT HOME.
THE WONDERFUL PUDDING.
OVER THE SEA.
BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.
WANT AND IGNORANCE.

DEATH'S DOMINION.
ON 'CHANGE.
OLD JOE'S.
"POOR TINY TIM!"
IN THE CHURCHYARD.
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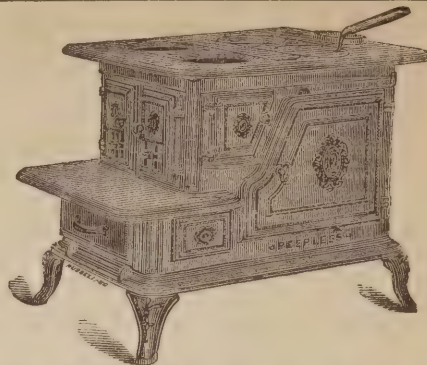
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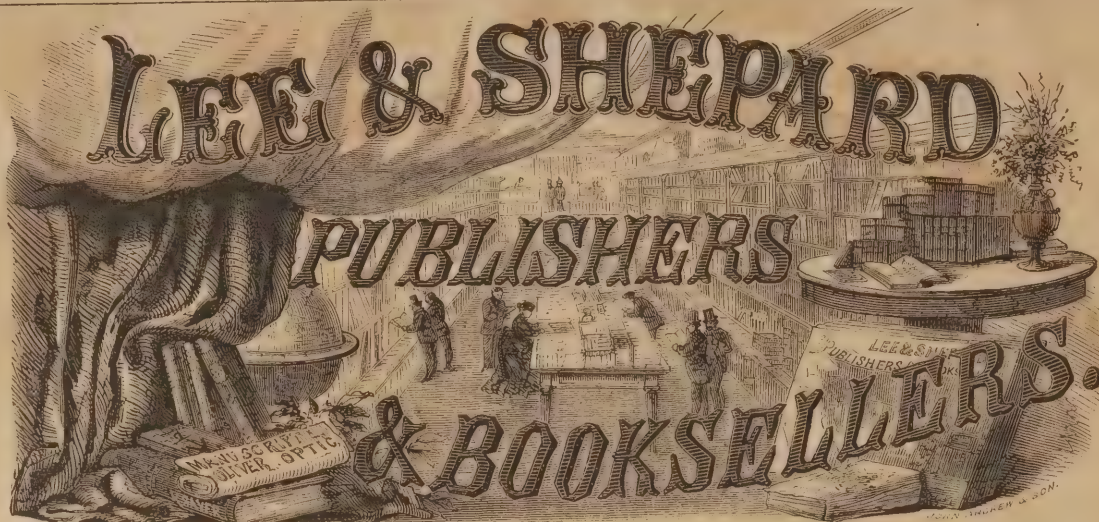
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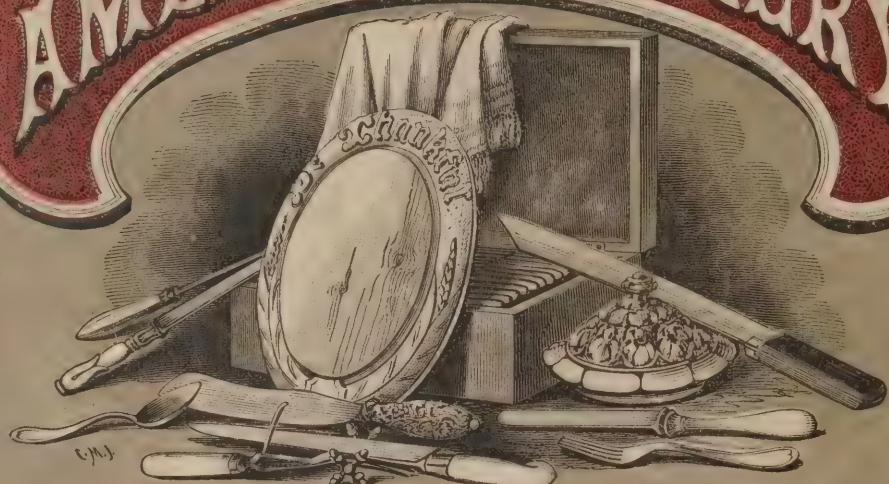
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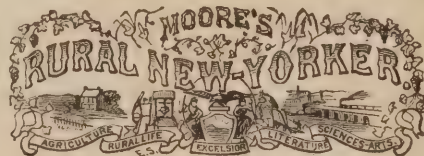
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER closes to-day its XXth year. It is not a sensation paper, and may not win patrons so fast as some that are; but those it wins it keeps, by giving them the full worth of their money in instructive, wholesome, agreeable information with regard to Farming and Household affairs, with a goodly array of literary matter, markets, &c., &c. We presume that no man who took The RURAL was ever afraid or ashamed to be seen reading it, or hesitated to commend it to his neighbors. — *New York Daily Tribune*.

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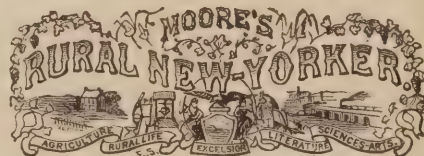
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JANUARY.

I Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY.			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases. d. h. m.			
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.	☾ LAST QUARTER	3 4 51 P.M.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☉ NEW MOON	10 9 50 A.M.		
1	1	Mo.	7 30	4 39	7 25	4 43	7 19	4 48	21	10 15	10 17	10 19	10 25	2 35	2 57	☽ FIRST QUARTER	17 6 54 A.M.		
2	2	Tu.	30	39	25	44	19	49	22	11 20	11 20	11 21	11 27	3 21	3 49	○ FULL MOON	25 0 6 P.M.		
3	3	Wd.	30	40	25	45	19	50	23	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	4 18	4 46	WASHINGTON.			
4	4	Th.	30	41	25	46	19	51	24	26	25	25	30	5 16	5 46	Emancipation Day.			
5	5	Fri.	30	42	25	47	19	52	25	1 35	1 33	1 31	1 36	6 17	6 46	P.M. tide minimum 8.6 feet.			
6	6	Sat.	30	43	25	48	19	53	26	2 47	2 44	2 41	2 46	7 16	7 46	Epiphany.			
7	7	S.	30	44	25	49	19	54	27	4 3	3 58	3 54	3 59	8 16	8 45	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ + 1°			
8	8	Mo.	29	45	25	50	19	55	28	5 20	5 15	5 9	5 14	9 15	9 43	Lucian.			
9	9	Tu.	29	46	24	51	19	56	29	6 35	6 28	6 22	6 27	10 10	10 36	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ + 2°			
10	10	Wd.	29	47	24	52	19	57	0	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 1	11 26	A.M. tide maximum 12.6 feet.			
11	11	Th.	29	48	24	53	19	58	1	6 8	6 13	6 18	6 29	11 50	—	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♂ + 4°			
12	12	Fri.	28	49	24	54	18	4 59	2	7 25	7 29	7 33	7 42	0 12	0 39	1st Sunday after Epiphany.			
13	13	Sat.	28	50	23	55	18	5 0	3	8 40	8 43	8 46	8 54	1 3	1 29				
14	14	S.	28	51	23	56	18	1	4	9 52	9 53	9 55	10 2	1 54	2 21				
15	15	Mo.	27	53	23	57	18	2	5	11 0	11 1	11 1	11 7	2 49	3 17				
16	16	Tu.	27	54	22	4 58	17	4	6	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 45	4 16				
17	17	Wd.	26	55	22	5 0	17	5	7	6	5	4	9	4 47	5 17				
18	18	Th.	26	56	21	1	16	6	8	1 10	1 8	1 6	1 4	5 48	6 17	Prisca.			
19	19	Fri.	25	57	21	2	16	7	9	2 13	2 9	2 6	2 11	6 46	7 15				
20	20	Sat.	25	4 59	20	3	15	8	10	3 15	3 10	3 6	3 9	7 44	8 11	2d Sunday after Epiphany.			
21	21	S.	24	5 0	20	4	15	9	11	4 16	4 11	4 5	4 8	8 37	9 2	Agnes. P.M. tide min. 7.8 feet.			
22	22	Mo.	23	1	19	5	14	10	12	5 14	5 8	5 2	5 4	9 28	9 53	Vincent.			
23	23	Tu.	23	2	18	6	14	11	13	6 7	6 0	5 55	5 58	10 14	10 85				
24	24	Wd.	22	3	17	8	13	12	14	6 56	6 49	6 44	6 46	10 55	11 14				
25	25	Th.	21	5	17	9	13	13	15	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 31	11 47	Conversion of Paul.			
26	26	Fri.	21	6	16	10	12	14	16	6 1	6 6	6 10	6 18	—	0 4				
27	27	Sat.	20	7	15	11	11	15	17	7 4	7 7	7 11	7 13	0 21	0 39	Septuagesima.			
28	28	S.	19	8	14	12	10	16	18	8 8	8 10	8 12	8 19	0 56	1 14				
29	29	Mo.	18	10	14	14	10	17	19	9 12	9 13	9 14	9 20	1 33	1 52				
30	30	Tu.	17	12	13	15	9	19	20	10 17	10 17	10 17	10 22	2 13	2 34				
31	31	Wd.	7 16	5 13	7 12	5 16	7 8	5 20	21	11 23	11 22	11 21	11 26	2 58	3 23				



MOTHER'S LOVE.

ASTRONOMICAL.

EXPLANATION OF THE CALENDAR.

THE SUN. The time of sunrise or sunset is the time when the uppermost point of the sun reaches the true horizon.

The columns headed latitude of Boston are good for New England, New York, the shores of Lakes Erie and Michigan, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Washington, and Oregon.

The columns headed latitude of New York are good for Long Island, and the shore of the Sound, New York City, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska, and Wyoming.

The columns headed latitude of Washington are good for Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, and will serve for all the Southern States.

THE MOON. The time of Moon's rising and setting are defined like the sun's, but the uppermost point of the moon at those times is not illuminated.

The column headed San Francisco should be used for all points west of the Rocky Mountains; but for any other State use the column headed with the name of the same place that appears above those entered for sunrise and sunset.

THE TIDES. Boston is so situated with reference to the tidal wave that from the tides at this port those at any other can be readily calculated. The following table shows how to obtain the time of high water from any other port from that for Boston:—

For	Eastport	subtract	19	minutes from	time for	Boston.
"	Hallowell's Pt.	"	12	"	"	"
"	Portland	"	2	"	"	"
"	Portsmouth	"	4	"	"	"
"	Newburyport	"	5	"	"	"
"	Rockport	"	30	"	"	"
"	Salem	"	14	"	"	"
"	Boston Light	"	15	"	"	"
"	Plymouth	"	8	"	"	"
"	Wellfleet	"	22	"	"	"
"	Provincetown	"	5	"	"	"
"	Monomoy	add	31	"	"	"
"	Nantucket	"	57	"	"	"
"	Hyannis	"	55	"	"	"
"	Edgartown	"	49	"	"	"
"	Holmes' Hole	"	16	"	"	"
"	New York	subtract	3h 14	"	"	"
"	Philadelphia	add	2h 17	"	"	"

Our predictions for Boston have been obtained from the office of the U. S. Coast Survey. The above table is made from data given in the Coast Survey Report for 1864.

PHENOMENA, ETC. The holidays marked in this column are those of the Calendar of the English Book of Common Prayer, with certain exceptions and additions. It is a mistake to suppose that the English Church calendar has an exclusively religious significance. On the contrary, many Saints' days are there set down which clergymen are forbidden to observe. "The reasons why the names of these Saints' days and holidays were resumed into the calendar are various. Some of them being retained upon account of our Courts of Justice, which usually make their returns on these days, or else upon the days before or after them, which are called in the writs *Vigil. Fest. or Crast.*, as in *Vigil. Martin, Fest. Martin, Crast. Martin*, and the like. Others are probably kept in the calendar for the sake of such tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and others as are wont to celebrate the memory of their tutelar saints; the *Welshmen* do of *St. David*, the shoemakers of *St. Crispin*, etc. And again, churches being in several places dedicated to some or other of these Saints, it has been the usual custom in such places to have *wakes* or *fairs* kept upon these days. . . . Besides, the histories which were writ before the Reformation do frequently speak of transactions happening upon such a holiday, or about such a time, without mentioning the month; relating one thing to be done at *Lammas-tide*, and another about *Martinnas*, etc., so that were these names left out of the calendar, we might be at a loss to know when several of these transactions happened."

The predictions in this column are adapted to the meridian of Washington, and are brought to any other by simply applying the correction of time. To obtain from Washington time, time in

New York	subtract	12	minutes.
Boston	"	24	"
Philadelphia	"	8	"
Chicago	add	42	"
Albany	subtract	13	"
New Orleans	add	53	"
Louisville	"	35	"
St. Louis	"	52	"
Portland	subtract	27	"
Bangor	subtract	33	minutes.
Buffalo	add	8	"
Pittsburg	"	13	"
Cincinnati	"	30	"
Springfield	"	51	"
Detroit	"	44	"
Salt Lake	"	2h 20	"
San Francisco	"	3h 2	"

ECLIPSES.

There will be four eclipses.

I. A partial eclipse of the sun, June 5th. This will be visible throughout the Atlantic States, as a *penumbra* or faint shadow upon the moon

from the time of its rising till 8h 19m P.M., Washington time. It will be more apparent the farther east the observer is.

II. An annular eclipse of the sun, June 5th. This will be visible in Alaska, as a small partial eclipse, a little before sunset.

III. A very small partial eclipse of the moon, November 14th. Visible throughout the country, but very insignificant.

Moon enters penumbra	Nov. 14th,	9 h	53 m	Washington time.
" " shadow	" " "	11	51	" "
Middle of eclipse	Nov. 15th,	0	11	" "
Moon leaves shadow	" " "	0	32	" "
" " penumbra	" " "	2	30	" "

One thirtieth of moon's diameter eclipsed.

IV. An annular eclipse of the sun, Nov. 30. Visible only at Cape Horn and the southern part of South America.

COURSE OF THE PLANETS.

[For the conjunctions of ♄ ♂ ♃ and ♃ with ♄ see Calendar.]

♄

Mercury is always so nearly in the direction of the sun that it can seldom be seen. The evening of the 5th of April will be the most favorable opportunity during the year, when it must not be confounded with Mars, which will be still nearer the sun. Mercury may also be seen on January 24th and September 16th, before sunrise. On the former occasion it will be very near Saturn, which will be southeast of it.

♃

Venus will be visible in the morning, in the first part of the year, and will be apparently approaching the sun from the beginning of the year till on July 16th at 0h 37m A.M., it will reach its superior conjunction. For the rest of the year it will be evening star, and will be apparently getting farther from the sun, and at the same time brighter, till 1873.

♂

On the first of January, Mars will set about two hours and a half later than the sun, and will be a little south of a 4th-magnitude star (♄) in the mane of Capricornus. On the 15th it will be in a line between ♄ and ♃ Capricorn. In the next four weeks it will traverse Aquarius (crossing close to ♄ on February 11th); thence it will pass to Pisces, then to Aries, and then to Taurus, where it will be overtaken by the sun on the 17th of May, at 10h 44m A.M. For the rest of the year it will be a morning star. On the 17th of June it will come into conjunction with Venus. On August 13th, Castor, Pollux, and Mars will be in a straight line. On September 21st it will overtake and pass Jupiter. On October 1st it will pass close to Regulus, and at the end of the year it will be north of another brilliant star, *Spica Virginis*. It will then rise about an hour and a quarter after midnight.

♃

On the 1st of January Jupiter will be conspicuous all night in a line continued from Castor through Pollux. On January 15th, at 10h 22m A.M., it will be in opposition to the sun, and will therefore have its greatest brilliancy about that date, and will cross the meridian about midnight. From the beginning of the year it will be retrograding (or moving westward) towards ♄ Geminorum (a 3d-magnitude star in the wrist of the following twin). It will never reach this star, however, but on March 15th, at 11h 17m A.M., will begin to retrace its way. On the 25th of May it will be in nearly the same place in the heavens as on the 1st of January, but greatly diminished in splendor. It will now set about three quarters of an hour before midnight. On July 16th, it will pass near ♄ Cancri (4th mag.). On July 25th, it will come into conjunction with Venus, and soon after will be lost in the light of the sun. It will reach conjunction August 2d, 10h 57m P.M., and for the rest of the year will be a morning star. On September 21st it will be in conjunction with Mars, and will pass Regulus October 29th.

♄

Saturn, the slowest moving of all the visible planets, will, at the beginning of the year, follow close after the sun. It will come into conjunction on the 3d of January, at 1h 35m A.M., and will then be morning star until July. On the 17th of January it will be a little south of the 2d-magnitude star, ♄ Sagittarii, and will be advancing slowly towards the eastern stars. On the 29th January it will come into conjunction with Mercury, and on the 14th of February with Venus. On the 30th April, at 0h 53m A.M., being about 7° from ♄ Sagittarii, it will begin to turn back towards that star. Its brightness will at the same time (slightly) increase until July 9th, when at 6h 15m P.M. it will be in opposition with the sun, having then performed half its journey back to ♄ Sagittarii. On September 18th, at 10h 46m, A.M., having nearly reached that star, it will again commence its usual eastward course, and on the 23d of December will reach the point where it began to retrograde. It will then set just after the sun. On the 4th of December it will be in conjunction with Venus.

The rings of Saturn will be well situated for observation, especially in July and August.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letters, G F	Golden Number, 11
Epact, 20	Roman Indiction, 15
Solar Cycle, 5	Julian Period, 6585

SYMBOLS USED IN THIS ALMANAC.

+ North,	☉ Sun,	♀ Venus,	♄ Saturn.
— South,	☾ Moon,	♂ Mars,	° Degrees.
♄ Conjunction,	♄ Mercury,	♃ Jupiter,	′ Minutes.



THE PRINCESS VISCONTI. FROM A PAINTING BY FRA BARTOLOMEO.



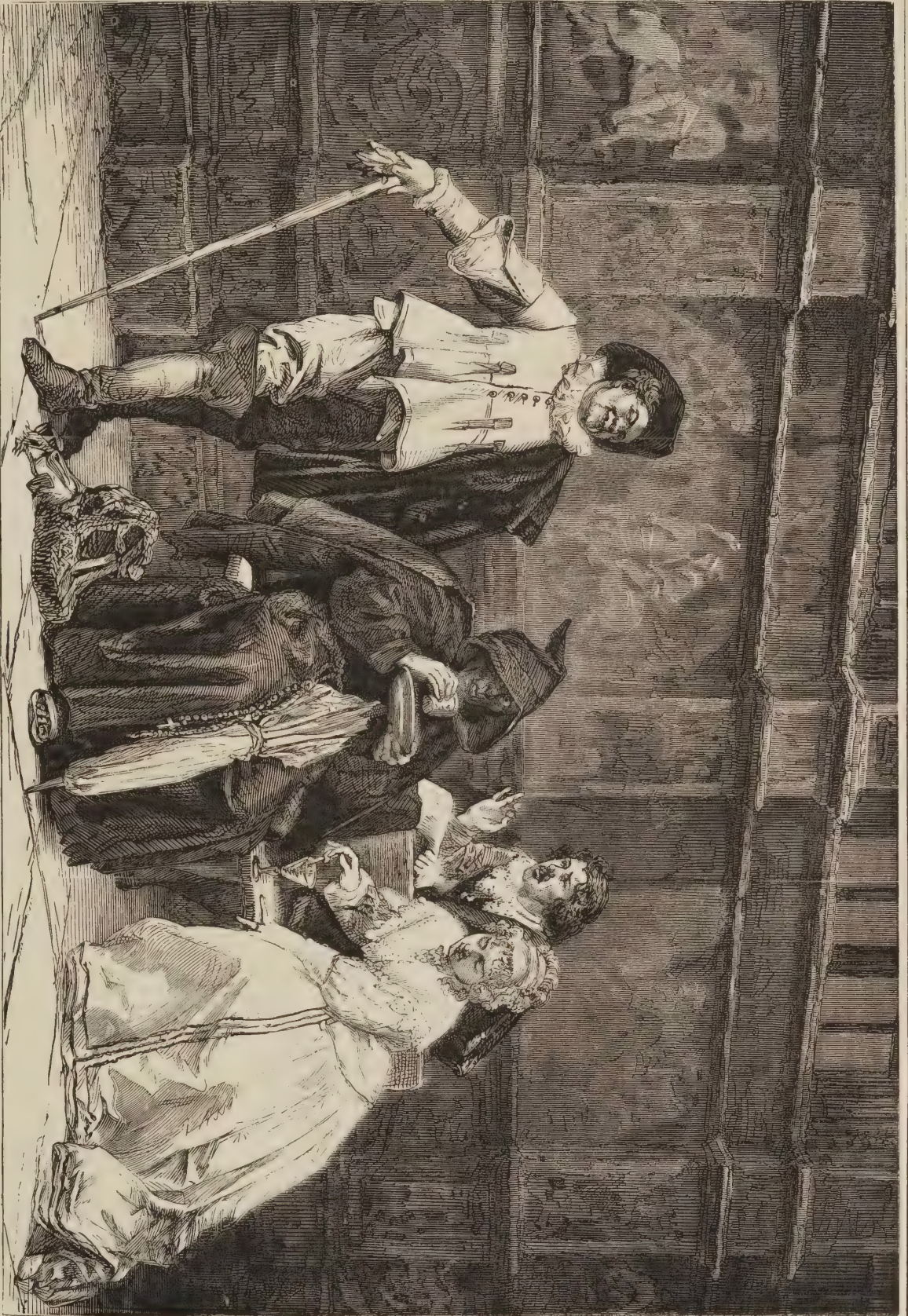
FEBRUARY.

II Month.]

1872.

[29 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.		d. h. m.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.	☾ LAST QUARTER	2 5 2 A.M.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	☉ NEW MOON	8 8 44 P.M.		
32	1	Th.	7 15	5 14	7 11	5 17	7 7	5 21	22	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 50	4 18	☾ FIRST QUARTER	16 1 16 A.M.		
33	2	Fri.	14	15	10	18	6	22	23	33	30	27	32	4 47	5 18	☉ FULL MOON	24 5 48 A.M.		
34	3	Sat.	13	16	9	20	5	23	24	1.44	1 41	1 37	1 41	5 48	6 19	WASHINGTON.			
35	4	S.	11	18	8	21	4	24	25	2 58	2 53	2 48	2 53	6 50	7 22	Purification of Mary.			
36	5	Mo.	10	19	7	22	3	26	26	4 13	4 6	4 0	4 4	7 53	8 25	Sexagesima Sunday. Blasius.			
37	6	Tu.	9	20	6	23	2	27	27	5 21	5 14	5 8	5 13	8 54	9 22	Agatha.			
38	7	Wd.	8	21	5	25	1	28	28	6 21	6 15	6 9	6 14	9 49	10 16	☾ ☽			



UNEXPECTED ASSISTANCE. FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMACOIS.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

October 1, 1871.

THE EXECUTIVE.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, of Illinois, <i>President</i>	Salary \$25,000
SCHUYLER COLFAX, of Indiana, <i>Vice-President</i>	" 8,000

THE CABINET.

HAMILTON FISH, of New York, <i>Secretary of State</i>	Salary \$8,000
GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts, <i>Secretary of the Treasury</i>	" 8,000
WILLIAM W. BELKNAP, of Iowa, <i>Secretary of War</i>	" 8,000
GEORGE M. ROBESON, of New Jersey, <i>Secretary of the Navy</i>	" 8,000
COLUMBUS DELANO, of Ohio, <i>Secretary of the Interior</i>	" 8,000
AMOS T. AKERMAN, of Georgia, <i>Attorney-General</i>	" 8,000
JOHN A. J. CRESWELL, of Maryland, <i>Postmaster-General</i>	" 8,000

THE JUDICIARY.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio, <i>Chief Justice</i>	Salary \$6,500	DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, <i>Associate Justice</i>	Salary \$6,000
NATHAN CLIFFORD, of Maine, <i>Associate Justice</i>	" 6,000	NOAH H. SWAYNE, of Ohio, "	" 6,000
SAMUEL NELSON, of New York, "	" 6,000	SAMUEL F. MILLER, of Iowa, "	" 6,000
WILLIAM M. STRONG, of Pennsylvania, "	" 6,000	STEPHEN J. FIELD, of California, "	" 6,000
JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, of New Jersey, "	" 6,000	Court meets first Monday in December, at Washington.	

MINISTERS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTERS PLENIPOTENTIARY.

Country.	Capital.	Ministers.	Salary.	Ap-point-ed.	Country.	Capital.	Ministers.	Salary.	Ap-point-ed.
Austria	Vienna	John Jay, N. Y.	\$12,000	1868	Italy	Rome	George P. Marsh, Vt.	\$12,000	1861
Brazil	Rio Janeiro	Henry T. Blow, Mo.	12,000	1869	Mexico	Mexico	Thomas H. Nelson, Ind.	12,000	1869
Chili	Santiago	Joseph P. Root, Kan.	10,000	1870	Peru	Lima	Alvin P. Hovey, Ind.	10,000	1865
China	Pekin	Frederick F. Low, Cal.	12,000	1869	Prussia	Berlin	George Bancroft, Mass.	12,000	1867
France	Paris	Elihu B. Washburne, Ill.	17,000	1869	Russia	St. Petersburg	Andrew G. Curtin, Penn.	12,000	1869
Great Britain	London	Robert C. Schenck, Oh.	17,000	1871	Spain	Madrid	Daniel E. Sickles, N. Y.	12,000	1869

MINISTERS RESIDENT.

Argentina Republic	Buenos Ayres	Robert C. Kirk, Ohio	7,500	1869	Netherlands	Hague	Chas. T. Gorham, Mich.	7,500	1870
Belgium	Brussels	J. R. Jones, Ill.	7,500	1869	Nicaragua	Nicaragua	Charles N. Riotte, Tex.	7,500	1869
Bolivia	La Paz	Leopold Markbreit, Oh.	7,500	1869	Portugal	Lisbon	Charles H. Lewis, Va.	7,500	1870
Costa Rica	San Jose	Jacob B. Blair, W. Va.	7,500	1868	San Salvador	San Salvador	A. T. A. Torbert, Del.	7,500	1869
Denmark	Copenhagen	M. J. Cramer, Ky.	7,500	1870	Sweden and Norway	Stockholm	C. C. Andrews, Mass.	7,500	1869
Ecuador	Quito	E. Ramsey Wing, Ky.	7,500	1870	Switzerland	Berne	Horace Rublee, Wis.	7,500	1869
Guatemala	Guatemala	S. A. Hudson, Iowa	7,500	1869	Turkey	Constantinople	Wayne McVeagh, Penn.	7,500	1870
Hawaiian Islands	Honolulu	Henry A. Peirce, Mass.	7,500	1869	U. S. of Columbia	Bogota	S. A. Hurlbut, Ill.	7,500	1869
Honduras	Comayagua	Henry Baxter, Mich.	7,500	1869	Uruguay & Paraguay	Montevideo	John L. Stevens, Me.	11,000	1870
Japan	Yedo	C. E. Delong, Oregon	7,500	1869	Venezuela	Caraccas	James R. Partridge, Md.	7,500	1869

MINISTERS RESIDENT AND CONSULS GENERAL.

Egypt	Cairo	George H. Butler, N. Y.	1870	Liberia	Monrovia	James M. Mahon, Ark.	4,000	1865
Hayti	Port-au-Prince	E. D. Bassett, Penn.	7,500					

STATE GOVERNMENTS.

States.	Capitals.	Governors.	Term Expires.	Salary.	States.	Capitals.	Governors.	Term Expires.	Salary.
Alabama	Montgomery	R. B. Lindsay	Nov. 1872	\$4,000	North Carolina	Raleigh	— Caldwell	Jan. 1873	\$5,000
Arkansas	Little Rock	— Hadley	Jan. 1873	5,000	Ohio	Columbus	Rutherford B. Hayes	Jan. 1872	4,000
California	Sacramento	Newton Booth	Dec. 1873	7,000	Oregon	Salem	L. F. Grover	Sept. 1872	1,500
Connecticut	Hartford & N. H'n	Marshall Jewell	May 1872	1,100	Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	John W. Geary	Jan. 1873	5,000
Delaware	Dover	James Ponder	Jan. 1875	1,233	Rhode Island	Newport & Prov.	Seth Padelford	May 1872	1,000
Florida	Tallahassee	Harrison Reed	Jan. 1873	1,500	South Carolina	Columbia	Robert K. Scott	Jan. 1873	4,000
Georgia	Atlanta	Rufus B. Bullock	Jan. 1872	4,000	Tennessee	Nashville	John C. Brown	Oct. 1873	3,000
Illinois	Springfield	John M. Palmer	Jan. 1873	1,500	Texas	Austin	Edmund J. Davis	Jan. 1874	4,000
Indiana	Indianapolis	Conrad Baker	Jan. 1872	3,000	Vermont	Montpelier	John W. Stewart	Oct. 1872	1,000
Iowa	Des Moines	Samuel Merrill	Jan. 1872	2,500	Virginia	Richmond	Gilbert C. Walker	Jan. 1874	5,000
Kansas	Topeka	James M. Harvey	Jan. 1873	2,000	West Virginia	Wheeling	John J. Jacob	Mar. 1872	2,000
Kentucky	Frankfort	— Leslie	Sept. 1873	5,000	Wisconsin	Madison	Lucius Fairchild	Jan. 1872	1,250
Louisiana	New Orleans	Henry C. Warmoth	Jan. 1872	8,000	Territories.				
Maine	Augusta	Sidney Perham	Jan. 1873	2,500	Arizona	Tucson	A. P. K. Safford		
Maryland	Anapolis	Odin Bowie	Jan. 1872	3,600	Colorado	Denver	Edward McCook		
Massachusetts	Boston	William Claflin	Jan. 1872	5,000	Dakota	Yancton	Jahn A. Burbank		
Michigan	Lansing	Henry P. Baldwin	Jan. 1873	1,000	Idaho	Boise	Gilman Marston		
Minnesota	St. Paul	Horace Austin	Jan. 1872	3,000	Indian	Tahlequah	Lewis Downing		
Mississippi	Jackson	James L. Alcorn	Jan. 1874	3,000	Montana	Virginia City	Benj. F. Potts		
Missouri	Jefferson City	B. Gratz Brown	Jan. 1872	2,500	New Mexico	Santa Fe	William A. Pile		
Nebraska	Omaha	David Butler	Jan. 1873	1,000	Utah	Salt Lake City	Vernon H. Vaughan		
Nevada	Carson City	L. R. Bradley	Jan. 1873	6,000	Washington	Olympia	Edward S. Salomon		
New Hampshire	Concord	James A. Weston	Jan. 1872	1,000	Wyoming	Cheyenne	James A. Campbell		
New Jersey	Trenton	Theo. F. Randolph	Jan. 1872	3,000					
New York	Albany	John T. Hoffman	Jan. 1873	4,000					



CHAMBER PRACTICE.



MARCH.

III Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	d. h. m.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.		WASHINGTON.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.				h. m.
61	1	Fri.	6 35	5 51	6 34	5 52	6 32	5 53	22	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 27	3 54	☾ LAST QUARTER	2 2 21 P.M.		
62	2	Sat.	34	52	32	53	31	54	23	48	43	38	43	4 23	4 53	☾ NEW MOON	9 7 45 A.M.		
63	3	S.	32	53	31	54	29	55	24	2 0	1 54	1 48	1 53	5 24	5 56	☾ FIRST QUARTER	16 9 17 P.M.		
64	4	Mo.	30	54	29	55	28	56	25	3 8	3 0	2 56	3 1	6 27	6 59	☾ FULL MOON	24 8 35 P.M.		
65	5	Tu.	28	55	28	56	27	57	26	4 10	4 3	3 58	4 1	7 31	8 3	☾ LAST QUARTER	31 9 24 P.M.		
66	6	Wd.	27	57	26	57	25	58	27	5 2	4 57	4 51	4 56	8 34	9 4	WASHINGTON.			
67	7	Th.	25	58	24	59	24	59	28	5 45	5 41	5 36	5 41	9 31	9 59	☾ Moon's Phases.	d. h. m.		
68	8	Fri.	24	59	23	6 0	22	6 1	29	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	10 26	10 52	☾ LAST QUARTER	2 2 21 P.M.		
69	9	Sat.	22	6 0	21	1	21	2	0	6 16	6 17	6 19	6 27	11 17	11 42	☾ NEW MOON	9 7 45 A.M.		
70	10	S.	20	1	19	2	19	3	1	7 28	7 28	7 28	7 34	—	0 6	☾ FIRST QUARTER	16 9 17 P.M.		
71	11	Mo.	18	2	18	3	17	4	2	8 35	8 34	8 34	8 39	0 28	0 51	☾ FULL MOON	24 8 35 P.M.		
72	12	Tu.	17	4	16	4	16	5	3	9 44	9 41	9 39	9 44	1 14	1 37	☾ LAST QUARTER	31 9 24 P.M.		
73	13	Wd.	15	5	15	5	14	6	4	10 49	10 46	10 43	10 49	2 1	2 24	DAVID.			
74	14	Th.	13	6	13	6	13	7	5	11 54	11 50	11 45	11 49	2 47	3 11	Chad.			
75	15	Fri.	12	7	11	7	11	8	6	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 36	4 1	3d Sunday in Lent.			
76	16	Sat.	10	8	10	8	10	9	7	56	50	55	48	4 27	4 54	P.M. tide minimum 7.8 feet.			
77	17	S.	8	9	8	9	8	10	8	1 54	1 47	1 42	1 45	5 21	5 49	☾ Moon's Phases.			
78	18	Mo.	6	10	6	11	6	10	9	2 47	2 39	2 37	2 40	6 16	6 45	☾ LAST QUARTER			
79	19	Tu.	5	12	5	12	5	11	10	3 33	3 26	3 21	3 24	7 12	7 40	☾ NEW MOON			
80	20	Wd.	3	13	3	13	3	12	11	4 13	4 8	4 2	4 6	8 7	8 34	☾ FIRST QUARTER			
81	21	Th.	6 1	14	1	14	2	13	12	4 48	4 43	4 38	4 42	9 1	9 26	☾ FULL MOON			
82	22	Fri.	5 59	15	6 0	15	6 0	14	13	5 18	5 14	5 11	5 15	9 48	10 10	☾ LAST QUARTER			
83	23	Sat.	58	16	5 58	16	5 58	15	14	5 44	5 42	5 39	5 44	10 32	10 52	WASHINGTON.			
84	24	S.	56	17	56	17	57	16	15	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 12	11 32	A.M. tide maximum 11.7 feet.			
85	25	Mo.	54	18	55	18	55	17	16	7 5	7 4	7 4	7 10	11 52	—	4th Sun. in Lent. ☾ Moon's Phases.			
86	26	Tu.	52	19	53	19	54	18	17	8 14	8 13	8 11	8 15	0 12	0 31	☾ LAST QUARTER			
87	27	Wd.	51	20	51	20	52	19	18	9 26	9 23	9 20	9 25	0 51	1 12	☾ NEW MOON			
88	28	Th.	49	22	50	21	51	20	19	10 39	10 35	10 30	10 35	1 33	1 57	☾ FIRST QUARTER			
89	29	Fri.	47	23	48	22	49	21	20	11 52	11 47	11 41	11 46	2 20	2 46	☾ FULL MOON			
90	30	Sat.	45	24	46	23	47	22	21	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 11	3 38	☾ LAST QUARTER			
91	31	S.	5 44	6 25	5 45	6 24	5 46	6 23	22	1 2	55	50	55	4 7	4 36	DAVID.			

Palm Sunday.
Lady Day.A.M. tide maximum 10.7 feet.
Good Friday.

Easter Day.



THE FIRST SWALLOWS.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, of Indiana, *President*.GEORGE C. GORHAM, of California, *Secretary*.

Republicans in Roman; Democrats in *Italic*; Conservative in SMALL CAPITALS. The figures before the name indicate the year in which (on the 4th of March) the term of the Senator expires.

ALABAMA.		KANSAS.		MISSOURI.		PENNSYLVANIA.	
Term Exp.	Senator.	Term Exp.	Senator.	Term Exp.	Senator.	Term Exp.	Senator.
1877	William Goldthwaite.	1877	Alexander Caldwell.	1873	Francis P. Blair, Jr.	1873	Simon Cameron.
1873	George E. Spencer.	1873	Samuel C. Pomeroy.	1875	Carl Schurz.	1875	John Scott.
ARKANSAS.		KENTUCKY.		NEBRASKA.		RHODE ISLAND.	
1877	Powell Clayton.	1877	John W. Stevenson.	1877	P. W. Hitchcock.	1877	Henry B. Anthony.
1873	Benjamin F. Rice.	1873	Garrett Davis.	1875	Thomas W. Tipton.	1875	William Sprague.
CALIFORNIA.		LOUISIANA.		NEVADA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
1873	Cornelius Cole.	1877	J. R. West.	1873	James W. Nye.	1877	Thomas J. Robertson.
1875	Eugene Casserly.	1873	Wm. Pitt Kellogg.	1875	William M. Stewart.	1873	Frederick A. Sawyer.
CONNECTICUT.		MAINE.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.		TENNESSEE.	
1873	Orris S. Ferry.	1877	Lot M. Morrill.	1877	Aaron H. Cragin.	1877	Henry Cooper.
1875	William A. Buckingham.	1875	Hannibal Hamlin.	1873	James W. Patterson.	1875	William G. Brownlow.
DELAWARE.		MASSACHUSETTS.		NEW JERSEY.		TEXAS.	
1877	Eli Saulsbury.	1877	Henry Wilson.	1877	F. T. Frelinghuysen.	1877	Morgan C. Hamilton.
1875	Thomas F. Bayard.	1875	Charles Sumner.	1875	John P. Stockton.	1875	J. W. Flanagan.
FLORIDA.		MARYLAND.		NEW YORK.		VERMONT.	
1873	Thomas W. Osborn.	1873	George Vickers.	1873	Roscoe Conkling.	1873	Justin S. Morrill.
1875	Abijah Gilbert.	1875	William T. Hamilton.	1875	Reuben E. Fenton.	1875	George F. Edmunds.
GEORGIA.		MICHIGAN.		NORTH CAROLINA.		VIRGINIA.	
1873	Joshua Hill.	1877	Thomas W. Ferry.	1877	Zebulon B. Vance.	1877	J. W. Johnston.
1877	Foster Blodgett.	1875	Zachariah Chandler.	1873	John Pool.	1873	John F. Lewis.
ILLINOIS.		MINNESOTA.		OHIO.		WEST VIRGINIA.	
1877	John A. Logan.	1877	William Windom.	1873	John Sherman.	1877	H. G. Davis.
1873	Lyman Trumbull.	1875	Alexander Ramsey.	1875	Allen G. Thurman.	1875	Arthur I. Boreman.
INDIANA.		MISSISSIPPI.		OREGON.		WISCONSIN.	
1873	Oliver P. Morton.	1877	James L. Alcorn.	1877	James K. Kelley.	1873	Timothy O. Howe.
1875	Daniel D. Pratt.	1873	Adelbert Ames.	1873	Henry W. Corbett.	1875	Matthew H. Carpenter.
IOWA.							
1877	George G. Wright.						
1873	James Harlan.						

FOREIGN COINS.

AVERAGE VALUE IN AMERICAN GOLD.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.		DENMARK.		HINDOSTAN		ROME.	
G. Doubloon,	\$ 14.66	G. Frederic d'or	\$ 3.932	G. Mohur,	\$ 7.109	G. Ten Scudi,	\$ 10.368
S. Dollar,	1.055	S. Rigsbank daler,	.547	S. Rupee,	.462	S. Scudo,	1.046
AUSTRIA.		Specie-daler,	1.093	MEXICO.		RUSSIA.	
G. Ducat,	2.273	EGYPT.		G. Doubloon,	15.524	G. Half-imperial (5 rubles),	3.969
Sovereign,	6.771	G. Bedidlik (100 piastres),	4.976	S. Dollar,	1.044	S. Rubles,	.754
S. Rix dollar,	1.01	S. Real (20 piastres),	1.006	MILAN.		Ten zloty,	1.185
Florin,	.506	Piastre,	.051	G. Forty lire,	7.705	Thirty copecks,	.23
Twenty kreutzers,	.168	FRANCE.		Sovereign,	6.771	SPAIN.	
BADEN.		G. Twenty francs,	3.857	S. Scudo,	1.015	G. Pistole (½ doubloon),	3.904
G. Five gulden,	2.043	S. Five francs,	.969	Lira,	.168	S. Dollar,	1.046
S. Crown,	1.12	Franc,	.192	NAPLES.		Pistareen,	.205
Gulden, or Florin,	.413	Sous,	.009	G. Onzia (3 ducats),	2.435	SWEDEN.	
BAVARIA.		Centime,	.002	S. Scudo,	.988	G. Carolin,	1.90
G. Ducat,	2.274	GREAT BRITAIN.		NETHERLANDS.		S. Riks-daler,	.27
S. Crown,	1.115	G. Guinea,	5.059	G. Ducat,	2.269	SWITZERLAND.	
Florin,	.412	Sovereign, or pound,	4.861	Ten guilders,	4.007	G. Pistole,	4.481
BELGIUM.		S. Half-crown,	.562	S. Three guilders,	1.202	S. Ten batzen,	.282
G. Twenty francs,	3.835	Shilling,	.225	Guilder,	.401	TRIPOLI.	
S. Five francs,	.968	Penny,	.019	NORWAY.		S. Ghersh (100 paras),	.104
Franc,	.193	Farthing,	.005	S. Specie-daler,	1.092	Utchlik (120 paras),	.156
BOLIVIA.		GREECE.		PERSIA.		TUNIS.	
G. Doubloon,	15.58	G. Twenty trachmas,	3.45	G. Tomaun,	2.223	S. Piastre,	.133
S. Dollar,	1.042	S. Drachma,	.172	S. Sahib-Koran,	.223	TURKEY.	
Half-dollar,	.39	GUIANA.		PORTUGAL.		G. Yirmilik (20 piastres),	.877
BRAZIL.		S. Guilder,	.136	G. Half-joe,	8.652	S. Ghersh, or piastre,	.027
G. 6,400 reis (½ Joe),	8.727	HANOVER.		Crown,	5.813	WÜRTTEMBERG.	
S. 1,200 reis,	1.034	G. Ten thaler,	7.846	S. Cruzado,	.575	G. Ducat,	2.236
400 reis,	.343	S. Thaler,	.722	Crown (1,000 reis),	1.165	S. Crown,	1.122
		Florin,	.568	PRUSSIA.		Gulden,	.41
				G. Double Frederic d'or,	7.972		
				S. Thaler,	.72		

AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER.





APRIL.

IV Month.]

1872.

[30 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.						THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.	d. h. m.	
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
92	1	Mo.	5 42	6 26	5 43	6 25	5 44	6 24	23	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 7	5 39	$\odot \text{ h } \text{C} \dots \text{ h } + 3^{\circ}$	
93	2	Tu.	40	27	41	26	43	25	24	3 0	2 54	2 48	2 52	6 11	6 43		
94	3	Wd.	39	28	40	27	41	26	25	3 44	3 39	3 34	3 39	7 15	7 47		
95	4	Th.	37	30	38	28	40	27	26	4 20	4 17	4 13	4 18	8 19	8 50	<i>Ambrose.</i>	
96	5	Fri.	35	31	36	29	38	28	27	4 51	4 49	4 46	4 51	9 18	9 46	♀ visible in eve. $\odot \text{ ♀ } \text{C} \dots \text{ ♀ } + 4^{\circ}$	
97	6	Sat.	33	32	35	30	37	29	28	5 18	5 17	5 15	5 21	10 13	10 39	A.M. tide maximum 10.9 feet.	
98	7	S.	32	33	33	31	35	30	29	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 4	11 27	<i>Low Sunday.</i>	
99	8	Mo.	30	34	32	32	34	31	1	7 25	7 23	7 21	7 26	11 50	—	$\odot \text{ ♀ } \text{C} \dots \text{ ♀ } + 4^{\circ}$	
100	9	Tu.	28	35	30	33	32	32	2	8 33	8 30	8 26	8 31	0 12	0 33	{ P.M. tide maximum 10.8 feet.	
101	10	Wd.	27	36	28	34	30	33	3	9 38	9 34	9 30	9 34	0 55	1 15		
102	11	Th.	25	37	27	36	29	33	4	10 43	10 38	10 32	10 36	1 36	1 57		
103	12	Fri.	23	38	25	37	27	34	5	11 43	11 37	11 31	11 35	2 18	2 40		
104	13	Sat.	22	40	24	38	26	35	6	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 2	3 24		
105	14	S.	20	41	22	39	24	36	7	39	31	26	30	3 48	4 13	<i>2d Sunday after Easter.</i>	
106	15	Mo.	19	42	21	40	23	37	8	1 29	1 21	1 16	1 19	4 39	5 6	$\odot \text{ ♀ } \text{C} \dots \text{ ♀ } - 3^{\circ}$	
107	16	Tu.	17	43	19	41	22	38	9	2 11	2 5	1 59	2 2	5 33	6 0	P.M. tide minimum 7.2 feet.	
108	17	Wd.	15	44	18	42	20	39	10	2 47	2 42	2 37	2 40	6 27	6 55		
109	18	Th.	14	45	16	43	19	40	11	3 18	3 14	3 10	3 14	7 23	7 49		
110	19	Fri.	12	46	15	44	17	41	12	3 46	3 43	3 40	3 44	8 16	8 42	<i>Alphege.</i>	
111	20	Sat.	11	47	13	45	16	42	13	4 11	4 9	4 7	4 11	9 7	9 32		
112	21	S.	9	48	12	46	15	43	14	4 34	4 34	4 33	4 39	9 57	10 20	<i>3d Sunday after Easter.</i>	
113	22	Mo.	8	50	10	47	13	44	15	4 59	4 58	5 0	5 6	10 43	11 5		
114	23	Tu.	6	51	9	48	12	45	16	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 28	11 49	<i>George.</i>	
115	24	Wd.	5	52	8	49	11	46	17	8 23	8 20	8 15	8 21	—	0 10		
116	25	Th.	3	53	6	50	9	47	18	9 40	9 35	9 29	9 34	0 32	0 55	<i>Mark.</i>	
117	26	Fri.	2	54	5	51	8	48	19	10 53	10 47	10 41	10 46	1 17	1 40	A.M. tide maximum 11.7 feet.	
118	27	Sat.	5 0	55	3	52	7	49	20	morn.	11 52	11 47	11 52	2 6	2 32		
119	28	S.	4 59	56	2	53	6	50	21	0	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 0	3 29	<i>4th Sunday after Easter.</i>	
120	29	Mo.	58	57	5 1	54	4	51	22	58	51	46	40	3 57	4 27	$28^{\text{th}} \odot \text{ h } \text{C} \dots \text{ h } + 4^{\circ}$	
121	30	Tu.	4 56	6 59	4 59	6 55	5 3	6 52	23	1 45	1 40	1 34	1 39	4 57	5 27		



MARY AND JOHN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.



MORNING IN THE DESERT. FROM A PAINTING BY CARL HAAG.



MAY.

V Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON. Age at Noon.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	d. h. m.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.						A.M.	P.M.				
122	1	Wd.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	● NEW MOON	7 8 11 A.M.		
123	2	Th.	4 55	6 59	4 58	6 56	5 2	6 52	24	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 58	6 30	○ FIRST QUARTER	15 10 57 A.M.		
124	3	Fri.	53	7 1	57	57	5 1	53	25	2 56	2 53	2 50	2 55	7 1	7 33	☾ FULL MOON	22 6 0 P.M.		
125	4	Sat.	52	2	56	58	4 59	54	26	3 22	3 20	3 18	3 33	8 3	8 33	☾ LAST QUARTER	29 9 5 A.M.		
126	5	S.	51	3	54	6 59	58	55	27	3 46	3 46	3 46	3 51	9 2	9 29	WASHINGTON.			
127	6	Mo.	49	4	53	7 0	57	56	28	4 10	4 11	4 12	4 18	9 56	10 23	Philip and James.			
128	7	Tu.	48	5	52	2	56	57	29	4 34	4 35	4 38	4 46	10 49	11 13	Invention of Cross.			
129	8	Wd.	47	6	51	3	55	58	0	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 36	11 58	Rogation Sunday.			
130	9	Th.	46	7	50	4	54	6 59	1	8 30	8 25	8 20	8 23	—	18	John a Post. Lat.			
131	10	Fri.	45	8	49	5	53	7 0	2	9 32	9 25	9 20	9 24	38	56	P.M. tide maximum 10.8 feet.			
132	11	Sat.	43	9	47	6	52	1	3	10 30	10 23	10 18	10 21	1 15	1 35	Ascension.			
133	12	S.	42	10	46	7	51	2	4	11 22	11 15	11 10	11 13	1 55	2 15				
134	13	Mo.	41	12	45	8	50	3	5	morn.	morn.	11 55	11 59	2 36	2 56	1st Sunday after Ascension.			
135	14	Tu.	40	13	44	9	49	4	6	8	1	morn.	morn.	3 17	3 40	P.M. tide minimum 7.8 feet.			
136	15	Wd.	39	14	43	9	48	5	7	46	41	35	39	4 3	4 29				
137	16	Th.	38	15	42	10	47	6	8	1 19	1 14	1 9	1 14	4 54	5 19				
138	17	Fri.	37	16	42	11	46	7	9	1 47	1 43	1 40	1 44	5 46	6 13				
139	18	Sat.	36	17	41	12	45	7	10	2 12	2 10	2 7	2 12	6 40	7 6				
140	19	S.	35	18	40	13	44	8	11	2 36	2 35	2 33	2 39	7 33	7 59				
141	20	Mo.	34	19	39	14	44	9	12	2 59	2 59	2 59	3 5	8 25	8 52	Whitsunday. Dunstan.			
142	21	Tu.	33	20	38	15	43	10	13	3 23	3 25	3 25	3 33	9 18	9 44				
143	22	Wd.	32	21	37	16	42	11	14	3 49	3 52	3 54	4 3	10 9	10 34				
144	23	Th.	32	22	36	17	41	12	15	4 21	4 25	4 29	4 39	10 59	11 24				
145	24	Fri.	31	23	36	18	41	13	16	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 49	—	A.M. tide maximum 12.4 feet.			
146	25	Sat.	30	24	35	18	40	13	17	9 47	9 39	9 34	9 39	13	37				
147	26	S.	29	24	34	19	40	14	18	10 51	10 43	10 38	10 43	1 3	1 30				
148	27	Mo.	28	25	34	20	39	15	19	11 43	11 38	11 32	11 37	1 56	2 23	Trinity Sunday. Austin of C.			
149	28	Tu.	28	26	33	21	38	16	20	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	2 51	3 18	Bede.			
150	29	Wd.	28	27	33	22	38	16	21	25	20	16	22	3 48	4 16				
151	30	Th.	27	28	32	23	37	17	22	59	55	52	58	4 45	5 14				
152	31	Fri.	26	29	32	23	37	18	23	1 27	1 25	1 22	1 28	5 45	6 16	Decoration Day.			
152	31	Fri.	4 26	7 30	4 31	7 24	4 36	7 19	24	1 52	1 51	1 50	1 56	6 47	7 17				



REYNARD AT HOME. — BY BODMER.

TABLE OF STAMP DUTIES.

SCHEDULE B.

<i>Agreement, or Contract</i> , not otherwise specified, each sheet . . .	\$.05
Renewal of, same stamp as original instrument.	
<i>Appraisement</i> , each sheet05
<i>Assignment of a Lease</i> , stamp as original, and add stamp at deed rates for value of transfer. (See Conveyance.)	
<i>Bank Check, Draft, or Order</i> for any sum of money drawn upon any bank, banker, or trust company at sight or on demand02
When drawn upon any other person or persons, companies or corporations, for any sum exceeding \$10, at sight or on demand02
<i>Bill of Exchange</i> , (Inland) <i>Draft</i> or <i>Order</i> for any sum of money over \$100, not at sight or on demand, or any memorandum, check, receipt, or other evidence of money to be paid on demand, or at a time designated, for every \$100 or fraction over \$10005
<i>Bill of Exchange</i> , (Foreign) or <i>Letter of Credit</i> . If drawn singly, same rates of duty as Inland Bills of Exchange.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for every bill of each set, where the sum made payable shall not exceed \$10002
And for every \$100, or fraction over \$10002
<i>Bill of Lading, or Receipt</i> (other than charter party) for goods, exported from United States to foreign port10
<i>Bill of Sale</i> of any <i>Ship or Vessel</i> , or any part, each \$500 of value, or fractional part50
<i>Bill of Sale</i> of other personal property05
<i>Bond</i> for indemnifying any person for the payment of any sum of money, for each \$1,000 or fraction recoverable50
<i>Bond of Administrator or Guardian</i> , when the value of the estate and effects, real and personal, exceeds \$1,000 . . .	1.00
<i>Bond</i> for execution of duties of office . . .	1.00
<i>Bond</i> , personal. (See Mortgage.)	
<i>Bond</i> of any description, other than such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule25
<i>Bond</i> to convey real estate25
<i>Broker's Notes</i> . (See Contract.)	
<i>Certificates of Measurement</i> of articles, other than weight of animals, wood, coal, or hay05
<i>Certificates of Stock</i> in any incorporated company25
<i>Certificates of Profits</i> , or any certificate of interest in the property or accumulations of any incorporated company, if for a sum not less than \$10 and not exceeding \$5010
Exceeding \$50 and not exceeding \$1,00025
Each additional \$1,000 or fraction25
<i>Certificate</i> . Any certificate of damage or otherwise, and all documents issued by any port warden, marine surveyor, or person acting as such25
<i>Certificate of Deposit</i> of any money in bank or trust company, or with any banker or person acting as such, if the sum not exceeding \$10002
For a sum exceeding \$10005
<i>Certificate</i> any other than those specified05
<i>Charter Party</i> for the charter of any ship or vessel, or steamer, or other writing relating to the charter, or any renewal or transfer, if registered tonnage does not exceed 150 tons . . .	1.00
Exceeding 150 tons, and not exceeding 300 tons . . .	3.00
Exceeding 300 tons, and not exceeding 600 tons . . .	5.00
Exceeding 600 tons . . .	10.00
<i>Contract</i> . Broker's note, or memorandum of sale of any goods or merchandise, exchange, real estate, or property of any kind or description issued by brokers or persons acting as such, for each note or memorandum of sale10
<i>Bill or memorandum of the sale or contract for the sale of stocks, bonds, gold or silver bullion, coin, promissory notes, or other securities made by brokers, banks or bankers, either for the benefit of others, or on their own account, for each \$100, or fraction of the amount of such sale or contract . . .</i>	.01
<i>Bill or memorandum of sales of such property not his or their own, made by any person, firm, or company not paying a special tax as broker, bank, or banker; for each \$100, or fractional part thereof, of the amount of such sale or contract . . .</i>	.05
<i>Conveyance</i> , deed, instrument, or writing, whereby any lands, tenements, or other realty sold shall be conveyed, each \$500 of value, or fraction50
<i>Entry</i> of any goods at custom-house, not over \$100 in value25
Exceeding \$100, and not exceeding \$50050
Exceeding \$500 . . .	1.00
<i>Entry</i> for withdrawal from bonded warehouse50
<i>Insurance</i> (life) policy; amount insured not over \$1,00025
Exceeding \$1,000, and not exceeding \$5,00050
Exceeding \$5,000 . . .	1.00
<i>Insurance</i> (marine, inland, and fire) policies, or transfer or renewal of the same, if the premium does not exceed \$1010
Exceeding \$10, and not exceeding \$5025
Exceeding \$5050
<i>Lease</i> , agreement, memorandum, or contract for the hire, use, or rent of any land, tenement, or portion thereof, where rental value is \$300 per year, or less50
Where rental value exceeds the sum of \$300 per annum, for each additional \$200, or fractional part thereof in excess of \$30050
[If drawn in two parts, each to be stamped as above.]	
<i>Letters Testamentary</i> , when value of estate and effects, real and personal, exceeds \$1,000 . . .	\$0.05
<i>Manifest</i> for Custom-house entry or clearance of cargo of ship, vessel, or steamer, for foreign port, if the registered tonnage does not exceed 300 tons . . .	1.00
Exceeding 300 tons, and not exceeding 600 tons . . .	3.00
Exceeding 600 tons . . .	5.00
[These provisions do not apply to vessels or steamboats plying between ports of the United States and British North America.]	
<i>Mortgage of Lands</i> , estate, or property, real or personal, heritable or movable, a trust deed in the nature of a mortgage, or any personal bond given as security for the payment of any definite or certain sum of money, each \$500, or fraction thereof50
<i>Order</i> for the payment of money, if the amount is \$10 or over02
<i>Passage Ticket</i> on any vessel from a port in the United States to a foreign port, not exceeding \$3550
Exceeding \$35, and not exceeding \$50 . . .	1.00
And for every additional \$50, or fractional part thereof, in excess of \$50 . . .	1.00
<i>Pawner's Checks</i>05
<i>Power of Attorney</i> for the sale or transfer of any stock, bonds, or scrip, or for the collection of any dividends or interest thereon, or to receive or collect rent25
<i>Power of Attorney</i> , or proxy, for voting at any election for officers of any incorporated company or society, except religious, charitable, or literary societies, or public cemeteries10
<i>Power of Attorney</i> to sell and convey real estate, or to rent or lease the same . . .	1.00
<i>Power of Attorney</i> for any other purpose50
<i>Probate of Will, or Letters of Administration</i> , where the estate and effects for, or in respect of which, such probate or letters of administration applied for shall be sworn or declared to exceed the value of \$1,000, and not exceeding \$2,000 . . .	1.00
Exceeding \$2,000, for every additional \$1,000, or fraction thereof, in excess of \$2,00050
<i>Promissory Note</i> . Each \$100 or fractional part05
Renewal of note, subject to same duty as original note.	
<i>Protest</i> of note, bill of exchange, acceptance, check, or draft, or any marine protest25
<i>Quit-claim Deed</i> to be stamped as a conveyance, except when given as a release of a mortgage by the mortgagee to the mortgagor, in which case it is exempt; but if it contains covenants may be subject as an agreement or contract.	
<i>Trust Deed</i> , made to secure a debt, to be stamped as a mortgage.	

SCHEDULE C.

<i>Proprietary Medicines and Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics</i> of every kind where such packet, box, &c., with its contents, does not exceed, at retail price or value, the sum of twenty-five cents01
Exceeding twenty-five and not exceeding fifty cents02
Exceeding fifty and not exceeding seventy-five cents03
Exceeding seventy-five cents and not exceeding \$104
Exceeding \$1, for every additional fifty cents, or fractional part thereof in excess of \$102
[An article retailing at \$1.25 pays a 6 cent tax.]	
<i>Friction Matches</i> . For and upon every parcel or package of 100 or less01
For every additional 100, or fractional part thereof01
<i>Wax Tapers</i> , double the rates for friction matches.	
<i>Cigar Lights</i> , made in part of wood, wax, glass, paper, or other materials, in parcels or packages containing twenty-five lights or less in each parcel or package01
For every additional twenty-five lights, or fractional part of that number, one cent additional.	
<i>Playing Cards</i> . For and upon every pack not exceeding 52 cards in number, irrespective of price or value05
<i>Canned Meats, &c.</i> For and upon every can, bottle, or other single package containing sauces, sirups, prepared mustard, jams, or jellies, contained therein, and packed or sealed, made, prepared, and sold, or offered for sale, or removed for consumption in the United States, on and after the first day of October, 1866, when such can, bottle, or other single package, with contents, shall not exceed two pounds in weight01
For every additional pound or fractional part thereof01
Revenue stamps may be used indiscriminately upon any of the matters or things enumerated in Schedule B, except proprietary and playing-card stamps, for which a special use has been provided.	
Postage stamps cannot be used in payment of the duty chargeable on instruments.	
Stamps appropriated to denote the duty charged upon articles named in Schedule C cannot be used for any other purpose; nor can stamps appropriated to denote the duty upon instruments be used in payment of the duties upon articles enumerated in this schedule.	

EXEMPTIONS

Inland Bills of Exchange for less than \$100; Bills of Lading and Passage Tickets to ports in British North America; Bond of Administrator, and Probates of Will for less than \$1,000; Certificates of measurement or weight of Animals, Wood, Coal, or Hay; Receipts of every kind; and Canned Fish are exempt.



REYNARD ABROAD. — BY BODMER.



JUNE.

VI Month.]

1872.

[30 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON. Age at Noon.	Bos- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases. ● NEW MOON 5 10 15 P.M. ☾ FIRST QUARTER 14 2 11 A.M. ○ FULL MOON 21 1 50 A.M. ☾ LAST QUARTER 27 4 19 P.M.		WASHINGTON. d. h. m.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.						A.M.	P.M.				
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.						h. m.	h. m.				
153	1	Sat.	4 25	7 30	4 31	7 25	4 36	7 19	25	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	7 46	8 16				
154	2	S.	25	31	30	26	36	20	26	2 38	2 39	2 41	2 48	8 43	9 12			1st Sunday after Trinity.	
155	3	Mo.	25	32	30	26	35	21	27	3 3	3 5	3 8	3 16	9 39	10 6				
156	4	Tu.	24	32	29	27	35	21	28	3 30	3 33	3 37	3 46	10 31	10 56	♂ ♀ ☿ . . . ♀ + 0°			
157	5	Wd.	24	33	29	28	35	22	29	4 1	4 6	4 12	4 21	11 18	11 40	Boniface. ♂ ♂ ☿ . ♂ + 1°			
158	6	Th.	23	34	29	28	34	23	1	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	—	0	5th ☉ eclipsed invisible in Amer.			
159	7	Fri.	23	34	29	29	34	23	2	9 16	9 8	9 3	9 7	20	39				
160	8	Sat.	23	35	28	29	34	24	3	10 4	9 57	9 52	9 55	58	1 17				
161	9	S.	23	35	28	30	34	24	4	10 45	10 40	10 34	10 37	1 36	1 54	2d Sun. after Trin. ♂ ♀ ☿ . . ♀ - 3°			
162	10	Mo.	22	36	28	30	34	25	5	11 20	11 15	11 10	11 13	2 13	2 32	P.M. tide minimum 8.4 feet.			
163	11	Tu.	22	36	28	31	34	25	6	11 50	11 46	11 42	11 46	2 52	3 14	Barnabas.			
164	12	Wd.	22	37	28	31	34	26	7	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	3 35	3 58				
165	13	Th.	22	37	28	32	34	26	8	15	12	9	13	4 22	4 46				
166	14	Fri.	22	38	28	32	34	26	9	38	37	35	40	5 12	5 38				
167	15	Sat.	22	38	28	33	34	27	10	1 1	1 0	1 0	1 6	6 4	6 30				
168	16	S.	22	38	28	33	34	27	11	1 24	1 25	1 25	1 32	6 57	7 24	3d Sun. after Trin. ♂ ♀ ♂ . . ♀ - 1°			
169	17	Mo.	22	39	28	33	34	27	12	1 48	1 50	1 53	2 1	7 51	8 17	Bunker Hill.			
170	18	Tu.	23	39	28	34	34	28	13	2 17	2 20	2 23	2 32	8 47	9 13				
171	19	Wd.	23	40	28	34	34	28	14	2 51	2 55	3 0	3 10	9 42	10 10	☉ enters ♉. Summer begins.			
172	20	Th.	23	40	28	34	34	28	15	3 33	3 39	3 47	3 57	10 37	11 3	22d ♂ ♀ ☿ . . . ♀ + 3°			
173	21	Fri.	23	40	29	34	34	28	16	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 30	11 55	A.M. tide highest of the year 12.7 ft.			
174	22	Sat.	23	40	29	35	35	29	17	9 33	9 26	9 21	9 26	—	22	4th Sunday after Trinity.			
175	23	S.	24	40	29	35	35	29	18	10 21	10 16	10 11	10 16	49	1 16	Nativity S. John Baptist.			
176	24	Mo.	24	40	29	35	35	29	19	10 59	10 55	10 51	10 56	1 44	2 12				
177	25	Tu.	24	40	30	35	36	29	20	11 30	11 27	11 25	11 30	2 39	3 6				
178	26	Wd.	25	40	30	35	36	29	21	11 56	11 55	11 54	11 59	3 34	4 2				
179	27	Th.	25	40	31	35	36	29	22	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	4 31	4 59				
180	28	Fri.	25	40	31	35	37	29	23	21	21	21	27	5 29	5 58			Peter.	
181	29	Sat.	26	40	31	35	37	29	24	44	45	46	53	6 27	6 56	5th Sunday after Trinity.			
182	30	S.	4 26	7 40	4 32	7 35	4 38	7 29	25	1 6	1 9	1 11	1 19	7 24	7 54				

THE TODDLEBYS ON A TRAIN.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I.

WADLEY TODDLEBY'S MISTAKE.

OLD Mr. and Mrs. Toddleby, of the county of Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts, had never in their lives been fifty miles from home, when the great journey was undertaken of which I am about to write a grave and veracious history. Their eldest son, Joseph P. Toddleby, Esq., had been fifteen years settled in Brockport, Monroe County, State of New York, and they were now for the first time going to visit him.

Great were the preparations for that journey. They were to take with them their youngest son, Wadley, the child of their old age, and leave the house and farm in the charge of their daughter 'Lizbeth, and John Blake, the hired man, who, being partial to each other's society, did not raise the slightest objection to the arrangement.

Among the indispensable preliminaries to the undertaking was the writing of a letter to Joseph's folks, to let them know they were coming. The letter was penned by 'Lizbeth, and Wadley carried it to the post-office. As there were no stamps in the house, his mother gave him three cents for the postage. On his way home he went through the woods and filled his pockets with walnuts. Returning, the coat he wore was hung up and not taken down again till the day they were to start.

"This cut will be jest the thing for you to wear on the journey," said his mother. "Only brush it up a little, and — The land! what have you got in the pockets?"

"Nothin', only nuts and things," said Wadley.

A pan was brought, and the nuts and things were emptied into it.

"Why, my son, where did ye git these three cents?"

"By-y-y!" said Wadley in amazement, "I did n't know them three cents was there! I d'n' know where they come from more 'n nothin'!"

Now pennies are not so common in the Toddleby family as to be seen lying around loose, or to be found in pockets where their presence cannot be accounted for. The three therefore that turned up with the walnuts and marbles and bullets and spools which Mrs. Toddleby emptied into the pan remained a profound mystery, exciting all sorts of conjectures with regard to their origin, until suddenly Wadley, opening his eyes with consternation, exclaimed, "I snum!"

"What, my son? but don't say you snum agin."

"You give me three cents to pay the postage on that letter; and I snum if I did n't forgit all about it till this minute!"

"Now I want to know if you did!" exclaimed Mrs. Toddleby, who could with difficulty be brought to think that Wadley ever did anything he could be reasonably blamed for. "How *did* you happen to?"

"You're a pretty fellow to send on an errand!" said 'Lizbeth. "The letter might just as well not have been written. Instead of going to Joseph, it'll go to the dead-letter office, if it was n't prepaid."

"What's that? what's that?" cried Mr. Toddleby, coming into the house. "This's a pretty fix!" when the matter was explained to him. "Here we've made all arrangements to go, and they hain't got word on't! I never see sich a stupid head as you be!" seizing the boy by the shoulder.

"He ain't so very much to blame," interposed Mrs. Toddleby. "We're all liable to forgit sometimes. There, don't, father!"

"I ain't shakin' him to hurt, only to wake him up a little.

He seems more 'n half asleep, 'times. Did n't yer mother tell ye over 'n over agin not to forgit to pay the postage?"

"Yes — but —" began Wadley.

"I suppose it slipped his mind," said his mother. "Things sometimes slip *your* mind, father, careful as *you* be."

"Never anything as important as that. What are we to do? For you yourself said you would n't on no account start off on sich a journey without writin' aforehand, so's to be sure Joseph's folks would know when to expect us, and be to hum, say nothin' 'bout bein' prepared for comp'ny."

"The land!" said Mrs. Toddleby, turning away with a deprecating air, "I don't imagine it'll make a grain o' difference; though of course I'd rather they'd have got the letter. But we'll take it along with us, and tell how it was, and that'll excuse us, and we'll have a good laugh over Wadley's mistake. I guess the' ain't no danger but what they'll be to hum, fast enough. It'll be jest as well to take 'em by surprise."

"But *you* know how *you* always hate to have anybody come *here* a visitin', 'thout your knowin' it, so you can have somethin' cooked for 'em, and the house slicked up a little."

"O, we're Joseph's own folks, so he won't mind."

It was accordingly determined that they should make the journey the same as if nothing had happened; although Mr. Toddleby declared that a blunder at the outset was a bad omen, and that he foresaw that they were going to have trouble.

"If it had been my blunder, instead of Wadley's," 'Lizbeth said confidentially to John Blake, the hired man, "I should never have heard the last of it; and ma would have been so worked up by it, I verily believe she'd have stayed at home."

II.

TAKING THE TRAIN.

THEY were to go by the afternoon train; and soon after dinner John Blake brought the old one-horse wagon to the door. The trunk which Mrs. Toddleby had been three days packing was locked and strapped, the new travelling-bag, bought expressly for the journey, was also got ready; and Mrs. Toddleby, in her slate-colored drawn-silk bonnet, pongee dress, and black cloth cloak, with her red cashmere shawl on her arm and her black lace veil on her head, and Mr. Toddleby in his big snuff-colored great-coat and tall black hat, and Wadley in his little snuff-colored great-coat and tall black hat, — an exact copy of his father in every particular, — kissed in succession the cheerful 'Lizbeth and climbed up into the high one-horse wagon.

"Be sure and take good care of everything," said Mrs. Toddleby, arranging her pongee. "And don't forgit what I told you about —" this thing and that thing, repeating for the twentieth time her parting injunctions.

"O, I'll see to everything; and be sure to take good care of *yourselves*," said 'Lizbeth. "Good by."

"There's one thing, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Toddleby, making a snatch at the reins as John Blake was driving off. "Wait a minute! that brine, — if you think it wants changin' —"

"Come, we can't stop to talk brine now," cried Mr. Toddleby, who was getting nervous about the train. "Them steam-cars don't stop for nobody; and we shall haf to hurry, or git left."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Toddleby over her shoulder. "I'll tell Blake about the brine. Don't fail to write!" — raising her voice as away they went. "And look out for fires!!" — flinging back a final scream from under her black lace veil.

Mr. Toddleby gave Blake his charges about the farm and stock as they rode to the depot, which they reached an hour before the cars were due, notwithstanding his fear of being too late to

RULERS, &c., OF THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

<i>States.</i>	<i>Capitals.</i>	<i>Prevailing Religion.</i>	<i>Form of Government.</i>	<i>Present Head.</i>	<i>Title.</i>
China,	Pekin,	Buddhic,	Monarchy,	T'oung-Chè,	Emperor.
Russia,	St. Petersburg,	Greek Church,	Monarchy,	Alexander II.,	Emperor.
United States,	Washington,	Protestant,	Republic,	Ulysses S. Grant,	President.
France,	Paris,	Catholic,	Republic,	Louis Adolphe Thiers,	President.
Austria and Hungary,	Vienna,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Francis Joseph I.,	Emperor.
Japan,	Yeddo,	Buddhic,	Monarchy,		Mikado.
Great Britain,	London,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	Victoria I.,	Queen.
Germany,	Berlin,	Protestant,	Federation,	William I.,	Emperor.
Italy,	Rome,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Victor Emanuel II.,	King.
Spain,	Madrid,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Amedeo I.,	King.
Brazil,	Rio Janeiro,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Pedro II.,	Emperor.
Turkey,	Constantinople,	Mohammedan,	Monarchy,	Abdul-Aziz,	Sultan.
Mexico,	Mexico,	Catholic,	Republic,	Benito Juarez,	President.
Sweden and Norway,	Stockholm,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	Charles XV.,	King.
Persia,	Teheran,	Mohammedan,	Monarchy,	Nassr-ed-Din,	Schah.
Belgium,	Brussels,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Leopold II.,	King.
Bavaria,	Munich,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Louis II.,	King.
Portugal,	Lisbon,	Catholic,	Monarchy,	Louis I.,	King.
Prussia,	Berlin,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	William I.,	King.
Holland,	Hague,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	William III.,	King.
New Granada,	Bogota,	Catholic,	Republic,	Santos Gutierrez,	President.
Chili,	Santiago,	Catholic,	Republic,	Jose J. Perez,	President.
Switzerland,	Berne,	Protestant,	Confederation,		Pres. Fed. Council.
Peru,	Lima,	Catholic,	Republic,	José Balta,	President.
Bolivia,	Chuquisaca,	Catholic,	Republic,	M. Melgarejo,	President.
Argentine Republic,	Buenos Ayres,	Republic,	Republic,	D. F. Sarmiento,	President.
Wurtemberg,	Stuttgart,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	Charles I.,	King.
Denmark,	Copenhagen,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	Christian IX.,	King.
Venezuela,	Caracas,	Catholic,	Republic,	Ruperto Monagas,	President.
Baden,	Carlsruhe,	Catholic,	Grand Duchy,	Frederic,	Grand Duke.
Greece,	Athens,	Greek Church,	Monarchy,	George I.,	King.
Guatemala,	Guatemala,	Catholic,	Republic,	Vincento Cerna,	President.
Ecuador,	Quito,	Catholic,	Republic,	Garcia Moreno,	President.
Hesse,	Darmstadt,	Protestant,	Grand Duchy,	Louis III.,	Grand Duke.
Liberia,	Monrovia,	Protestant,	Republic,	Edward J. Raye,	President.
San Salvador,	San Salvador,	Catholic,	Republic,	François Duenas,	President.
Nicaragua,	Managua,	Catholic,	Republic,	Fernando Guzman,	President.
Uruguay,	Monte Video,	Catholic,	Republic,	Lorenzo Battle,	President.
Honduras,	Comayagua,	Catholic,	Republic,	Jose M. de Medina,	President.
Santo Domingo,	Santo Domingo,	Catholic,	Republic,	Buenaventura Baez,	President.
Costa Rica,	San Jose,	Catholic,	Republic,	Bruno Carranza,	President.
Sandwich Islands,	Honolulu,	Protestant,	Monarchy,	Kamehameha V.,	King.

METRICAL SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

The following enactment by Congress is of interest to all who would place our weights and measures upon the decimal system that so simplifies calculations in our currency:

1. It shall be lawful, throughout the United States of America, to employ the weights and measures of the Metric system; and no contract or dealing, or pleading in any court, shall be deemed invalid or liable to objection, because the weights or measures expressed or referred to therein are weights or measures of the Metric system.

2. The tables in the schedules hereto annexed shall be recognized in the construction of contracts, and in all legal proceedings, as establishing, in terms of the weights and measures now in use in the United States, the equivalents of the weights and measures expressed therein in terms of the Metric system; and said tables may be lawfully used for computing, determining, and expressing in customary weights and measures, the weights and measures of the Metric system.

METRIC NAME.		FRENCH VALUE — METRICAL.		AMERICAN EQUIVALENT.	
		Grams.	Measure of Water at Maximum Density.	Avoirdupois.	
Millier (or Tonneau)		1,000,000	1 cubic metre	2204.6	pounds.
Quintal		100,000	1 hectolitre	220.46	pounds.
Myriagram		10,000	10 litres	22,046	pounds.
Kilogram (or Kilo)		1,000	1 litre	2,2046	pounds.
Hectogram		100	1 decilitre	3.5274	ounces.
Dekagram		10	10 cubic centimetres	0.3527	ounces.
GRAM (French, <i>Gramme</i>)		1	1 cubic centimetre	15.432	grains.
Decigram		One tenth	1-10 "	1.5432	grains.
Centigram		One hundredth	10 cubic millimetres	0.1543	grains.
Millogram		One thousandth	1 " "	0.0154	grains.

METRIC NAME AND VALUE.		LONG MEASURE.		AMERICAN EQUIVALENT.	
			metres		
Myriametre	10,000			6,2137	miles.
*Kilometre	1,000			0.62137	miles.
Hectometre	100		"	328 feet and 1 inch.	
Dekametre	10		"	393 inches, seven tenths.	
METRE	1		"	39.37 inches.	
Decimetre	One tenth		"	3.937 inches.	
Centimetre	One hundredth		"	0.3937 inches.	
Millimetre	One thousandth		"	0.0394 inches.	

METRIC NAME AND VALUE.		SQUARE, OR SURFACE MEASURE.		AMERICAN EQUIVALENT.	
Hectare	10,000 square metres			2.471	acres.
ARE	100			119.6	square yards.
Centare	1 " "			1550	square inches.

METRIC NAME AND VALUE.		CUBIC MEASURE, OR CAPACITY.		AMERICAN EQUIVALENT.	
		Litres.	Dry Measure.	Liquid or Wine Measure.	
Kilolitre (or Stere)	1,000	1 cubic metre	1.306 cubic yards	264.17	gallons.
Hectolitre	100	1-10th " "	2 bushels, 3.35 pecks	26.417	gallons.
Dekalitre	10	10 cubic decimetres	9.08 quarts	2.6417	gallons.
LITRE	1	1 " "	0.908 quarts	1.0567	quarts.
Decilitre	1-10th	1-10th " "	6.1022 cubic inches	0.845	gills.
Centilitre	1-100th	10 cubic centimetres	0.6102 cubic inches	0.338	fluid ounces.
Millilitre	1-1000th	1 " "	0.061 cubic inches	0.27	fluid drams.



THREE IN A BED.

them. The trunk was checked, the tickets bought, and after waiting about six hours, which appeared to be only one hour by the clock, they were snatched up by the thundering train.

III.

MRS. TODDLEBY JUST STEPS OUT.

THEY rode all night, and reached Rochester the next morning at a little before ten o'clock. Their supper and breakfast they had taken from the travelling-bag; but now Mrs. Toddleby said she felt the need of a cup of tea.

"A cup o' tea 'll do *you* good, too, father. And I guess Wadley better have a cup; he ain't in the habit on't," turning to a lady whose acquaintance she had made in the car; "I never brought up none of my children to drink anything but cold water, or maybe a tumbler o' milk. But the poor boy had a dreadful hard time ridin' all night."

"I sh'd think 't was me that had the hard time," said Mr. Toddleby, "settin' up, and holdin' that boy's head on my shoulder, while he slep' like a top."

"I'm sure I spelled ye, and hild him part of the time. Fathers never know what it is to have the care o' children," (Mrs. Toddleby turned once more to her travelling acquaintance,) "do you think they do, ma'am? When they begin to haf to do what mothers haf to do from the time they be mothers, they think it's a terrible hardship. Poor boy, he ain't a bit stubbid! Had n't you better go 'th yer pa, Wadley, and have a cup? jest to warm yer stomach. Then arter you git back, I'll go; fur we don't want to leave our things here, nor lose our seats."

"I don't want no cup o' tea," said Wadley; "but I do want to go and see the falls"; which he had had an exciting glimpse of as the train crossed the Genesee River.

"The' won't be no time to go sight-seein' 'bout the falls," said Mr. Toddleby, nervously.

"Why, yis; it's only a few steps back there; it need n't take ye but a minute; and the train stops half an hour, the man said."

"Wal, we'll see how long it takes to git the cup o' tea. I'll bring a cup to you here in the car, if I can, that 'll be the best way."

The train was standing in the great depot, which was full of hack-drivers, passengers, baggage-men, and ringing and whistling locomotives running up and down, for no earthly purpose, as Mrs. Toddleby could see, unless it were for air and exercise. As her eyes followed Wadley and his father entering the noisy crowd, she called after them, "Remember which train it is! and don't forgit, it's the last car but one!"

Having watched them until they entered the door of the restaurant, she returned to her seat.

"Your husband has gone out too, to git a cup o' tea, hain't he?" she said to her new acquaintance.

"No; he has just run up street on business."

"Oh! What is his business, if I may ask?"

"He's in the hide-and-leather business; he has a large store in Albany; he buys for the firm."

"Indeed! Want to know! Is't a good business?"

"Well, yes, pretty good."

"I see you dress pretty well," remarked Mrs. Toddleby. "Your business ought to be pretty good to afford sich a shawl as you've got on. Though I don't know as it's any better quality than this o' mine, that I've had now nigh onto twenty year. This black lace veil I've had thirty year this last August. They're presents from my brother, that used to go to sea. I 'xpect they'll last me my lifetime, and when I die I shall give one on 'em to 'Lizbeth, and t' other to Joseph's wife, — I do'no' which, — without Wadley sh'd happen to be married. Joseph's wife I've never seen; but I 'xpect she comes from a purty nice family. They've got connections livin' here in Rochester, I believe, but I sh'd no sooner think o' lookin' on 'em up, than



JULY.

VII Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.						THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.	● NEW MOON.	d. h. m.
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	○ FIRST QUARTER.	d. h. m.
183	1	Mo.	4 27	7 40	4 32	7 35	4 38	7 29	26	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	8 21	8 49	○ FULL MOON.	20 8 45 A.M.
184	2	Tu.	27	40	33	34	39	29	27	2 3	2 8	2 12	2 22	9 17	9 45	○ LAST QUARTER.	27 2 11 A.M.
185	3	Wd.	28	40	33	34	39	29	28	2 37	2 43	2 49	2 59	10 11	10 36		
186	4	Th.	28	40	34	34	40	28	29	3 17	3 24	3 30	3 40	10 59	11 19		
187	5	Fri.	29	39	35	34	40	28	30	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 38	11 57		
188	6	Sat.	29	39	35	33	41	28	1	8 45	8 38	8 32	8 36	—	0 16		
189	7	S.	30	39	36	33	41	28	2	9 21	9 16	9 10	9 14	0 35	0 54		
190	8	Mo.	31	38	37	33	42	27	3	9 51	9 47	9 43	9 47	1 13	1 32		
191	9	Tu.	32	38	38	32	43	27	4	10 18	10 15	10 12	10 16	1 51	2 10		
192	10	Wd.	33	37	38	32	43	27	5	10 42	10 40	10 38	10 42	2 29	2 48		
193	11	Th.	33	37	39	32	44	26	6	11 4	11 4	11 3	11 8	3 8	3 30		
194	12	Fri.	34	36	39	31	45	26	7	11 27	11 27	11 27	11 33	3 53	4 17		
195	13	Sat.	35	36	40	31	45	25	8	11 50	11 51	11 52	11 59	4 42	5 09		
196	14	S.	36	35	41	30	46	24	9	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 35	6 1		
197	15	Mo.	36	34	41	30	47	24	10	15	18	20	29	6 28	6 56		
198	16	Tu.	37	34	42	29	47	24	11	45	49	53	1 3	7 23	7 51		
199	17	Wd.	38	33	43	28	48	23	12	1 22	1 27	1 33	1 44	8 21	8 50		
200	18	Th.	39	32	44	28	49	22	13	2 8	2 15	2 19	2 33	9 20	9 49		
201	19	Fri.	40	32	45	27	50	22	14	3 8	3 16	3 22	3 34	10 18	10 45		
202	20	Sat.	41	31	45	26	51	21	15	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 12	11 40		
203	21	S.	42	30	46	25	51	20	16	8 53	8 48	8 44	8 50	—	7		
204	22	Mo.	43	29	47	25	52	20	17	9 28	9 25	9 21	9 27	35	1 2		
205	23	Tu.	44	28	48	24	53	19	18	9 57	9 56	9 54	9 59	1 28	1 53		
206	24	Wd.	44	28	49	23	54	18	19	10 23	10 23	10 22	10 28	2 20	2 46		
207	25	Th.	45	27	50	22	55	17	20	10 47	10 48	10 49	10 56	3 13	3 40		
208	26	Fri.	46	26	51	21	56	16	21	11 12	11 13	11 16	11 24	4 8	4 36		
209	27	Sat.	47	25	52	20	56	16	22	11 37	11 40	11 44	11 51	5 5	5 33		
210	28	S.	48	23	53	19	57	15	23	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	6 2	6 30		
211	29	Mo.	49	22	54	18	58	14	24	38	43	49	59	6 58	7 26		
212	30	Tu.	50	21	55	17	4 59	13	25	1 16	1 22	1 28	1 39	7 54	8 22		
213	31	Wd.	4 51	7 20	4 56	7 16	5 0	7 12	26	2 0	2 8	2 13	2 24	8 50	9 18		

Washington.
4th, A.M. tide min. 8.2 ft., P.M. 10.6.
Visitation of Mary.
4th, $\odot \delta \epsilon \dots \delta - 1^\circ$
Declaration of Independence.
 $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 2^\circ$
 $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 2^\circ$
6th Sun. after Trin. $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 3\frac{1}{2}^\circ$

Washington.
4th, A.M. tide min. 8.2 ft., P.M. 10.6.
Visitation of Mary.

4th, $\odot \delta \epsilon \dots \delta - 1^\circ$
Declaration of Independence.
 $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 2^\circ$
 $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 2^\circ$

6th Sun. after Trin. $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi - 3\frac{1}{2}^\circ$

$\delta \eta \epsilon$
 $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi + 1^\circ$

7th Sunday after Trinity.
A.M. tide min. 8.7 ft., P.M. 10.8 ft.

8th Swithur.

$\delta \eta \epsilon \dots \eta + 3^\circ$
Margaret.

8th Sunday after Trinity.
Mary Magdalen.

16th, A.M. tide maximum 12.6 ft.

James.
Anne.

9th Sun. after Trin. $\odot \varphi \epsilon \dots \varphi + 1^\circ$

I should o' findin' a needle in a hay-mow. My son come out West here to keep school, and married his wife in — The land!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Toddleby, as a train came rushing in between the one she was on and the restaurant, and stopped. "My husband 'll think that's his train, sure as the world! And if he once gits turned 'round a little, he's a dre'ful narvous man! I guess I'll jest step and speak to him, if you'll take charge o' my shawl, and see't nobody gits that bag under the seat, nor gits our seats."

The lady obligingly consented; and Mrs. Toddleby, getting off the train, and climbing over the other one, went elbowing her way through the crowd of newly arrived passengers to the restaurant.

"Dear me! my veil! I wish I'd left that with my shawl!" she exclaimed; "for it's about as much as a person's life is wuth to squeeze through a jam like this 'ere!"

At last she entered the saloon, and the politest of polite waiters came bowing towards her, in a white apron, and placed a chair for her at a table.

"Sit here, if you please, ma'am," he said, with charming suavity.

"Thank ye; I guess I won't sit down; I'm jest lookin' for my husband and son." And she stared all about the room. "Have you seen a man in a snuff-colored gre't-cut, and a boy with him in a snuff-colored gre't-cut? The land!" said she, as the waiter slammed back the chair and turned on his heel; "I thought he was a real nice man, but seems he was perlite only 'cause he 'xpected to git my money. Where under the sun can they be!"

She began to grow anxious; and approaching another waiter, also in a white apron, and also ready with his hand on the back of a chair, she said, "Have you seen a man in a snuff-colored gre't-cut, and a boy with him in jest sich another snuff-colored —"

The waiter was off, without deigning so much as a word in reply; and poor Mrs. Toddleby stood confounded.

Seeing a man getting up from one of the tables, she began, "Have you seen —" But he did not hear her. She then rushed at a gentleman picking his teeth. "Have you seen —"

"No, ma'am, I have not seen." And without waiting to hear the remainder of her question, he walked away.

"They must 'a' got their cup o' tea and gone to look at the falls," then said Mrs. Toddleby. And out of the depot she ran, and back along the track, looking more and more anxiously for her husband and son. There were the falls, pouring over the table of rock just below the railroad bridge; but there was no Wadley, and no Wadley's pa, looking at them.

Just then an engine came clanging and snorting down the track; and Mrs. Toddleby had no sooner got off from that on another, than a train of two cars came backing up on that; and between the two she barely escaped being run over. She was quite wild with fright by the time she reached the platform of the depot; when, seeing a train starting off, and thinking it was her own, she set off in pursuit of it, screaming, "Stop, stop! stop them cars!" and gesticulating frantically.

She ran directly in the face of a black man, staggering under the burden of an immense trunk. Down he went with it, man and trunk rolling from the platform. The excellent Mrs. Toddleby would have stopped to apologize and help him up, but the train was going, and away she darted, working her way through the crowd in an almost miraculous manner.

"Here's your veil, ma'am!" shouted a brakeman after her.

"O, thank you!" — snatching it. "Won't somebody stop the cars?"

"They ain't going yet," said the brakeman.

Mrs. Toddleby did not know what he could mean by that, when she could see them going; and on she ran. To her great joy, they slackened their speed, and finally stopped as if to take her on; but just as she was going to embark, they began to back down towards the depot. Not perceiving that they had run out merely to get on another track, but thinking they were going back for her, she began to beckon and scream, "Here I be! ye need n't go a bit further, if you've only got my husband and Wadley aboard!"

The train did not heed her at all, but ran past her, back into the depot. Fearing it might start again immediately, she followed it in as fast as she had followed it out, and discovered, on reaching it, that it was n't her train. Instead of being the second from the platform, it was the third.

"Dear me! what a fright I've had!" she gasped out, climbing over the first train again, and looking back for her husband and son. They're mos' likely in the car by this time. If they be, I guess the' won't neither of us leave it agin till we git safe to Brockport. It's the last car but one; I'm glad I thought o' that."

She did not know that the locomotive she saw backing up a couple of cars on the bridge had added a car to her train; so that her car, instead of being the last but one, was now the last but two. She accordingly pushed through the car she was looking for, and entered the next one.

"The fourth and fifth seats from the forward door, on the left-hand side," she repeated to herself. But both those seats were occupied by strangers; and the third seat, in which she expected to find the lady holding her shawl, was vacant.

Consternation seized Mrs. Toddleby. She ran through the car to the rear, to make sure that it was next to the last one, then flew back again, and asked the strangers occupying the fourth seat if there was a travelling-bag under it. There was none; and to satisfy her, they got up and let her look.

"These don't look like our seats, either!" she exclaimed. "This don't look like the train." She flew into the next car; but the obliging lady who had charge of her shawl had disappeared; and, seeing neither lady nor shawl, Mrs. Toddleby did not know where she was. "It must be the other train!" And she clambered to that she had been chasing.

IV.

THE MAN WITH THE CUP OF TEA.

In the mean time Mr. Toddleby and young Toddleby had entered the saloon where the polite waiters were; and one of them had set chairs for them, in his most magnificently civil manner, inclining his ear for their orders; and Mr. Toddleby, delighted at the respect shown him, had said, "A cup of tea, sir, if you please."

"What else?"

"Wal, nothin', I guess; my son here thinks he don't care for none; if he does, I can give him a sip o' mine."

"You can't get a cup of tea here," said the waiter, his suavity changing to ice.

"Dear me! why! I thought — Can't get a cup o' tea?" stammered Mr. Toddleby, amazed by the transformation, getting up so suddenly that he knocked his chair over and stepped on his hat which he had placed on the floor. "Where — where can I —"

"Go out of that door, down to the end of the depot, and you'll find a place where you can stand and get a cup of tea."

And back went the chairs to their places, while Mr. Toddleby,

stunned and mortified, feeling that he had committed some monstrous breach of decorum, marched away, pressing his hat into shape, and followed by the younger Toddleby. They had but just gone out, when Mrs. Toddleby came in, as we have seen, in search of them.

Down at the end of the depot they found not only a good cup of tea, but a young waitress of genuine politeness, who, seeing what an honest old gentleman her customer was, readily consented to let him carry a cup of tea to his wife in the cars.

And now, while Mrs. Toddleby was in frantic pursuit of him, behold him also in pursuit of her, with a cup and saucer in his hand. As she had foreseen, he got upon the train nearest the platform, jostled by embarking and disembarking passengers, and spilling the tea. Then, as she had anticipated, not finding her, he became alarmed.

"This ain't the car, pa," said Wadley.

"No, I believe 't ain't! But what's become on 't? Where's the car we come in?" he called out excitedly. "'T was the last but one."

"They've been taking off or putting on cars, since we came in," said a gentleman. "You'd better walk through the train, if you want to find a particular one; and hurry, for it'll be starting in a few minutes."

So Mr. Toddleby hurried, striding through the cars in his snuff-colored great-coat, carrying his cup of tea at arm's length, and followed by young Toddleby in his snuff-colored great-coat; his mind distracted between the anxious pursuit of Mrs. Toddleby and the fear of losing Master Toddleby in the crowd, not to speak of the constant care required to keep the cup in the saucer and the tea in the cup.

Having thus passed from end to end of the train without finding the slate-colored bonnet, the Toddleby brain was in a state of panic. He strode up and down, brandishing the tea, dragging Wadley after him, and demanding, in furious excitement, "Has anybody seen my wife? Do, somebody, for massy sake, tell me where I be and which is my car?"

"Where do you wish to go?" asked some one. Toddleby told him. "You are in the wrong train, sir. This is the Buffalo train."

"Which is my train?"

"I don't know; you'll have to inquire."

Toddleby did inquire, but nobody heeded his questions, or could answer them, until a lady called out, in passing him, "That is your train, Mr. Toddleby; the Niagara Falls train." He was too much excited to thank or even recognize her, but rushed on with Wadley and the tea, and went from end to end of that train also, without finding Mrs. Toddleby. Arrived at the end of the rear car, and seeing a disconnected car farther down the track, he had just wit enough left to remember that somebody had said something about taking off cars from some train; and thinking that must be the one he was in search of, he made a desperate plunge for it, preceded by the cup of tea and followed by Wadley. He entered it, and found nobody in it but a coatless individual, turning over seats and sweeping.

"Look here, you!" cried Toddleby, rushing forward in the cloud of dust, and thrusting the teacup in the man's face, "do you know anything about these 'ere cars?"

"Wal, I reckon I do!" replied the coatless individual, leaning on his broom. "What cars do you want to know about?"

"The car that my wife's in, going to Brockport, on the Lockport and Niagry Falls Road."

"Wal!" said the man, moving to the door, and pointing at the train which father and son had just left, "them's all the Lockport and Niagry Falls cars I know anything about, and there won't be no more till twelve o'clock."

"But she ain't on them!" groaned Toddleby. "Ain't there no other Brockport cars?"

"Nary one."

"Oh!" suddenly screamed Wadley, "there's ma now!"

It was the maternal Toddleby indeed, but in what a situation! Whilst exploring the train she had previously been chasing, she discovered it to be in motion, and ran out on a platform. "Wait! wait!" she shrieked, "let me git off!" And Toddleby, seeing her borne helplessly past him, raised his voice also, "Hold on! hold on! you're carrying off my wife!"

As the train did not hold on, and as Mrs. Toddleby could not jump, Mr. Toddleby ran after her; and it was an affecting sight to see her extending imploring hands to him from the car platform, and him extending imploring hands to her (cup and saucer in one of them) from the ground, commanding the train to stop in one breath, and in the next ordering her to jump, he would catch her. At last with his disengaged hand he seized one of hers; then she ventured; and Mr. Toddleby, Mrs. Toddleby, and cup and saucer, with what was left of their contents, went to the ground together.

V.

MRS. TODDLEBY'S EXPLOIT.

FORTUNATELY nobody was hurt; not even the crockery was broken; and the pair, gathering themselves up, looked at each other.

"See, ma!" said Wadley; "the train was only backin' down, to hitch on to them other cars! Ye need n't 'a' been scaret."

Mrs. Toddleby did not seem to appreciate the consolatory nature of this information, but looked eagerly at her husband.

"Where've you been all this time?"

"I've been hunting for you, with this 'ere cup o' tea I've spilt over everything! Where've you been?"

"I've been hunting for you. And now I'm looking for our train."

"That's our train, they all tell me; and what under heavens you ever left it for, I can't consaive!"

"The land! you sure? Then we've been robbed!"

"Robbed!" ejaculated Toddleby; "how so?"

"Why, I'd no sooner stepped out of our car, jest to say to you the train that come in last wa'n't our'n, than that dre'ful desaitful woman—"

"What dre'ful desaitful woman?"

"Her we got acquainted with; I left my shawl in her charge, and now she and shawl and bag's gone together!"

"Can't be!" said Toddleby, as they climbed up on the right train at last; and only on making an examination could he be convinced. "Strange you would trust your property in the hands of sich an entire stranger!"

"But who'd have thought!" exclaimed Mrs. Toddleby. "I was sorry one while I did n't leave my veil with her too; but I'm glad enough now I did n't."

"Where is your veil?"

Mrs. Toddleby felt for it on her bonnet.

"I declare! if I hain't lost that too! I never see the beat on 't! But I ain't goin' to give up so! I'll find either the veil, or that woman with my shawl and bag, or both. Have you seen, any of you,"—addressing the passengers,— "that woman in the Injy shawl, with a cream-colored middle and a deep figgered border—"

"The woman, or the shawl?" asked one.

"She had a rooster's wing in her bunnet, or a duck's wing, or a goose's wing, or some kind o' wing," pursued Mrs. Toddleby,



THE MENAGERIE.



AUGUST.

VIII Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases. d. h. m.			
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.	● NEW MOON	4 4 37 A.M.		
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	○ FIRST QUARTER	12 0 44 A.M.		
214	1	Th.	4 52	7 19	4 57	7 15	5 1	7 11	27	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	9 45	10 9	○ FULL MOON	18 3 45 P.M.		
215	2	Fri.	53	18	58	14	2	10	28	2 52	2 59	3 4	3 15	10 32	10 54	○ LAST QUARTER	25 3 27 P.M.		
216	3	Sat.	54	17	59	13	3	9	29	3 48	3 54	4 0	4 10	11 17	11 35	WASHINGTON.			
217	4	S.	55	15	4 59	12	4	8	0	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 55	—	Lammas Day. A.M. tide min. 7.7 ft.			
218	5	Mo.	57	14	5 0	10	5	6	1	8 22	8 19	8 15	8 19	14	32	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♂ — 2°			
219	6	Tu.	58	13	1	9	5	5	2	8 47	8 45	8 41	8 47	50	1 8	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ — 4°			
220	7	Wd.	4 59	12	2	8	6	4	3	9 9	9 8	9 7	9 12	1 26	1 43	10th Sun. after Tr. ♂ ♀ ☾ . . ♀ — 3°			
221	8	Th.	5 0	10	3	7	7	3	4	9 31	9 31	9 31	9 36	2 2	2 21	A.M. tide maximum 10.4 feet.			
222	9	Fri.	1	9	4	5	8	2	5	10 17	10 19	10 22	10 29	2 41	3 2	Transfiguration.			
223	10	Sat.	2	8	5	4	9	7	6	10 44	10 48	10 51	11 0	3 23	3 46	Name of Jesus.			
224	11	S.	3	6	6	3	10	6 59	7	11 17	11 22	11 26	11 37	4 11	4 37	Laurence.			
225	12	Mo.	4	5	7	1	11	58	8	11 58	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 3	5 30	11th Sunday after Trinity.			
226	13	Tu.	5	3	8	7	0	12	57	9	morn.	3	9	5 58	6 26				
227	14	Wd.	6	2	9	6 59	13	55	10	50	57	1 3	1 15	6 56	7 26	A.M. tide minimum 8.3 feet.			
228	15	Th.	7 7	0	10	58	13	54	11	1 54	2 2	2 7	2 19	7 58	8 28	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ + 3°			
229	16	Fri.	8 6	59	11	56	14	53	12	3 8	3 14	3 20	3 32	8 59	9 30				
230	17	Sat.	9	57	12	54	15	52	13	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	10 1	10 30				
231	18	S.	10	56	13	53	16	50	14	7 54	7 52	7 49	7 55	10 58	11 25	12th Sunday after Trinity.			
232	19	Mo.	11	54	14	52	17	49	15	8 22	8 21	8 20	8 26	11 51	—				
233	20	Tu.	13	53	15	50	18	48	16	8 47	8 48	8 48	8 55	18	43	A.M. tide maximum 12.3 feet.			
234	21	Wd.	14	51	16	49	19	46	17	9 12	9 14	9 15	9 23	1 7	1 30				
235	22	Th.	15	50	17	47	20	45	18	9 38	9 41	9 44	9 52	1 54	2 19				
236	23	Fri.	16	48	18	46	21	43	19	10 6	10 10	10 14	10 23	2 44	3 10				
237	24	Sat.	17	47	19	44	22	42	20	10 37	10 42	10 47	10 57	3 35	4 2	Bartholomew.			
238	25	S.	18	45	20	43	23	40	21	11 14	11 20	11 26	11 36	4 28	4 54	13th Sunday after Trinity.			
239	26	Mo.	19	43	21	41	24	39	22	11 56	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 22	5 51				
240	27	Tu.	20	42	22	40	24	38	23	morn.	4	9	20	6 19	6 48				
241	28	Wd.	21	40	23	38	25	36	24	46	53	59	1 9	7 16	7 45	Augustin. A.M. tide min. 7.6 feet.			
242	29	Th.	22	39	24	37	26	34	25	1 40	1 47	1 53	2 3	8 15	8 43	John Baptist beheaded.			
243	30	Fri.	23	37	25	35	27	33	26	2 40	2 45	2 51	3 0	9 11	9 37				
244	31	Sat.	5 24	6 35	5 26	6 33	5 28	6 31	27	3 41	3 46	3 51	3 59	10 2	10 26	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ — 4°			

Washington.
 Lammas Day. A.M. tide min. 7.7 ft.
 10th Sunday after Tr. A.M. tide maximum 10.4 feet.
 Transfiguration.
 Name of Jesus.

Laurence.
 11th Sunday after Trinity.
 A.M. tide minimum 8.3 feet.
 12th Sunday after Trinity.

Bartholomew.
 13th Sunday after Trinity.
 Augustin. A.M. tide min. 7.6 feet.
 John Baptist beheaded.

14th Sunday after Trinity.
 15th Sunday after Trinity.
 16th Sunday after Trinity.
 17th Sunday after Trinity.

18th Sunday after Trinity.
 19th Sunday after Trinity.
 20th Sunday after Trinity.
 21st Sunday after Trinity.

22nd Sunday after Trinity.
 23rd Sunday after Trinity.
 24th Sunday after Trinity.
 25th Sunday after Trinity.

26th Sunday after Trinity.
 27th Sunday after Trinity.
 28th Sunday after Trinity.
 29th Sunday after Trinity.

30th Sunday after Trinity.
 31st Sunday after Trinity.
 1st Sunday after Trinity.
 2nd Sunday after Trinity.

3rd Sunday after Trinity.
 4th Sunday after Trinity.
 5th Sunday after Trinity.
 6th Sunday after Trinity.

7th Sunday after Trinity.
 8th Sunday after Trinity.
 9th Sunday after Trinity.
 10th Sunday after Trinity.

without heeding the interruption; "and a monstrous big waterfall."

"I've seen a monstrous big waterfall."

"Where? which way did it go?"

"Back here below the railroad bridge; and it seemed to be going down stream," replied the cruel trifter.

"He means the Genesee Falls!" grinned Wadley.

"You may as well give her up," said Toddleby; "you never 'll see woman or shawl agin."

"Why, pa," said Wadley, "that was the woman that spoke to you and told you which our train was."

"Be ye sure?"

"Yes; anyhow she was the one set behind us and ma talked to so much, and that had the rooster's wing on her bunnet."

"Which way did she go? I 'll find her!" said Mrs. Toddleby. "Come, sonny, and show me."

"No, no! we shall lose Wadley next," cried the boy's father. "Wadley, you set here, and don't you move from this 'ere seat on no account, till we come back. Do you hear?"

"Yeas," said Wadley, laying hold of the arm of the seat to anchor himself securely against the tides of fate.

"How long 'fore the train starts?" Toddleby asked of a man passing the bell-cord through the rings into the next car.

"In five minutes."

"Bless me! I sha'n't have time to carry back this cup 'n' sasser!"

"Yis, ye will; be spry, and I 'll be lookin' for that woman. Which way did she go?"

"She was goin' along the platform when she spoke to me. I remember now, it must have been her, for she called me Mr. Toddleby."

"And did n't ye see my shawl on her arm? nor the bag in her hand?"

"No, I wa'n't noticin'. I 'll carry the cup 'n' sasser, and we 'll meet here. Don't be late and git left now, woman or no woman."

So saying, Toddleby — known everywhere by this time as "the man with the cup of tea" — hurried to the refreshment stand, and paid for the fluid he had had the satisfaction of carrying about with him so long, and finally spilling; while Mrs. Toddleby went hunting up and down where she had run before, asking everybody, "Has anybody seen a black lace veil? or has anybody seen a woman in a Injy shawl with a cream-colored middle and a deep figgered border, and a rooster's wing stuck in her bunnet, and carrying a red cashmere long-shawl, with a pa'm-leaf border and a big pa'm-leaf in the corner, and a patent-leather carpet-bag in her hands?"

Nobody confessed to having seen such a phenomenon; but suddenly Mrs. Toddleby herself saw something which paid her well for her trouble. It was a lady's arm disappearing from a car-window, after dropping out a penny to an apple-boy. It was the arm of the woman in the Injy shawl with the cream-colored middle, and the other things. Mrs. Toddleby ran to the window; it was shut before she reached it; but she could see behind the pane, the rooster's wing and the bonnet, and a section of the monstrous big waterfall.

She did not stop to parley at the window, but ran back to the end of the car, and got on. The train was starting at the instant; and it was the Buffalo train. Mrs. Toddleby saw the danger of being carried off, but she had learned by experience that cars did not always go when they started; and moreover, if her shawl and bag were going in that train, she preferred to go with them, and trust to Providence to get back again, rather than suffer the thief to escape with her plunder. She shrieked to "somebody" to stop the train just one minute. She shrieked to

her husband, who stood on the platform looking for her in every direction except the right one. She thought if she could only let him know what she was doing, he would be consoled for her absence and wait for her return. Evidently he heard her voice, for he started, and looked harder and harder in every direction but the right one. At last, seeing her efforts were in vain, and fearing lest the lady thief might take advantage of the delay to elude her, Mrs. Toddleby darted through the car till she came to the India shawl, and laid her hand on the cream-colored middle.

"Why, Mrs. Toddleby!" said the lady. "I was looking for you, to bid you good by. Are you going to Buffalo too?"

"No, I ain't," cried Mrs. Toddleby, looking for her property; "and I didn't know you was when I give up my shawl to hold! Where is it?" breathlessly. "Ye never spoke of goin' to Buffalo, but said you was goin' to Niagry Falls, ever so fast!"

"Yes, for I had never seen the Falls, and my husband had promised to take me that way. But as soon as you had stepped out of the car he came hurrying back, and said he 'd got a despatch which told him to go straight on to Buffalo, and we must change cars."

Thus spoke the worthy lady with great apparent sincerity; and her husband was by to corroborate.

"And my shawl? and the bag? What have you done with them?"

"The bag was under the seat; and as I did n't know what to do with the shawl, I laid it on the bag, where you could n't help finding it. My husband said nobody would steal them. They 're there now."

"No, they ain't there, ma'am!" cried the old lady, in great agitation. "You 're desavin' me. They ain't under the seat of next the last car, for I looked."

"Another car was just hitching on," remarked the lady's husband. "Did you look under the seat in the last car but two?"

"No, for I did n't know that was the car." And now Mrs. Toddleby appeared quite broken, so great was her confusion and distress.

"Well, that was the car, and there your shawl and bag are now."

"But my husband, he won't know! He don't even know where I be! And here they 're carryin' me away like a whirlwind; and my husband and little boy, and bag and shawl, back there in the car arter all!"

And Mrs. Toddleby, losing strength and spirit, sank down upon the nearest vacant seat in something very like a swoon.

VI.

MASTER WADLEY TODDLEBY'S EXPLOIT.

MR. TODDLEBY waited for his wife in an agony of anxiety, until he saw that their own train was starting, and that a moment later he would lose it. What had become of Mrs. Toddleby? He would have remained to search for her, but then what would become of Wadley? It would never do to leave him to go alone to Brockport; for that exemplary and obedient youth, having been told to keep his seat until his father returned, would think he must do so, though the car should carry him to the Pacific Ocean.

"O, that woman!" groaned Mr. Toddleby. "I vow, I never 'll go on a journey with her agin, as long as I live!" He hung on the steps of the car, looking back for her, until the depot was out of sight. "Thank heaven, I hain't lost Wadley!" he said. "I'm glad I told him to stay in the car." And now he went to find the boy, and tell him of his mother's mysterious disappearance.

But here arose another still more terrible mystery. Wadley was not in the seat in which he had so resolutely anchored himself! He was not in the car! He was not on the train! The tides of fate had proved too strong for him. And now, while his distracted parent is flying to and fro, making frantic inquiries for the lost boy, which nobody can answer, let us see how he had been swept away.

His father had scarcely left him, when he saw from the car window, which he amused himself by looking out of, a man passing on the other side of the depot with a patent-leather travelling-bag in his hand. It was precisely such a bag as his mother had lost, and, to the mind of Wadley, who had a limited experience in such matters, it was no other than the same. He ran to the car platform to tell his father; but his father was at that moment settling for the tea he had spilled, at the refreshment stand. Wadley remembered well the injunction not to leave his seat; but what else could he do? let the thief walk off in that deliberate manner with his booty?

"Pa! pa!" screamed the youthful lungs, "there's a man with our bag!"

"Why don't you catch him?" said somebody.

"I will!" cried Wadley.

The man was then just going out of the depot; and before Wadley reached the corner he had disappeared around it.

The boy was just in time to see a hackman shut him in his hack, mount the seat, and drive off. Away rattled the wheels, and away ran Toddleby, junior, screaming after them. Up the long street, amid carriages and carts, he flew, keeping the vehicle in sight, reckless of arriving and departing trains, and intent only on recovering the stolen property.

Excitement lent him speed, and at last he ran shrieking and gesticulating alongside the hack.

"What you want?" said the driver, pulling up his horses.

"That man! he's got our bag!"

So saying, Wadley wrenched open the carriage door, and seeing the bag, and hearing a train whistle, — knowing that he had not a moment to spare in altercation, — seized the property, and ran back down the street with it as fast as he could go.

And now, instead of chasing a supposed thief, it was his turn to be chased. The man jumped from the carriage and ran after him, shouting "Stop thief!" The hackman turned about and drove after the man; others joined in the pursuit; and before Wadley reached the depot, he could hear a wild crowd howling at his heels, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

A stone in the pavement stopped him. He stumbled over it, and in an instant his pursuers, among whom was a policeman, were upon him. In vain he protested, "It's our bag! it's our'n!" The owner of the property was ready with a key to open it and swear to its contents before seeing them; and Wadley Toddleby, after violent struggles and outcries, was walked off to a police-station, with an officer's hand on his collar.

VII.

HOW WADLEY CAME TO SEE THE FALLS.

THE climax of the day's misfortunes was reached when the elder Toddleby, arriving disconsolate at his son's house in Brockport, found that Joseph and his wife and their three children had gone from home, and would not return for two days.

"So much for not payin' the postage on a letter!" Toddleby sank upon a chair. He had relied upon his son Joseph's experience and sagacity to help him out of his troubles; and now he had only a stranger, and that stranger a servant-girl, to con-

fide them to. "I've met with the strangest misfortin'! I've lost my wife!"

The sympathizing girl inquired when she died.

"I don't know as she's dead, but there's no knowin' 't I shall ever see her agin alive. I've lost my son Wadley too, and that's the strangest circumstance! I don't know the fust thing what to do. Whereabouts has Joseph's folks gone to?"

"They went to Rochester this morning."

"To Rochester! Why, 't was to Rochester we stopped and got scattered! He's to his wife's relations, I s'pose. Why did n't we know on 't!"

Whilst Toddleby was groaning over his misfortunes, a telegram was handed in. "For me?" he said; and opened it and read:—

"Come back to Rochester. Wadley's in trouble. We are here.

"JOSEPH P. TODDLEBY."

"It's from my son! Wadley is in trouble! My hat!" ejaculated Mr. Toddleby, starting to go.

On being told that there was no train until four o'clock (it was not yet twelve), he thought he should surely die of anxiety and impatience before that time; and how, with his nervous temperament, he managed to live through the fearful interval, he could never afterwards explain.

But he did live through it, and in due time reached Rochester. The first person he saw, on stepping from the train, was his long-absent son Joseph coming towards him. To the joy of that meeting was added the relief of seeing also his son Wadley, alive and well and smiling, standing beside his brother.

"Where have you been, boy? What trouble have you got into?"

Wadley related how he chased a supposed thief, and got caught for a thief himself, adding, "When I told 'em my name was Wadley Toddleby, one of the men said he knewed Joseph Toddleby, and had seen him in town to-day. 'That's my brother!' says I. So they sent and found him, but the officers would n't let me go till you come and swore to suthin', I d'n' know what; so Joseph tallygranted to you; but finally, I told so straight a story, they concluded to let me off, without waitin' for you to swear."

"But where's yer mother?"

"Ma? ain't she with you?" said Wadley. "I hain't seen her!"

"Ain't she at my house in Brockport?" cried Joseph.

While they were talking, the Buffalo train, which unites with the Niagara Falls train at Rochester, going east, came rolling into the depot; and one of the first persons to step from the cars was an excited old lady in a slate-colored drawn-silk bonnet, black cloth cloak, and pongee dress.

"Father! Wadley! here I be! — Joseph! the land! is it you?" And in an instant she had joined our little group.

Great was the joy of all. She told the story of her adventure, saying in conclusion: "And do you think, the woman in the Injy shawl and her husband in the hide-and-leather business was real nice folks, arter all? They made the conductor give me a ticket to come back with, 'cause he'd carried me off; and took me to a tavern with 'em in Buffalo —"

"What! have you been to Buffalo?"

"Yes, 'cause there wa' n't no train back till this train, and I could come just as quick. And they give me a real nice dinner; and the man he tallygranted to Niagry for the railroad to bring back my shawl and patent-leather bag; only, 'stid o' havin' on 'em left to Brockport, he made a mistake and said for 'em to take 'em to Rochester."

"Then they're probably on this train father came in," said



FAUST AND MARGARET.



SEPTEMBER.

IX Month.]

1872.

[30 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.						THE MOON.						HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	d. h. m.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	Rises.	A.M.	P.M.			
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.			
245	1	S.	5 25	6 33	5 27	6 32	5 29	6 30	28	3 41	3 46	3 50	3 59	10 48	11 8	● NEW MOON	2 7 45 P.M.	
246	2	Mo.	26	32	28	30	30	28	29	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 28	11 48	☾ FIRST QUARTER	10 8 55 A.M.	
247	3	Tu.	27	30	29	28	31	27	1	7 14	7 13	7 11	7 16	—	6	☉ FULL MOON	16 11 56 P.M.	
248	4	Wd.	28	28	30	27	32	25	2	7 32	7 32	7 32	7 38	23	41	☾ LAST QUARTER	24 8 13 A.M.	
249	5	Th.	29	27	31	25	33	24	3	7 58	7 59	7 59	8 6	58	1 17	WASHINGTON.		
250	6	Fri.	30	25	32	24	33	22	4	8 21	8 23	8 25	8 33	1 34	1 52	14th Sunday after Trinity. Giles.		
251	7	Sat.	32	23	33	22	34	20	5	8 46	8 50	8 53	9 2	2 13	2 32	Enurhus.		
252	8	S.	33	22	34	20	35	19	6	9 17	9 21	9 26	9 35	2 54	3 16	15th Sun. after Trin. Nat. of Mary.		
253	9	Mo.	34	20	35	18	36	17	7	9 54	9 59	10 5	10 16	3 39	4 3	A.M. tide minimum 8.3 feet.		
254	10	Tu.	35	18	36	17	37	16	8	10 40	10 47	10 53	11 5	4 30	4 58	☉ h + 3°		
255	11	Wd.	36	16	37	15	38	14	9	11 37	11 46	11 51	morn.	5 27	5 57	Holy Cross Day.		
256	12	Th.	37	14	38	14	39	13	10	morn.	morn.	morn.	3	6 28	7 1	16th Sunday after Trinity.		
257	13	Fri.	38	13	39	12	40	11	11	45	52	58	1 10	7 34	8 6	Lambert.		
258	14	Sat.	39	11	40	10	41	10	12	2 1	2 6	2 12	2 23	8 40	9 12	P.M. tide max. 11.7 ft. h stationary.		
259	15	S.	40	9	41	9	41	8	13	3 21	3 25	3 28	3 39	9 43	10 12	Matthew. ☉ h + 1°		
260	16	Mo.	41	7	42	7	42	6	14	4 40	4 42	4 45	4 54	10 40	11 6	17th Sun. after Trin. ☉ enters ♎		
261	17	Tu.	42	6	43	5	43	5	15	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 31	11 57	[Autumn begins.		
262	18	Wd.	43	4	44	4	44	3	16	7 11	7 12	7 13	7 20	—	20	Cyprian.		
263	19	Th.	44	2	45	2	45	1	17	7 36	7 39	7 41	7 49	43	1 5	A.M. tide minimum 7.6 feet.		
264	20	Fri.	45	0	46	0	46	0	18	8 4	8 7	8 11	8 20	1 27	1 50	☉ h - 4° ☉ h - 4°		
265	21	Sat.	46	5	47	5	47	5	19	8 34	8 39	8 44	8 53	2 12	2 34	18th Sun. after Trin. Michael.		
266	22	S.	47	57	48	57	48	57	20	9 9	9 15	9 21	9 31	2 57	3 20	Terom.		
267	23	Mo.	49	53	49	55	49	55	21	9 50	9 58	10 3	10 14	3 45	4 11			
268	24	Tu.	50	52	50	54	50	53	22	11 31	11 39	11 44	11 54	4 38	5 6			
269	25	Wd.	51	52	51	52	50	52	23	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 34	6 3			
270	26	Th.	52	48	52	50	51	50	24	29	35	41	51	6 33	7 2			
271	27	Fri.	53	48	53	48	52	49	25	1 29	1 34	1 39	1 48	7 33	8 2			
272	28	Sat.	54	46	54	47	53	47	26	2 33	2 36	2 40	2 49	8 30	8 59			
273	29	S.	55	45	55	45	54	45	27	3 36	3 39	3 42	3 49	9 26	9 51			
274	30	Mo.	5 56	5 43	5 56	5 43	5 55	5 44	28	4 40	4 41	4 43	4 49	10 15	10 37			

Joseph; and, disappearing for a moment, he returned, laughing, with the bag and shawl.

"Wal, wal, I declare!" said Mrs. Toddleby. "And only think, father, I found my black lace veil!"

"Why, how happened that?"

"Ye see, I was so beat arter I found I'd left my bag and shawl and run arter a woman that had n't got 'em, I jest give right up, and did n't know much of anything for one spell, till somebody spilt some brandy on my lips, and I went to take my handkercher out o' my cloak-pocket, and what did I pull out but that veil! Then I remembered when it come off 'm my bunnet in the crowd, and a man handed it to me; he was a real obligin' feller, and I'd like to thank him, but as for the rest, I never did see folks act so in all my born days; when he gi' me my veil back, I was afraid o' partin' with it agin, and so what did I do with it in my hurry but stuff it in my pocket! And there it was when I went to wipe off the pesky brandy; for if I hate anything in this world, it's any kind o' sperits about my mouth, sick or well."

"Wal, wal, things might 'a' turned out wus," said the elder Toddleby. "Now if that letter'd only been paid, so 's 't Joseph's folks 'u'd be to hum—"

"But that's all right too," said Joseph. "Don't you see? otherwise I should n't have been here to help Wadley out of his scrape. And besides, we're having a great birthday party at my wife's uncle's; all her relations are there, and it only wanted some of mine to make up the company. You shall stay over to-morrow, and get rested, and see the folks, and have a good time, and to-morrow night we'll go home with you to my house in Brockport."

"Why, do ye think we'd better stay?" said both Mr. and Mrs. Toddleby at once; "guess we better not"; although they were delighted at the prospect of seeing his wife's relations, and only needed a little urging to accept the proposal. "Wal, I don't know, if you say so, Joseph"—"You know best." "It happens jest right about the bag," added Mrs. Toddleby; "for I should n't have a clean cap, and you and Wadley would n't have a dickey, father, to put on, if 't wan't for that. Mistakes du happen all for the best sometimes, don't they, Joseph?"

"O goodie!" exclaimed Wadley, seeing it was decided they were to stay; "now I can see the falls!"

So the Toddleby's remained at Rochester, and had a grand entertainment; then they went to Brockport, and had a long and delightful visit there; and in due time returned to Worcester County, where they found house and farm and produce and stock in the very best condition, and learned moreover from the blushing 'Lizabeth that she and John Blake had made arrangements for a little gathering of friends and relatives at home, to take place, with her parents' consent, at about Christmas, and so complete the round of festivities for the season.

OLD ALMANACS.

By J. S. BARRY, A. M.

EVERY year, throughout the United States, all over Europe, and in other parts of the civilized world, a class of pamphlets, similar in character though differing in contents, is regularly printed, millions of copies in the aggregate are circulated, one of these finds its way into every household, and is received there with the heartiest welcome. We refer to almanacs,—manuals replete with instruction and interest. The Bible, the newspaper, and the almanac are the three indispensables of a well-regulated family. They have ceased to be luxuries, and have become

necessities. We are lost without them. If wanting, they are missed. Only when present do we feel at ease.

The almanac is a reminder of the opening year. It comes with its fresh and smiling face, and is recognized at once as a familiar friend. The aged grandsire and venerable grandmother, the vigorous husband and matronly wife, the blithesome lad and blooming miss, alike give it welcome, and greet it with pleasure. It is consulted as an oracle, and its varied instruction is adapted to all. The poet displays his genius here in the brief verses which grace its pages. The grave lawyer and learned judge confide in its tables of "Court Intelligence." The statesman finds a record of officers, and perhaps items of political intelligence. The philosopher scans its tables of signs and chronological cycles, and finds other matters of interest to him. The Quaker views with a degree of pride its corrected list of "Meetings of Friends." The Churchman reads its table of "Movable Fast and Feasts." The necrologist glances at the "Record of Deaths." And the sturdy farmer, busiest of men, runs over its columns with additional zest; for, to him, they are full of important hints. How earnestly is he counselled to "pay his debts," "lay out his plans," "sow his seed," "gather his harvests"; and, with a slight degree of puzzled amazement, he traces these characters, to him cabalistic, ♂ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀. Then the predictions of the weather,—those long-drawn prophecies, sure to hit somewhere,—"Expect—rain—about—these—days";—how much dependence he places on these! The "Miscellany," at the end, is charming to youth; and puzzles and conundrums, charades and problems, anecdotes and poems, are all read with eager delight, pondered over, solved, and treasured in memory. This is the cream of the book to the young, its juicy fruit, its cakes and ale; it seems prepared expressly for their benefit. Verily, the almanac is a wonderful book!

The history of almanacs has never been written; at least, the subject is far from being exhausted. Occasional descriptive paragraphs may be found, but no regular treatise, no romance, like the "Sartor Resartus" of Thomas Carlyle, that brilliant essay on "The Philosophy of Clothes." The historian of the almanac is yet to appear; the field is open to him; and if he discharges his duty with the fidelity he should, his labors will be crowned with an ample reward. In the absence of such history, yet by no means anticipating its fulness of detail, this little essay has been carefully prepared, and is now submitted to an intelligent public.

It is difficult to determine the precise period when the manuals called almanacs first appeared. Adam, we are quite sure, possessed not this treasure. Paradise was lost before almanacs were gained. Did Noah have them at the time of the flood? If so, he forgot to consult their predictions, or the prophecies of the weather were not very reliable. We have evidence, however, from the history of the Egyptians, to whom the Israelites were in bondage for a season, and also from the history of the Assyrians and Babylonians, that they had some knowledge of astronomical science; and sculptured tablets still exist, thousands of years old, which show that they had calendars strikingly similar to those of our own days. Nebuchadnezzar consulted those calendars, and Evil-Merodach, and Evil-Baladan. Perhaps Nimrod studied them in his days, though it is somewhat doubtful whether Methusaleh, oldest of men, ever glanced eye at them. Indeed, astronomy, geometry, and some of the kindred sciences, are said to have been known in the land of Egypt in the time which preceded the accession of the first king, Menes; and the books of Hermes, which are very ancient, contained the science and philosophy of that nation. It would be a matter of curiosity to look over those books and to see to what extent the discoveries of modern science were anticipated and known; but the old histories have passed away, and the merest fragments are all we have left.

Our English word "almanac" is supposed by some to be derived from the Arabic *al manach*, "to count"; and it is certain that the Arabians, in their palmiest days, had quite an extensive knowledge of astronomy. From their propinquity to the Egyptians, and the frequent intercourse between the nations, they were doubtless acquainted with the science of that country; and although the year was divided by them into lunar months, they could not have been ignorant of the Sothic or sidereal year, nor of the oath imposed on the Egyptian kings, that "they would not intercalate any month or day, but the sacred year of 365 days should remain as instituted in ancient times."

Thus early are our notices of the reckoning of time by the ancients, and the preparation of those calendars which constitute a part of the modern almanac.

Among the Romans, who were distinguished as a nation for their literary attainments, and whose history is classic, we find something which seems to have corresponded to our modern almanac in the *Fasti*, or tables, usually of marble, on which were inscribed the succession of the annual games and festivals, with other matters of public interest. These are the nearest approach to the modern almanac we have been able to discover. But these tables, as well as the calendars of the Egyptians, were not designed for popular use, nor do they seem to have been intended for general circulation. They were public records, accessible to those who wished to consult them, but not preserved in every house. Down the long lapse of the ages, indeed, we find nothing filling the place of the modern almanac as a household oracle for daily consultation.

The earliest public almanacs seem to have been issued in manuscript form, and hence could only have been procured by the wealthy. The poorer classes could not afford them; nor, indeed, during the dark ages, could the poorer classes read. Only a portion of the world was enlightened; these few might, if they chose, have access to such documents. Splendid specimens of these manuscript almanacs are preserved in that storehouse of curious things, the British Museum. They date back to the fourteenth century, and hence are about five hundred years old. A curious specimen of the same kind of almanac is preserved in the library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, England.

Our modern almanac is devised by Verstegan, who has written learnedly on the antiquities of Great Britain, from the German *almanac*; and it is evident that the Saxons, who afterwards invaded England, and whose language became incorporated with that of the Angles, thus producing the Anglo-Saxon, — the parent of the English tongue, — were in the habit of carving the annual courses of the moon upon blocks of wood; and these were called by them *al-mon-heed*, or, "the heed of observations of all the moons." If these conjectures of the learned are reliable, almanacs existed as early as the sixth and seventh centuries, but none of these records have survived to our day; and in the absence of more definite data, we are obliged to fall back upon the manuscript almanacs as the earliest authentic modern calendars known.

Immediately upon the invention of the art of printing almanacs were multiplied, and one of the earliest printed books still preserved, with the date annexed, is the "Astrological and Medical Calendar," which is supposed to have been issued from the press of Guttenberg, and which bears the date of 1457, — a little more than four hundred years ago. On looking over these documents we are surprised at their character and the contrast between them and the almanacs of the nineteenth century. Instead of consisting of sober statements of facts, they abound in the most perilous conceits and predictions, and are an admixture of truth and falsehood, as heterogeneous as can be conceived. Wherever they were published — and it was chiefly from the presses of the Continent that they were issued — they were regarded as so mis-

chievous, from the pretended prophecies with which they were laden, that public edicts prohibited their circulation.

The so-called science of astrology was then in great favor, as much so as alchemy, which became the basis of modern chemistry; and the professors of these sciences delighted in mystifying the ignorant masses, imposing upon their credulity, and working upon their fears. In this respect there was a great similarity between the almanacs of the sixteenth century and those of the Persians as published to-day, which give on the first page a list of fortunate days for certain purposes, — as to buy and sell, to take medicine and marry, followed by predictions of earthquakes and storms, political events, and religious rites.

In the early part of the seventeenth century almanacs began to be multiplied in Europe, and the press was prolific in publishing such works. During the civil wars of Charles I. a great number were issued, which were as conspicuous for the unblushing boldness of their predictions as for their determined perpetuation of popular errors. As a specimen of these productions take one published by George Wharton, at London, in 1661, called "Calendarium Carolinum," embellished with a shockingly executed woodcut portrait of the author, and accompanied by as miserable doggerel lines, in which he says: —

"Here the true counterfeit of him is set
Who was so true he could not counterfeit.
He hath that worth from whence all virtues spring,
Firm to his faith, and faithfull to his King,
Who, though acquainted with the starrie trayne,
Did ne'er attempt to rise by Charles his wayne"

This document is full of astrological predictions, the absurdity of which is laughable indeed.

Regiomontanus, whose real name was John Müller, and who wrote several valuable astronomical works, is said to have been the first person in Europe who prepared almanacs in their present form; and his astronomical observations from 1475 to 1506, under the title "Ephemerides," are still esteemed to be very accurate. His first almanac was published in 1474. Very few copies of his works are now in existence, and they are of a strictly scientific character.

The earliest English almanacs were published in Holland, on small folio sheets; and copies of these have been preserved by pasting them within the covers of old books. In the reign of James I. letters-patent were granted to the two Universities and the Stationers' Company for the exclusive right of printing almanacs; and this distinction they enjoyed for some time, until the letters were declared illegal, and the right of publication was open to all. In spite of this privilege, however, numerous almanacs were surreptitiously printed and circulated extensively throughout the kingdom.

German almanacs are characteristic of the gravity and phlegm of that nation, and contain endless tables of the genealogies of their princes. Greek almanacs, printed at Venice, are stuffed full of astrological superstitions, and of matters pertaining to the Greek Church. Italian almanacs are equally absurd, though occasionally containing vivacious passages; as, for instance, one printed in 1822, adds, for the 30th of July, "*Sudano ancora el ossa!*" — for the 11th of August, "*O! che noja!*" — for the 12th of July, "*Cascano le braccia!*" — and for the 2d of January, "*Sivali e Ombrello!*" French almanacs are equally characteristic, and during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon, under each day was given some noted achievement or remarkable incident in the life of his Majesty.

Even the Turks are not wanting in documents of this kind, and they began to be issued by that people as early as the year 1716. The almanacs of the Turks are curious affairs, and they are quite as superstitious as those of the Persians. They are



FAMILY JARS.

called *Takvim*, and are directed chiefly to the gratification of the popular taste in the daily wants and all the practical requirements of life. Thus they become household books, and embrace precepts of all kinds, moral and social, sanitary and religious, as well as predictions of remarkable events, wonderful prophecies, and hints as to lucky and fortunate days. They differ in size

from American almanacs, being five inches wide and from six to seven feet in length. The top of the inside is adorned with pictures of various kinds, — stars and crescents, spheres and telescopes, arms and standards. These are followed by an astronomical account, pathetically written, of the exact time when the sun is to cross the equinoctial line, with reference to the eras as computed



OCTOBER.

X Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.								THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.		
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON. Age at Noon.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.		d. h. m.		
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.						A.M.	P.M.	● NEW MOON	☾ FIRST QUARTER		○ FULL MOON	☾ LAST QUARTER
275	1	Tu.	5 57	5 41	5 57	5 42	5 56	5 42	29	4 40	4 41	4 43	4 49	10 58	11 17	Remigius.				
276	2	Wd	5 58	39	5 58	40	57	41	0	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 36	11 55					
277	3	Th.	6 0	38	5 59	38	58	39	1	6 25	6 26	6 28	6 36	—	13					
278	4	Fri.	1	36	6 0	37	5 59	38	2	6 50	6 53	6 56	7 4	0 30	0 47	♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ — 3°				
279	5	Sat.	2	34	1	35	6 0	36	3	7 19	7 23	7 27	7 36	1 5	1 23	P.M. tide maximum 10.8 feet.				
280	6	S.	3	31	2	33	1	34	4	7 53	7 58	8 4	8 15	1 42	2 1	19th Sunday after Trinity. Faith.				
281	7	Mo.	4	29	3	32	2	33	5	8 36	8 43	8 49	9 0	2 22	2 44					
282	8	Tu.	5	27	4	30	3	32	6	9 28	9 38	9 43	9 55	3 8	3 34					
283	9	Wd	6	26	5	29	4	30	7	10 33	10 41	10 46	10 58	4 2	4 31	Denys. ♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ + 4°				
284	10	Th.	8	24	6	27	5	29	8	11 45	11 50	11 56	morn.	5 2	5 35	A.M. tide minimum 8.3 feet.				
285	11	Fri.	9	23	7	26	6	27	9	morn.	morn.	morn.	8	6 7	6 41					
286	12	Sat.	10	21	8	24	7	26	10	1 1	1 5	1 9	1 20	7 15	7 48					
287	13	S.	11	19	9	22	8	24	11	2 17	2 21	2 24	2 33	8 20	8 52	20th Sunday after Trinity.				
288	14	Mo.	12	18	10	21	9	23	12	3 33	3 35	3 37	3 45	9 22	9 52					
289	15	Tu.	14	16	11	19	10	21	13	4 47	4 48	4 47	4 55	10 19	10 45					
290	16	Wd.	15	15	13	18	11	20	14	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 10	11 33					
291	17	Th.	16	13	14	16	12	18	15	6 2	6 5	6 8	6 16	11 55	—	Etheldred. Tide max. 11.7 ft.				
292	18	Fri.	17	11	15	15	13	17	16	6 31	6 35	6 39	6 48	0 16	36	Luke.				
293	19	Sat.	18	10	16	13	14	16	17	7 4	7 9	7 14	7 25	56	1 17					
294	20	S.	19	8	17	12	15	14	18	7 43	7 50	7 55	8 6	1 37	1 58	21st Sunday after Trinity.				
295	21	Mo.	20	7	18	11	16	13	19	8 28	8 37	8 41	8 52	2 20	2 41					
296	22	Tu.	22	5	19	9	17	12	20	9 21	9 28	9 33	9 44	3 4	3 28					
297	23	Wd.	23	4	20	8	18	10	21	10 16	10 23	10 29	10 39	3 54	4 21					
298	24	Th.	24	3	21	6	19	9	22	11 17	11 22	11 28	11 37	4 49	5 19					
299	25	Fri.	25	1	23	5	20	8	23	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 48	6 18	Crispin.				
300	26	Sat.	26	5 0	24	4	21	6	24	19	23	27	36	6 47	7 16	A.M. tide min. 7.7 ft. ♂ ♀ ☾ . . . ♀ — 3°				
301	27	S.	28	4 59	25	2	22	5	25	1 22	1 25	1 28	1 36	7 44	8 12	22d Sun. after Tr. ♂ ♂ ☾ . . . ♀ — 4°				
302	28	Mo.	29	58	26	1	23	4	26	2 25	2 27	2 29	2 36	8 40	9 6	Simon and Jude.				
303	29	Tu.	30	57	27	5 0	24	3	27	3 29	3 29	3 30	3 37	9 30	9 54					
304	30	Wd.	31	56	28	4 59	26	2	28	4 34	4 33	4 33	4 38	10 16	10 39					
305	31	Th.	6 33	4 54	6 30	4 57	6 27	5 0	29	4 41	4 40	4 38	4 42	10 59	11 19					

by the Copts, Greeks, and Arabs. The calendar commences with the first day of the year, and is introduced by hymns and blessings on the heads of believers. Then follow from right to left the old Turkish signs of the zodiac, with the Persian names, — swine, dog, ox, leopard, crocodile, serpent, monkey, sheep, rat, horse, hen, and hare. These are followed by the Christian signs, with their Arabian names, and those of the sun, moon, and planets. The whole work is divided into twelve parts, arranged under the following heads: 1. Remarkable days; 2. Days of the week; 3. The Arabian era; 4. The Greek era; 5. Dominical constellations; 6. Hour and minute of sunrise; 7. Midday prayers; 8. Afternoon prayers; 9. Evening prayers; 10. Morning prayers; 11. New moon; 12. Miscellaneous. Under the Miscellaneous head are the following directions: On the 1st of each month you should visit in cheerful society; the 2d and 3d are auspicious days; on the 4th you should pay your respects to the great; on the 5th, learn music; on the 6th, seek for the learned; on the 7th, buy male slaves; the 8th is an ordinary day; on the 9th you should portion your daughters; on the 10th, engage in business; on the 11th, work in gold and silver; on the 12th, engage in maritime undertakings, such as building wharves, docks, etc.; on the 13th, gladden the hearts of the needy; on the 14th, commune with the wise; on the 15th, prepare essences; on the 16th, prepare electuaries; on the 17th, avoid travelling or ascending mountains; on the 18th, pay your respects to ministers of state; the 19th and 20th and the 25th and 26th are lucky days; on the 21st, you should visit the pious; on the 22d, give your company to your wives; on the 23d, buy landed property; on the 24th, keep quiet at home; and on the 27th, engage in commercial speculations.

The almanacs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries count up by scores, published by men who claimed to be "students in physic and astrology," and who write "Philomath," after their names. John Partridge was one of these, a gamesome fellow, who issued "Merlinus Redivivus" and "Merlinus Liberatus," personally and posthumously, from 1684 to 1748. William Lilly was another of these worthies, who flowered out in a series of pamphlets, entitled "Merlini Anglici Ephemeris." Nor must we overlook John Gadbury, and Thomas Trigge, and William Salmon, and Richard Saunders, and John Tanner, and William Andrews, and Francis Moore, and Richard Gibson, and John Wing, and Henry Coley, all of whom flourished from 1684 to 1707, and sent out their "Vox Stellarum," and "Angelus Britannicus," and "Starry Messengers," until the country was flooded with their wonderful predictions. Nearly if not quite all these worthies dabbled in astrology, and vaunted the fulfilment of many of their predictions.

At the opening of the eighteenth century there began to be some improvement; and as early as 1704 an almanac for the fair sex was published, entitled "The Ladies' Diary; or, The Woman's Almanack," which was embellished with a portrait of Queen Anne, and contained a chronology of famous women, various domestic receipts, enigmas, poetry, and other like matters, — a respectable affair for the time of its appearance. How long it was continued we are unable to say; certainly for a decade, if not for a score of years.

About this time appeared, also, the probable original of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," in a pamphlet published from 1684 to 1707, in England, and entitled, "Poor Robin," written by "Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island, and a Well-Wisher to the Mathematics." James Franklin, brother to the Doctor, published an almanac bearing the name of the "Rhode Island Almanac, by Poor Robin," at Newport, R. I., in 1732, and sold it "at his printing-house under the town school-house"; and this doubtless suggested to Dr. Franklin the name of his almanac,

"Poor Richard," which was subsequently published at Philadelphia. Copies of "Poor Richard's Almanac" are now very scarce, and single numbers have been sold at auction within a year or two at eleven dollars each.

The first almanacs used in New England seem to have been imported from the mother country; yet before the close of the seventeenth century the publication of almanacs was commenced in America, and quite a number of editions were issued. Samuel Green, of Cambridge, was one of the first publishers, and printed the almanacs of "J. S." and "J. D., Philomath," from 1764 to 1686; also the "Boston Ephemeris," 1683 and 1686, by Nathaniel Mather; and the "Cambridge Ephemeris," 1685, by "W. Williams, Philopat." John Usher, of Boston, printed an almanac in 1680; and Benjamin Harris and John Allen printed "News from the Stars, by Henry Newman, Philomath," and the "Boston Almanac, by H. B." A more curious work, "printed and sold by Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee-House," for the "general satisfaction," was entitled "Monthly Observations and Predictions for this present Year, 1692, with astrological Judgments on the whole Year, all taken from Mr. Partridge's Almanac; to which is added an Account of a Plot which was lately discovered in England, and which was foretold by the said John Partridge in his this Year's Almanac." It will be seen from this that a belief in astrology prevailed in the Colonies; and looking at the year in which this pamphlet was published, — 1692, the year of the Salem witchcraft, — its significance is apparent. While our fathers were prosecuting and hanging witches, they were, at the same time, consulting the stars and pinning their faith on the absurd predictions of judicial astrology.

From this time forward almanacs appeared at marvellous speed; and it would be tedious to enumerate all their authors, or the dates of publication. A few of the most prominent are all we shall presume to give in this connection, simply premising that the field is wide and the material ample. John Tully commenced publishing in 1693, and continued to publish for a number of years; and his work was "licensed by authority." Nathaniel Whittemore published for about a score of years, — from 1707 to 1724; and Nathaniel Ames for a much longer period, — from 1727 to 1770. Bickerstaff's Boston Almanac was commenced in 1769, and continued till 1791. It was embellished with engravings which, if executed here, show the low state of art at that time. Among these were portraits of John Wilkes, the great agitator, and a picture of the "Federal Chariot," designed to stimulate the patriotism of the people.

Mein and Fleming's "Register for New England and Nova Scotia" was first issued in 1768, in 24mo, and continued to be published for several years. Edes and Gill's "North American Almanac and Massachusetts Register" was published in Boston from 1770 onwards. This work was patronized by the Patriots of New England, and contained a number of Liberty Songs, such as "A new Song, composed by a Son of Liberty, and sung by Mr. Flagg, at Concert Hall, February 13, 1770, to the Tune of the British Grenadier"; "The Parody parodized; or, The Massachusetts Liberty Song"; "A new Song much in Vogue in North America, to the Tune of Heart of Oaks," etc. Some of these are quite spirited, and they were doubtless sung with a will by our fathers, from the time of the Boston Massacre on to the passage of the Boston Port Bill, the occurrence of the Tea Party, and other memorable events which preceded the firing of the first gun at Lexington and Concord.

Essex County came in for its share by the publication of Philo's Essex Almanac, at Salem, in 1770, and subsequently. This contained portraits of the "Patriotic American Farmer, John Dickenson, Esquire," and of Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, and others. In Worcester County Isaiah Thomas commenced the publication

of the "New England Almanac; or, Massachusetts Calendar," at Worcester, in 1775, and continued it on to 1798. This was embellished with portraits of "A Female Soldier, Hannah Snell," and others. In the neighboring State of New Hampshire Abraham Weatherwise's Town and Country Almanac was published at Portsmouth, from 1782 to 1807; and Daniel Sewall issued an Astronomical Diary at Portsmouth in 1783, and for several following years. Dudley Leavitt was also a publisher of almanacs in that State; and his manuals, commenced in 1797, have been continued to the present day, and are highly esteemed.

In New York Mills and Hicks's British and American Register, a 24mo, was published from 1774 onwards, and seems to have been a Tory publication. The copy in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society is enriched with manuscript notes on the Revolutionary War. A few years later the Freeman's Calendar and Continental Almanac, by Hon. Samuel Stearns, LL.D., was printed in that city, and "sold by Samuel Campbell, No. 37 Hanover Square." Blunt's Nautical Almanac, a standard publication of great value, was commenced in the year 1800, at first as an edition of the Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris issued by order of the Commissioners of Longitude of Great Britain, and afterwards, in 1814, on his own account. This was an important step in American almanac-making, and deserves to be mentioned with becoming respect.

In Pennsylvania the Philadelphia Almanac, a small affair, was issued in 1779. Dr. Franklin's Almanac preceded that by some years, and was a far more important and valuable publication. The Great West made its *début* in 1806, by the publication at Cincinnati, Ohio, of "Brown's Western Calendar; or, The Cincinnati Almanac," which was first prepared by William McFarland, and afterwards by Robert Stubbs, Philomath. It was "printed at the press of John W. Brown, office of Liberty Hall, Cincinnati," and is the first publication of the kind we have discovered which was issued beyond the Alleghanies.

Every New-Englander is acquainted with Robert B. Thomas's "Old Farmer's Almanac," the popular almanac in many of our States, and which has now reached its eightieth number. It was established in 1793, and the venerable picture of "Time," in the frontispiece, has been looked upon by millions since its first publication was commenced. No pamphlet in the world, probably, has been more widely circulated, or has had more readers. It must be distinguished from the almanac of Isaiah Thomas, which is a different affair. That trembling autograph on the second page, — how often have we looked at it! and how it reminds us of venerable age! Other almanacs are more beautiful in appearance, and more elaborately adorned; others excel it in literary merit; but the "Old Farmer's Almanac" is a favorite with the people, and so long as it is published it will be heartily welcomed.

We have given, we are aware, but a meagre sketch of American almanacs. Those of a recent date we have omitted entirely. Our object has been to throw out hints which may be used for a fuller and more elaborate treatise. Abundant material for a large-sized volume could be easily collected at the Boston Athenæum, the library of Harvard College, and the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. As a pioneer, we have shown the way; some more gifted and fortunate man must enter the field and reap the harvest which is ready to be garnered.

A THUNDER-SHOWER.

A THUNDER-SHOWER, what can match it for eloquence and poetry! That rush from heaven of the big drops, — in what multi-

tude and succession, and how they sound as they strike! How they play on the old home-roof and on the thick tree-tops! What music to go to sleep by, to a tired boy as he lays under the naked roof! And the great low bass thunder as it rolls over the hills and settles down behind them, to the very centre, and you can feel the old earth jar under your feet, — that is music and poetry, and life. — N. P. ROGERS.

HANDKERCHIEF CELEBRITY.

BY BARNARD BARTON.

[This little letter on fame, which is an admirable specimen of Quaker humor, has been called "a sober Elia," by the London "Spectator."]

MANY years ago I wrote some verses for a child's annual, to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible history from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to "men's business and bosoms," but to children's noses, into the bargain! Tom Churchyard calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scornful at it, and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches! All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'Tis like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is; its gold scone, if you can get it; if not, take the clay feet, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make what you can of it. I write verse to be read! it is a matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine-bound book on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honor to the cotton-printer, say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet.

AN IDYL IN CHALK.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

You may occasionally, though this is rare, find little local idyls on the walls in chalk. "*Mary Matson is a beautiful girl.*" This I once saw, written in a stiff gawky hand on some black palings and how, thought I, does Rosalind like this frank Orlando, — probably the doctor's boy, — who chalks up her loveliness for the eye of the all-beholding sun and the butcher-boy? The next day, on passing the same spot, I found an addition to the record. "*She is as deceitful as she is high,*" wrote — the butcher-boy in the bitterness of a jilted heart, was it? Probably, for the next morning the wall presented, for my contemplation, the inevitable retort, "*You are a liar.*" And, although the "deceitful as she is high" has a very feminine ring with it, I cannot bring myself to believe that a doctor's boy, accustomed by the accidents of the profession to polite associations, would call a female a liar, even in chalk. Here, however, was a romance in little — love, rage, jealousy, hate — recorded on a garden paling; and the pears and the apples ripening on the trees, just above the inscription, looked beautiful exceedingly. Opposite, in a paddock, a horse was snuffing at a haystack, and an old cow munching away to her heart's content.

PICTURESQUE PLACES IN GERMANY.

THE MAIN AND THE LAHN.

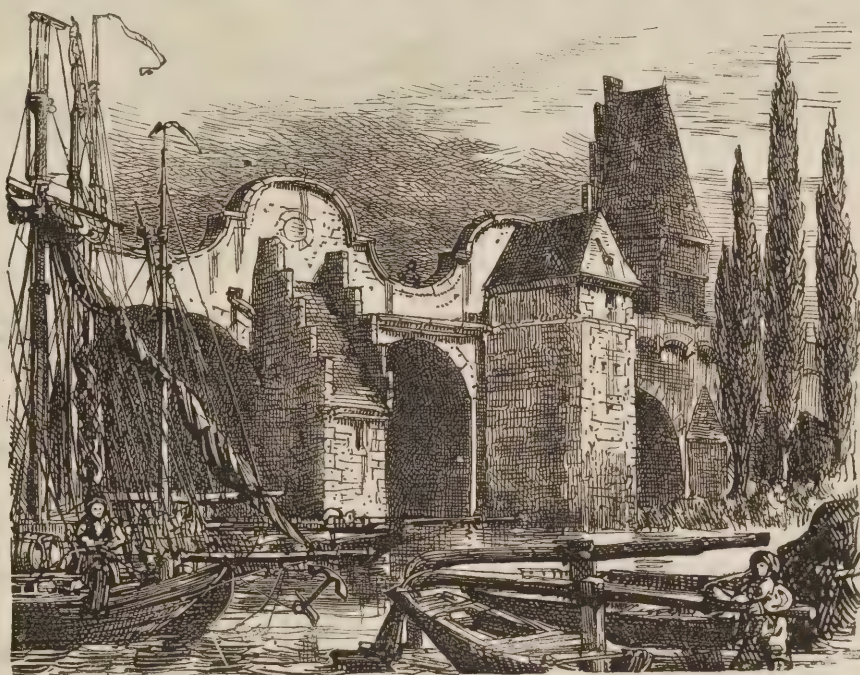
It is a common and well-founded complaint against tourists that they keep like sheep to certain well-beaten tracks, and almost entirely neglect the by-paths leading from those tracks. For example, they know the Rhine by heart, but of the tributaries of the Rhine they know little or nothing. There are places within a couple of hours' walk of that picturesque but strife-breeding river, where the foot of the wandering tourist has scarcely ever trodden, and where, in consequence, a conversation book is almost a necessity.

Of these river-tributaries, let us select the Main and the Lahn. The first sight of the Main at Mayence is not inviting. The banks of the river are flat, and its stream is broad, lazy, and

ing is remarkable, as the transepts, instead of being between the nave and the chancel, are close to the west end, while the cloisters surround the west end of the church. Here are three noteworthy monuments, namely, Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, a beautiful life-size bass-relief of the Virgin and Child, and a canopy supporting a sarcophagus which has crystal panels, and contains the body of a saint. This church stands on a hill, and is approached by a picturesque flight of steps.

Between Aschaffenburg and Würzburg the Main winds considerably, and the scenery is exceedingly picturesque. The river flows between lofty hills, with grand masses of rock projecting from them, and as we approach Wertheim the vines are replaced by beautiful woods.

Wertheim lies at the junction of the Main and the Tauber,



I. THE BRIDGE AT FRANKFORT.

muddy. But a similar charge may be made against the lovely Rhine, if we approach it from its Batavian *embouchure*.

We will join the Main, then, at Frankfort, a place where some people think there is nothing to be seen except Dannecker's overrated statue of Ariadne. Such people are wrong. It is well worth while to walk through the quaint streets of the old town; to peep into the cathedral, with its curious frescos executed in 1427 by Stephen of Cologne; to view the modern paintings of the Römer; the remarkable church of St. Leonard; and lastly, the quaint old bridge, the subject of our first sketch.

At Aschaffenburg, where we quit the railway, the beauties of the Main begin. The town is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river. The Castle first attracts our observation, — a remarkable building, with five lofty square towers, capped with bulb-shaped spires. It is now one of the numerous palaces owned by the King of Bavaria. Still more interesting is the "Pfarr" Church, or chief parish church of Aschaffenburg (the subject of our second sketch). Parts of it are very old; the nave being said to date from the ninth century. The plan of the build-

ing and at the point where the two streams unite stands the stately Watch-Tower (sketch No. 3). This watch-tower is more than one hundred feet high, and among the quaint roofs and gables of the houses to the right appears the curious spire of the parish church, while the whole scene is backed by the lofty hills on which stands the Castle of Löwenstein.

Next we reach the village of Zell, with its two secularized abbeys, one of which is used as a printing-office, and in it the first steam-printing press in Europe was established. The little town consists of one long picturesque street, hemmed in between precipitous hills, and the river (sketch No. 4). A mile beyond Zell stands the picturesque Convent of Himmelspforte (sketch No. 8), literally "Heaven's gate."

Directly the Convent of Himmelspforte is passed, Würzburg breaks on the view, and presents a most attractively mediæval appearance, looking more like the background of a picture by Van Eyck or Memling than an actually thriving, busy town. On one side of the river rises a grand rocky hill crowned by a castle. At the foot of this hill, and also across the river, are a cluster of



NOVEMBER.

XI Month.]

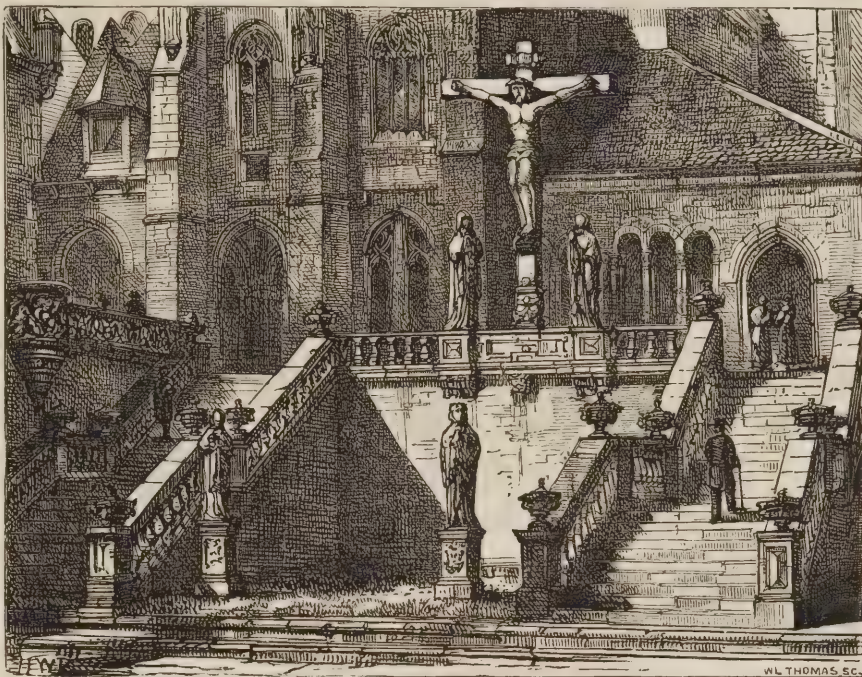
1872.

[30 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.						THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of Boston.		Latitude of New York.		Latitude of Washington.		WASH- ING- TON.	BOS- TON.	NEW YORK.	WASH- ING- TON.	SAN FRAN.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Age at Noon.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	A.M.	P.M.	d. h. m.	
306	1	Fri	6 34	4 53	6 31	4 56	6 28	4 59	0	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	11 39	11 58
307	2	Sat.	35	52	32	55	29	58	1	5 52	5 57	6 2	6 13	—	16		
308	3	S.	36	51	33	54	30	57	2	6 33	6 39	6 45	6 57	35	53	23d S. after T.	P.M. tide max. 11.6 ft.
309	4	Mo.	38	49	34	53	31	56	3	7 25	7 33	7 37	7 52	1 14	1 35	3d ☽ ♀ . . . ♀ — 25'	
310	5	Tu.	39	48	36	52	32	55	4	8 25	8 34	8 38	8 51	1 57	2 19	☽ h ☽ . . . h + 4°	
311	6	Wd.	40	47	37	50	33	54	5	9 35	9 41	9 47	9 59	2 45	3 11	Leonard.	
312	7	Th.	41	46	38	49	34	53	6	10 49	10 54	11 0	11 10	3 41	4 12		
313	8	Fri.	43	45	39	48	36	52	7	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	4 44	5 18	A.M. tide minimum 8.9 feet.	
314	9	Sat.	44	44	41	47	37	51	8	5	8	12	22	5 51	6 26		
315	10	S.	45	43	42	46	38	50	9	1 20	1 22	1 25	1 33	6 59	7 31	24th Sunday after Trinity.	
316	11	Mo.	46	42	43	45	39	49	10	2 32	2 32	2 34	2 41	8 1	8 33	Martin.	
317	12	Tu.	48	41	44	44	40	48	11	3 40	3 39	3 39	3 45	9 2	9 30		
318	13	Wd.	49	40	45	44	41	48	12	4 53	4 51	4 49	4 54	9 58	10 22	Britius.	
319	14	Th.	50	39	46	43	42	47	13	6 3	6 0	5 57	6 2	10 46	11 10	ECLIPSE OF MOON.	
320	15	Fri.	52	38	47	42	43	46	14	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 32	11 52	Machutus.	
321	16	Sat.	53	37	49	41	44	45	15	5 36	5 42	5 48	5 59	—	11	Tide maximum 11.2 feet.	
322	17	S.	54	36	50	40	45	45	16	6 19	6 27	6 32	6 43	29	47	25th Sun. after Trin.	Hugh of L.
323	18	Mo.	55	35	51	40	47	44	17	7 8	7 17	7 22	7 33	1 7	1 25		
324	19	Tu.	56	35	52	39	48	44	18	8 4	8 11	8 17	8 27	1 45	2 4		
325	20	Wd.	58	34	54	38	49	43	19	9 3	9 9	9 15	9 25	2 27	2 49		
326	21	Th.	6 59	33	55	38	50	42	20	10 5	10 10	10 15	10 24	3 13	3 39		
327	22	Fri.	7 0	33	56	37	51	42	21	11 7	11 11	11 14	11 23	4 6	4 33	Cecilia. ☽ h ☽ . . . h — 5°	
328	23	Sat.	1	32	57	37	52	41	22	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	5 2	5 31	Clement. A.M. tide min. 8.0 ft.	
329	24	S.	2	32	58	36	53	41	23	10	12	15	22	5 58	6 26	26th Sunday after Trinity.	
330	25	Mo.	4	31	6 59	36	54	40	24	1 12	1 13	1 15	1 21	6 54	7 22	Catherine. ☽ h ☽ . . . h — 3°	
331	26	Tu.	5	31	7 0	36	55	40	25	2 16	2 16	2 16	2 22	7 49	8 16		
332	27	Wd.	6	30	1	35	56	39	26	3 20	3 19	3 17	3 23	8 41	9 8		
333	28	Th.	7	30	2	35	57	39	27	4 30	4 27	4 25	4 30	9 33	9 57		
334	29	Fri.	8	29	3	34	58	39	28	5 42	5 38	5 34	5 39	10 20	10 43		
335	30	Sat.	7 9	4 29	7 4	4 34	6 59	4 39	29	6 57	6 52	6 47	6 52	11 4	11 25	Andrew.	

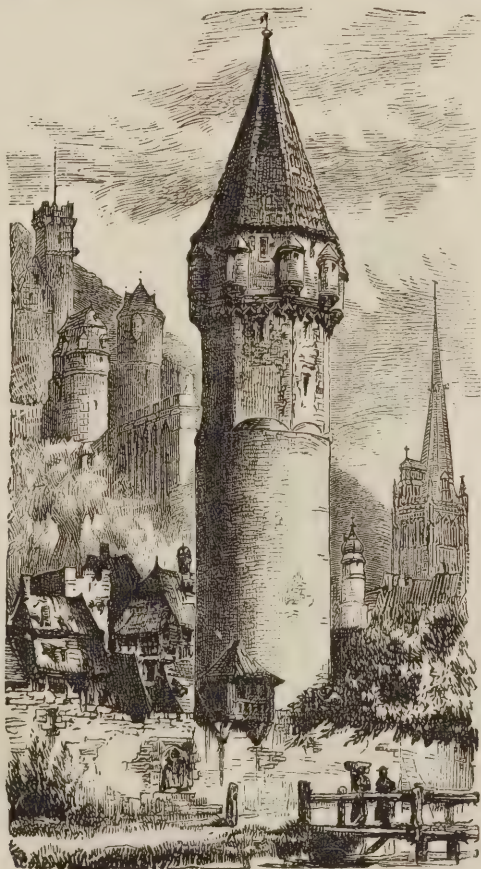
gables, spires, and towers, backed by vine-clad hills (No. 5). The two parts of the town are joined by a fine old bridge with gigantic statues on each pier. The interior view of Wurzburg is somewhat disappointing. White-wash, improvements, and burgermeisters have all lent their aid to rob this fine old city of the Prince Bishops of as much interest as possible. However, fifty years of modern vandalism have not sufficed entirely to destroy the grand monuments of eight centuries, and the numerous churches, hospitals, and convents with which the piety of a former time adorned this town still make it a place of considerable interest to the antiquary or artist.

That part of Wurzburg which lies on the western bank of the river retains the picturesque characteristics of mediæval times far more than the remainder of the city. Close to the bridge is the stone pillar shown in sketch No. 6. It commemorates a deed of violence perpetrated in the year 1558. The story runs thus: A certain knight named Von Krombach made himself conspicuous,



2. CHURCH AT ASCHAFFENBURG.

even in those turbulent days, by his deeds of cruelty and oppression. He was in the habit of waylaying merchants and others as they passed to and from Wurzburg, and shutting them up in



3. WATCH-TOWER AT WERSHIEM.



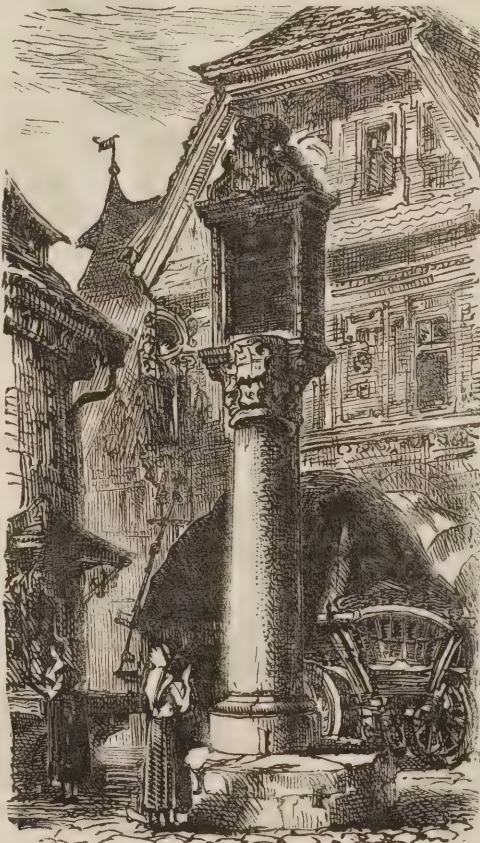
4. STREET OF ZELL.



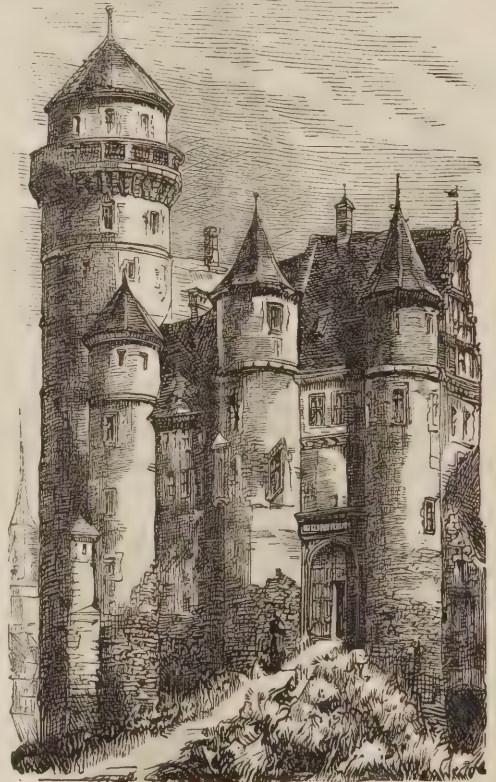
5. THE QUAY, WURZBURG.

his castle at Rimpar, a building still existing in a very perfect condition (sketch No. 7). He had two dungeons; the first was shaped like an inverted basin, with a small aperture at the top to admit the light. In the floor of this apartment was a grating which, when lifted, displays the second and far more fearful dun-

geon. It is thirty feet deep, and has neither loophole nor window to admit air and light. The Prince Bishop of Wurzburg, Melchior von Zobel, took offence at Krombach's atrocities, seized on his house and property in Wurzburg, and forbade him again to enter the town. The robber chief, however, returned by stealth, and shot the bishop as he was going in procession from the castle to the cathedral. The pillar marks the spot where he fell. The valley of the Lahn is one of the most charming districts in all Central Germany, and deserves to be better known by tourists. A fortnight could not be spent more agreeably than in exploring the banks of this beautiful river and the many charming valleys which open into them. The Lahn is very easily approached either by the Rhine or by taking the train from Cologne to Wetzlar, and from thence walking or rowing down the river to Oferlahnstein, a distance of about sixty English miles. There is, however, a railway the whole way for those who can neither walk nor row, and as the line keeps to the banks of the river, the chief beauties of the scenery are all visible from it.



6. ZOBEL'S PILLAR, WURZBURG.



7. CASTLE OF RIMPAR.

At Wetzlar, a large town situated at the junction of the Lahn and the Dill, the tourist is attracted by the fine and still unfinished cathedral standing nobly on the highest ground of the town, and towering above the surrounding houses. The church is of three distinct dates, the old west front, which is of a singular kind of Romanesque architecture, being as early as the eleventh century. The choir is an example of pure thirteenth-century work, and the nave dates from the fourteenth century. The great beauty of the church is the superb south doorway under the tower, of which we give a sketch on page 48. The sculpture with which this doorway is adorned is not surpassed by any in Germany, and it is unfortunate that the artist's name is unknown.

The name of Wetzlar recalls Goethe's novel, "The Sorrows of Werther," for many relics of this love-sick hero and his adored Lotte are to be found in the town. The house where Lotte's "cruel father" lived is still shown, and her piano and work-box are to be seen there. This novel, which once had an immense circulation, is now little read. So much the better, for it is full of false sentiment and worse morality. Beyond Altenburg the scenery of the Lahn becomes more beautiful, and at Weilburg the river is hemmed in between banks nearly two hundred feet high, covered with beechwood, with grand masses of rock projecting from the rich bed of foliage. Crowning an eminence of considerable height stands the castle of Weilburg (No. 10). Until the late war, Weilburg formed the chief residence of the Dukes of Nassau, and was, in fact, their capital. It is not, however, an interesting town, and the large palace or castle, though ancient in part, is an ugly and unpicturesque building. Weilburg is the

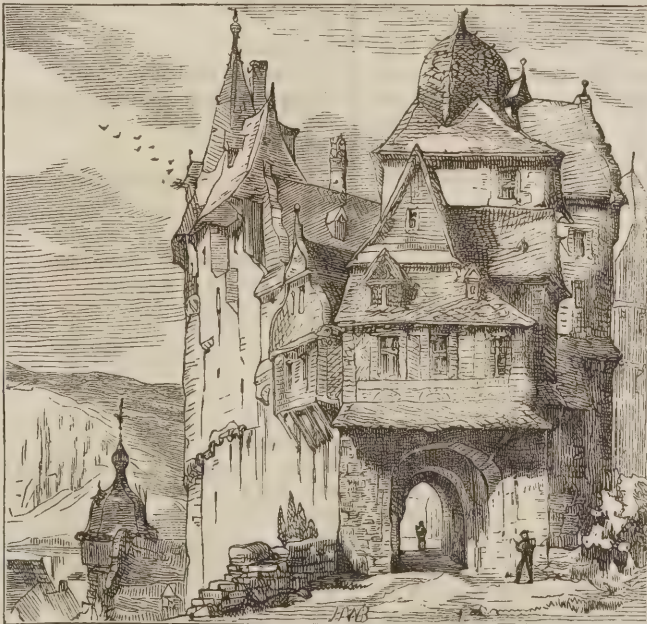


8. CONVENT OF HIMMELSPORTE.

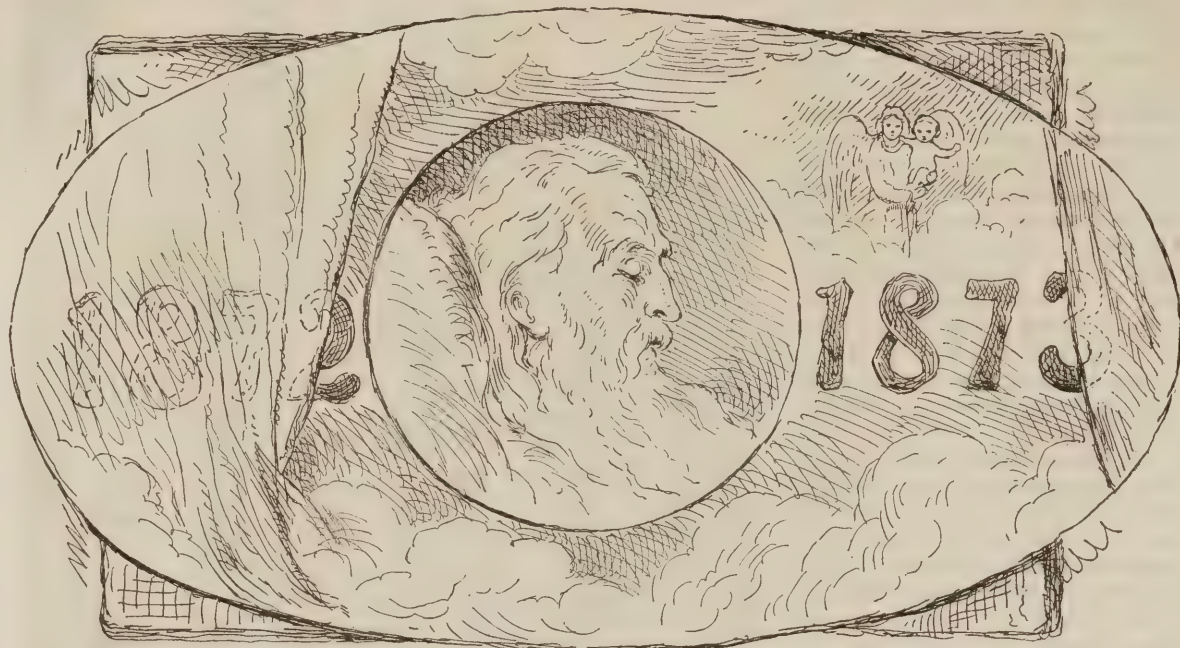
place where the celebrated "monstre" balloon descended, which threw the British public into such a state of excitement in the year 1837. The fact is thus recorded in the "Ingoldsby Legends":—

"Huzza! Huzza! one and eightpence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
They descended at Weilburg, about break of day;
And they 've lent them the palace there during their stay,
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay."

Passing the not picturesque village of Vilmar, one arrives at Runkel, a strange and singularly picturesque old town, with the black walls of a ruined castle frowning down upon it. This castle dates from the thirteenth century, and was the cradle of the Wied family, who founded the principality of Neuwied on the Rhine. The entrance to the castle is remarkably picturesque, and forms the subject of sketch No. 9. The houses here are jammed in between the nearly precipitous rock, upon which the castle stands, and the lofty walls of the town; these latter were so high in the Middle Ages that the place gave rise to a German saying, "In Runkel ist's dunkel." Beyond Runkel the valley of the Lahn becomes much wider and far less bold and interesting, until one arrives at Dietkirchen, where a bold and nearly precipitous rock starts up from the brink of the river, crowned by a very ancient church, portions of which are cut out of the rock itself. It is recorded by an inscription that this church was erected in the year 369; and if any portions of the existing edifice are of that date, — and it is not impossible that the rock-cut crypt may be, — it is the oldest Christian church north of the Alps. A few yards beyond the rock of Dietkirchen the Lahn makes a sudden bend,



9. CASTLE OF RUNKEL.



DECEMBER.

XII Month.]

1872.

[31 Days.

DAY			THE SUN.						THE MOON.					HIGH TIDE.		PHENOMENA.	
of Year.	of Month.	of Week.	Latitude of BOSTON.		Latitude of NEW YORK.		Latitude of WASHINGTON.		WASH- ING- TON. Age at Noon.	BOS- TON. Sets.	NEW YORK. Sets.	WASH- ING- TON. Sets.	SAN FRAN. Sets.	BOSTON.		Moon's Phases.	d. h. m.
			Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.						A.M.	P.M.		d. h. m.
			h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.									
336	1	S.	7 10	4 29	7 5	4 34	7 0	4 39	1	5 14	5 22	5 27	5 39	11 44	—	1st Sunday in Advent.	
337	2	Mo.	11	28	6	33	1	38	2	6 13	6 21	6 26	6 39	6	27	P.M. tide maximum 12.2 feet.	
338	3	Tu.	12	28	7	33	2	38	3	7 22	7 30	7 35	7 47	50	1 12	♂ ♀ ☾...♀+2° ♂ ♀ ☾...♂+4°	
339	4	Wd.	13	28	8	33	3	38	4	8 37	8 43	8 48	9 0	1 37	2 1	♂ ♀ ☾...♀-2°	
340	5	Th.	14	28	9	33	4	38	5	9 55	9 59	10 3	10 13	2 28	2 55		
341	6	Fri.	15	28	10	33	5	38	6	11 11	11 13	11 16	11 25	3 25	3 56	Nicolas.	
342	7	Sat.	16	28	11	33	6	38	7	morn.	morn.	morn.	morn.	4 28	5 1	A.M. tide minimum 9.6 feet.	
343	8	S.	17	28	12	33	7	38	8	23	24	25	33	5 34	6 7	2d Sunday in Advent. C. V. M.	
344	9	Mo.	18	28	13	33	7	38	9	1 33	1 33	1 33	1 39	6 38	7 8		
345	10	Tu.	19	28	14	33	8	38	10	2 42	2 41	2 39	2 45	7 38	8 8		
346	11	Wd.	20	28	15	33	9	39	11	3 51	3 48	3 45	3 50	8 38	9 7	P.M. tide minimum 9.0 feet.	
347	12	Th.	20	28	15	33	10	39	12	4 59	4 55	4 51	4 56	9 34	10 1		
348	13	Fri.	21	29	16	33	10	39	13	6 7	6 1	5 57	6 1	10 25	10 49	Lucy.	
349	14	Sat.	22	29	17	34	11	39	14	7 12	7 6	7 0	7 4	11 9	11 28	A.M. tide maximum 10.9 feet.	
350	15	S.	23	29	18	34	12	40	15	rises.	rises.	rises.	rises.	11 46	—	3d Sunday in Advent.	
351	16	Mo.	23	29	19	34	13	40	16	5 54	6 2	6 7	6 18	5	23	♄ stationary.	
352	17	Tu.	24	29	19	35	13	40	17	6 52	6 58	7 4	7 14	42	1 1		
353	18	Wd.	25	29	20	35	14	40	18	7 53	7 58	8 3	8 13	1 20	1 38		
354	19	Th.	25	30	20	35	14	41	19	8 54	8 59	9 3	9 11	1 58	2 17		
355	20	Fri.	26	31	21	36	15	41	20	9 56	9 59	10 2	10 10	2 38	3 0	♄ ♄ ☾...♄-5°	
356	21	Sat.	26	31	21	36	15	42	21	10 58	11 0	11 2	11 9	3 24	3 52	Thomas.	
357	22	S.	27	32	21	37	16	42	22	12 0	morn.	morn.	morn.	4 19	4 48	4th S. in Advent. A.M. tide min. 8.4 ft.	
358	23	Mo.	27	32	22	38	16	43	23	morn.	0	1	7	5 15	5 42	♄ ♄ ☾...♄-2°	
359	24	Tu.	28	33	22	38	17	44	24	1 3	1 2	1 2	1 7	6 8	6 36		
360	25	Wd.	28	33	23	39	17	44	25	2 8	2 6	2 4	2 9	7 2	7 29	Christmas Day.	
361	26	Th.	28	34	23	39	18	45	26	3 17	3 14	3 11	3 16	7 56	8 24	Stephen.	
362	27	Fri.	29	35	23	40	18	45	27	4 30	4 25	4 21	4 26	8 51	9 19	John.	
363	28	Sat.	29	35	24	41	18	46	28	5 45	5 40	5 34	5 39	9 45	10 11	Innocents.	
364	29	S.	29	36	24	42	19	47	29	7 0	6 52	6 46	6 52	10 32	10 56	1st Sunday after Christmas.	
365	30	Mo.	29	37	24	42	19	47	0	sets.	sets.	sets.	sets.	11 18	11 41	♄ ☾...♂+4°	
366	31	Tu.	7 30	4 38	7 24	4 43	7 19	4 48	1	6 16	6 22	6 28	6 40	—	5	Sylvester. Tide maximum 12.4 ft.	

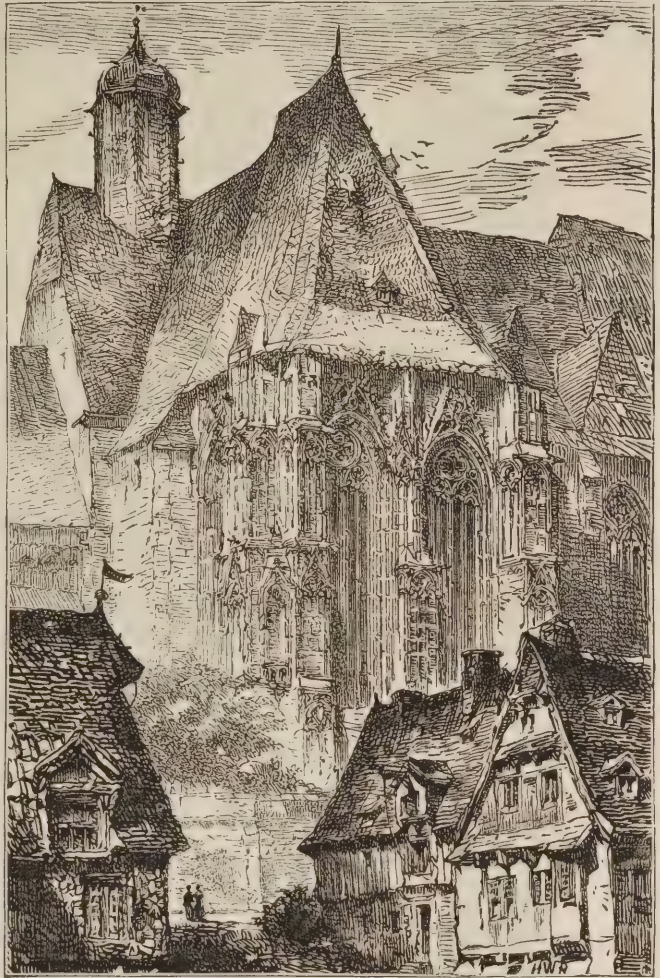
and a most enchanting view presents itself of Limburg, with its cathedral crowned by seven spires, and perched upon a precipitous rock, which rises directly out of the river. The spires of several other churches, and the gaunt gables of its ancient timber houses, rising one above the other, the whole enclosed by lofty hills, form a picture that seems too romantic to be real.

We are not able, in the limits of this article, to give as many of the beauties of this region as we would wish; but if we have succeeded in showing that the Rhine does not monopolize all the beauties of Central Germany, and that the tourist may find himself well repaid in turning aside from the beaten path and exploring for himself, independent of the guide-book, our aim is accomplished.

ON THE SIGHT OF BOYS PLAYING.

EVERY age hath some peculiar contentment. Thus we did, when we were of these years. Methinks I still remember the old fervor of my young pastimes. With what eagerness and passion do they pursue these childish sports! Now that there is a handful of cherry-stones at the stake, how near is that boy's heart to his mouth, for fear of his playfellow's next cast, and how exalted with desire and hope of his own speed! Those great unthrifths, who hazard whole manors upon the dice, cannot expect their chance with more earnestness, or entertain it with more joy or grief.

We cannot but now smile, to think of these poor and foolish pleasures of our childhood. There is no less disdain that the regenerate man conceives of the dearest delights of his natural condition. He was once jolly and jocund, in the fruition of the world. Feasts and revels and games and dalliance were his life; and no man could be happy without these; and scarce any man, but himself; but when once grace hath made him both good and wise, how scornfully doth he look back at these fond felicities of his carnal estate! Now he finds more manly, more divine contentments, and wonders he could be so transported with his former vanity. Pleasures are much accord-



10. CASTLE OF WEILBURG.

ing as they are esteemed: one man's delight is another man's pain. Only spiritual and heavenly things can settle and satiate the heart, with full and firm contentation. — BISHOP HALL.

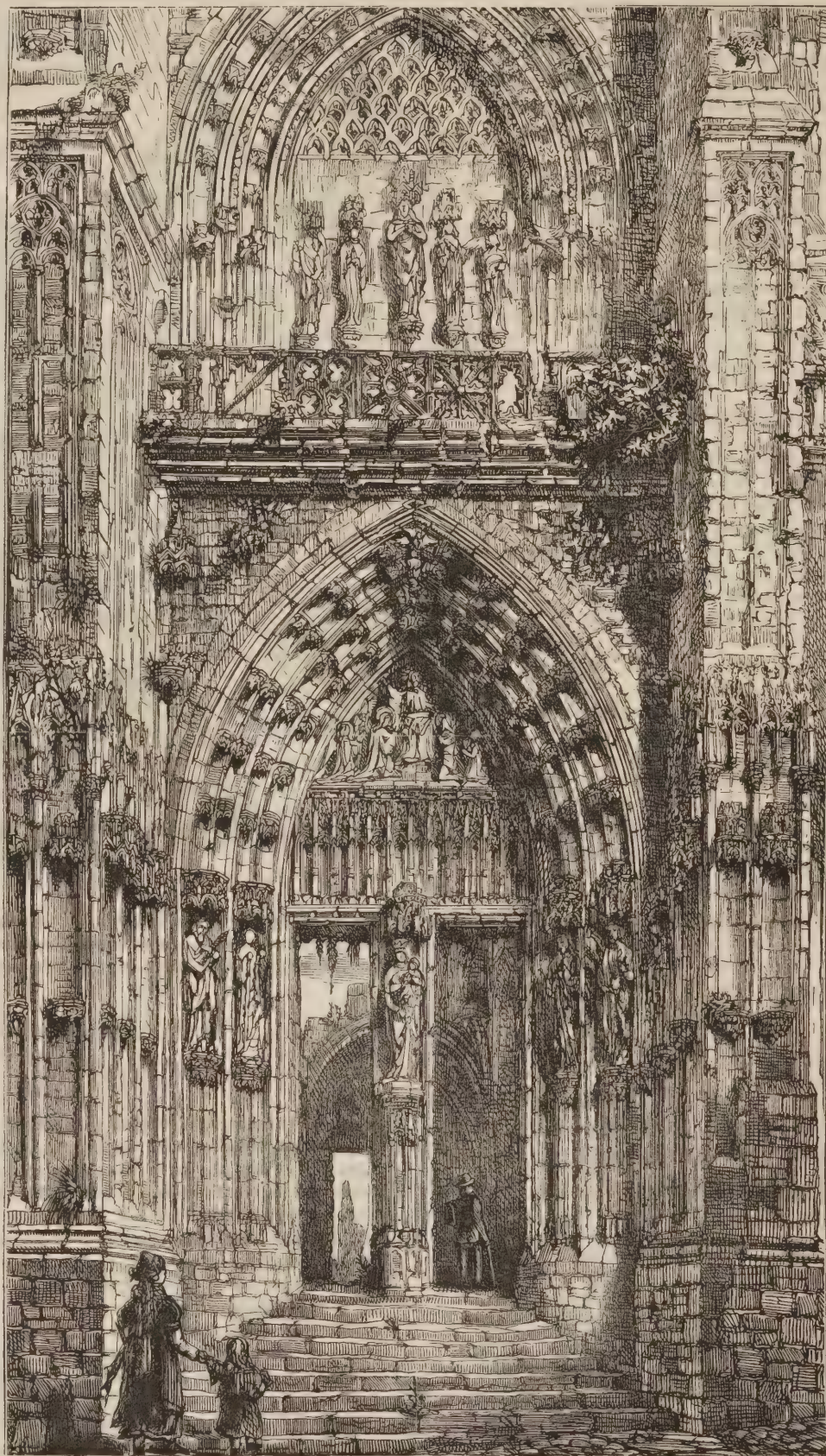


11. DIETKERCHEN.

COWSLIPS.

A COUNTRY girl, the other day, expressed her astonishment that ladies could see anything to admire in cowslips. Now, here was an instance of the familiarity that breeds contempt. Cowslips are among the most elegant of the spring flowers. They look, with those pretty sleeves of theirs, like ladies themselves in their morning-dresses. But the country girl had been accustomed to see whole fields of them, and to associate them with wet and mire, and Farmer Higgins.

Shakespeare mentions cowslips seven times, primroses just as often, and violets fourteen. He says nothing of anemones or hyacinths. I gather this from Mrs. Clarke's "Concordance"; which, besides being admirably what it professes to be, suggests curious speculations as to the greater or less likings of Shakespeare, his habitual associations of ideas, etc.; and it might be made subservient to interesting inquiries on those subjects.



SOUTH PORTAL, WETZLAR CATHEDRAL.

THE CHEST OF CIGARS.

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

[As this clever little story is told by the reader's old acquaintance, the redoubtable Major, or, as he is now called, General Gahagan, it is of course amusingly improbable in plot and delightfully contradictory in many of its details. "The Chest of Cigars" is not included in any English or American edition of Thackeray's writings.]

"Not smoke?" said the gentleman near me.

We had the honor of drinking at my Lord Hobanob's, who "smokes" after dinner, as all the world knows. The person who spoke was called the General by the company assembled. "Not smoke?" says he.

"Why—I—that is—what would Mrs. Candle say?" replied I, with a faint effort to be pleasant; "for the fact is, though my wife does n't like cigars, I was once very fond of them."

"Is your lady a sentimental woman?" said the General.

"Extremely sentimental."

"Of a delicate turn?"

"Very much so; this is the first time I have been permitted—I mean that I have had any wish to dine out since my marriage," said the reader's humble servant.

"If I can prove to her that the happiness of a virtuous family was secured by cigars, that an admirable woman was saved from ruin by smoking, that a worthy man might have been driven to suicide but for Havanas,—do you think, sir, that *then* the respected lady who owns you would alter her opinion regarding the immorality of smoking?" And so saying, the General handed me his box, and sent a puff so fragrant into my face, that I must own I took a cigar as he commenced his romantic tale in the following words:—

"When our army was in Holland, in the time of the lamented Duke of York; the 56th Hussars (Queen Charlotte's Own Slashers, as we were called from our tremendous ferocity) were quartered in the romantic vicinity of Vaterzowehy. A more gallant regiment never fought, conquered, or ran away, and we did all in that campaign. A better fellow than our colonel never existed; a dearer friend than Frederick Fantail, who was lieutenant in the troop I had the honor to command, mortal never had!"

Here my informant the General's fine eye (for he had but one remaining) filled with tears, and he gave a deep sigh through the lung which had not been perforated at the battle of Salamanca.

"Fantail had one consuming passion besides military glory,—this was smoking. His pipe was never out of his lips from morning till night. Till night! What did I say? He never went to bed without this horrible companion; and I have seen this misguided young man seated on a barrel of gunpowder in the batteries, smoking as calmly as if death were not close under his coat-tails.

"To these two passions my friend speedily added another,—a love for the charming daughter of Burgomaster von Slaffenbroch, whom he met one day in his rambles.

"I should never probably have remarked her, Goliah," he would say to me, "but for the circumstance that her father smoked a peculiar fine canaster. I longed to know him from that circumstance; and as he always moved about with his pipe and his daughter, from getting to admire one I began to appreciate the other, and soon Amelia occupied my whole soul. My figure and person's beauty soon attracted her attention.

"In fact,
She saw and loved me; who could resist
Frederick Fantail?"

"Amelia, sir, soon became Mrs. Fantail; but I shall spare you the details of the courtship at which I was not present; for hav-

ing at the battle of Squelterslugs (so creditable to our arms) had the good fortune to run through a French field-marshal and to receive a wound in the knee-pan, I was ordered home with the account of the victory, to lay the baton I had taken at the feet of my sovereign, and to have my left leg amputated by the late eminent Sir Everard Hoome. 'T was whilst recovering from this little accident, that my friend, Fred Fantail, wooed and won his Amelia.

"Of course he described her in his letters as everything a heart could wish; but I found, on visiting his relations in Baker Street, that she was by no means what *they* could wish. When I mentioned the name of his son, the brow of Sir Augustus Fantail grew black as thunder. Her ladyship looked sad and faint; Anna Maria turned her lovely, imploring eyes upon me, beseeching me to silence, and I saw a gleam of fiendish satisfaction twinkling in the mean green squinters of Simon Fantail, Fred's younger brother, which plainly seemed to say, 'Fred is disinherited, I shall come in for the £300,000 now.' Sir Augustus had that sum in the family, and was, as you all know, an eminent city man.

"I learned from the lovely Anna Maria (in the embrasure of the drawing-room window, whither *somehow* we retired for a little conversation which does not concern you), I learned that Sir Augustus's chief rage against Fred arose from his having married the daughter of a Dutch sugar-baker. As the knight had been a dry-salter himself, he would not overlook this insult to his family, and vowed he would cut off forever the child who had so dishonored him.

"Nor was this all.

"O Major," said Anna Maria to me, putting into my hands a little purse, containing the amount of all her savings, 'give him—give him this. My poor Frederick wants money. He *ran away with Amelia*; how could they do such a naughty, naughty thing? He has left the army. Her father has discarded her; and I fear they are starving.'

"Here the dear child's beautiful hayacinthine eyes filled with tears. She held out her little hand with the little purse. I took one—both; I covered the one with kisses, and putting the other into my bosom, I promised to deliver it to the person for whom its affectionate owner intended it.

"Did I do so? No! I kept that precious relic with thirteen little golden guineas twinkling in its meshes; I wore it long, long, in my heart of hearts, under my waistcoat of waistcoats; and as for Fred, I sent him an order on Cox and Greenwood for five hundred pounds, as the books of that house will show.

"I did more than this; knowing his partiality for cigars, I bought two thousand of the best from Davis in the Quadrant, and despatched them to my poor friend.

"A wife," said I, 'is a good companion, no doubt; but why should he not,' I added, sportively, 'have Dos AMIGOS too in his troubles?'

"Davis did not laugh at this joke, not understanding Spanish; but you, my dear friend, I have no doubt, will at once perceive its admirable point.

"Thus it stood then. Amelia was disinherited for running away with Fred; Fred was discarded for running away with Amelia. They were penniless. What could my thousand do for a fellow in the 56th Hussars, where our yearly mess bill comes to twelve hundred pounds, and our undress boots cost ninety-three guineas a pair? You are incredulous? I have Hoby's bills, sir, and you can see them any day you call in Grosvenor Square.

"To proceed. My imprudent friend was married; and was, as I suspect you are yourself, sir, henpecked. My present of cigars was flung aside as useless. I got letters from Fred, saying that his Amelia was a mighty fine lady; that though she had been bred up in a tobacco warehouse all her life, she abominated cigars;

in fine, that he had given up the practice altogether. My little loan of a couple of thousand served to keep them going for some time, and they dashed on as if there was no end to that small sum. *Ruin* ensued, sir, but I knew not of the misfortunes of my friend. I was abroad, sir, serving my sovereign in the West Indies, where I had the yellow-fever seventeen times.

"Soldiers are bad correspondents, sir. I did not write to Fred Fantail or hear of him, except through a brother-officer, Major de Boots, of ours, who joined us in the West Indies, and who told me the sad news. Fred had incurred debts of course,—sold out,—gone to pieces; 'and fanthy my dithgutht, my dear cweature,' said De Boots (you don't know him? he lisps confoundedly), 'at finding Fwed at Bwighton giving lethonth in drawing, and hith wife, because she wath a Dutchwoman, teaching Fwench! The fellow wanted to borrow money of me.'

"And you gave him some, I hope, De Boots," said I.

"Not thickpenth, by jingo," said the heartless hussar, whom I called out the next morning and shot for his want of feeling.

"I returned to England to recruit my strength, which had been somewhat exhausted by the repeated attacks of fever, and one day as I was taking a tumbler at the great pump-room, Cheltenham, imagine, sir, my astonishment when an enormously stout lady, with yellow hair and a pea-green satin dress, came up to me, gazed hard for a moment, gave an hysteric juggle in her throat, and flung her arms round my neck! I have led ninety-eight forlorn hopes, sir, but I give you my honor I never was so flustered as by this tremendous phenomenon.

"For Heaven's sake, madam," said I, 'calm yourself. Don't scream; let me go. Who are you?'

"O my *bresairfer*!" said the lady, still screeching, and in a foreign accent. 'Don't you know me? I am Amelia Vandail.'

"Amelia Vandale," says I, more perplexed than ever.

"Amelia von Saffenbroch dat vas: your friend Vrederic's wife. I am *stouder* now dan when I knew you in Holland!'

"Stouder, indeed! I believe she *was* stouter! She was sixteen stone, or sixteen ten, if she weighed a pound. I got her off my shoulders and led her to a chair. Presently her husband joined us, and I need not tell you the warmth of my meeting with my old friend.

"But what," said I to Fantail, 'procured me such a warm greeting from your lovely lady?'

"Don't you know that you are our benefactor,—our blessing,—the cause of our prosperity?'

"O, the five thousand pounds!" said I. 'A mere bagatelle.'

"No, my dearest friend, it was not your money but your cigars saved us. You know what a fine lady my wife was when we were first married, and to what straits our mutual imprudence soon drove us! Who would have thought that the superb Mrs. Fantail, who was so fine that she would not allow her husband to smoke a cigar, should be brought so low as to be obliged to sing in the public streets for bread?—that the dashing Fred Fantail should be so debased by poverty as' (here my friend's noble features assumed an expression of horrible agony) 'to turn a mangle, sir?'

"But away with these withering recollections," continued Fred. 'We were so poor, so wretched, that we resolved on suicide. My wife and I determined to fling ourselves off Waterloo Bridge, and kissing our nine innocent babes as they slumbered, hastened wildly thither from the New Cut, Lambeth, where we were residing, but forgot we had no money to pay the toll: we were forced to come back, to pass our door again, and we determined to see the dear ones once more, and then—away to Westminster!'

"There was a smell—a smell of tobacco issuing from the door of our humble hut as we came up. 'Good heavens! Mealy,' said I to my beloved one, as we arrived at the door, and the

thought flashed across me, 'there is still hope,—still something left,—the cigars I received as a gift on my marriage. I had forgot them. They are admirable! they will sell for gold!' And I hugged the innocent partner of my sufferings to my bosom. 'Thou wert thinner then, dearest, than thou art now,' said Fantail, with a glance of ineffable affection towards his lady.

"Well, sir, what do you think those cigars were worth to me?" continued he.

"I gave forty pounds for them; say you sold them for twenty.'

"Twenty! my dear fellow, no! Those cigars were worth SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS to me, as you shall hear. I said there was a smell of cigar-smoke issuing from our humble cot; and why? Because somebody was smoking cigars. And who was that somebody? Amelia's father, the burgomaster, von Saffenbroch. His heart had partially relented towards his only child. He determined to see her. He found out our wretched abode in our absence; saw our unconscious infants sleeping there, huddled on the straw in the desolate chamber. The only article of furniture left *was your chest of cigars*. Von Saffenbroch opened it, tried one, 't was excellent; a second, delicious! a third,—his daughter entered,—the father and the tobacconist melted at once, and as she fainted in his arms he was reconciled to us forever!'

"The rest of Fantail's story, my dear sir, you may easily imagine. Directly they heard in Baker Street that the Dutchman had pardoned his daughter, and given her his fortune, of course old Fantail came down with his, and disinherited that squinting traitor, Simon. 'And, my dear fellow,' said Fred, 'if you will drive down with me to Fantail Castle, I will pay you the ten thousand pounds you lent me, and introduce you to a lady, my sister Anna Maria, who is very, *very* anxious to renew her acquaintance with you.'

"That lady is now my wife, sir," the General said, getting up to go away; "and *she* never objects to smoking."

"Who is the General?" said I to our host, when the teller of the above singular story had left the room.

"Don't you know him?" replied my Lord Hobanob, with a smile; "you may believe every word he says. That is General Sir Goliah Gahagan."

LOCKED IN.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

REMEMBER! has a pleasant gust
To kindest friends, and yet
I've done some follies that I trust
My kindest friends forget.
It did not seem absurd when one
Was juvenile and jolly,
To love the primrose paths of fun,
And freaks of graceful folly.

I mind me when, a winter keen,
Some cherry maidens hied
To dress the church with emblems green
For merry Christmas-tide:
With ivy, bloom, and precept rare,
That set dull people smiling,—
The girls were fair, and One was there,
A dimpled little darling.

She climbed, she wreathed the holly bright;
I held that climber small:



LOCKED IN. — (See the Poem.)

I even held her rather tight,
For fear that she should fall.
A dozen girls were chirping round,
Like five-and-twenty linnets —
I must have held her, I'll be bound,
Some five-and-twenty minutes.

Day wanes ; the chirpers leave the church,
They bang and lock the door.
" Our friends have left us in the lurch,"
" Then you must work the more !"
It seemed so nice to be so bid,
And, while she decked the pulpit,
I kissed her on the stairs, I did —
And twice ! I could n't help it.

An angel woe then filled her eyes,
And I collapsed ! and then
The rector brought (with kind surprise !)
The keys. That best of men.
Just fancy ! I soon found that she
(My pet !) was his " intended !"
He's civil still, which means that he
Was not the least offended.

Heigh-ho ! they 're wed. The cards are dealt,
My frolic games are o'er ;
I've laughed, and fooled, and loved. I've felt —
As I shall feel no more !
We met at church. My dimpled miss
Is quite a stately dame now ;
I hope that she forgets my kiss, —
I quite forget her name now !

LOCKED OUT.

By HENRY S. LEIGH.

FLORRY FARRINGTON tries to remember
The party at Mrs. Devaux's,
When — the very last night of December —
She danced the old year to its close.
If the sketch that her memory traces
Be wanting in many respects,
There are two or three figures and faces
Miss Farrington quite recollects.

It was not your conventional party,
At which all your guests have agreed
To look pleasant, and happy, and hearty,
And rarely, if ever, succeed :
Where a great many talk *à la* Tupper,
And one or two sing *à la* Vance ;
Where a somebody takes you to supper,
And several take you to dance.

Florry Farrington feels in a passion
With all pretty people who dress
In the very tiptop of the fashion,
To talk about nothing, or less.
Though you 'll think her a shade misanthropic,
Perhaps she may venture to say,
That the weather is *not* the true topic
To give a man's intellect play.

But at Mrs. Devaux's was a greeting
As warm as could gladden one's heart :
Among friends that had smiles for their meeting,
And friends that were sorry to part.
And the dancers ! O, as for the dancers,
They danced through a volume and more ;
From the last pretty waltz to the " Lancers,"
And, once and again, an *encore*.

There were pretty good partners in plenty
For every conceivable set :
But a couple, at least, of her twenty,
Miss Farrington *cannot* forget.
If the former's quadrilling went slowly,
The latter's a little too fast :
She cannot pardon the first of them wholly,
And grant a reprieve to the last.

Sixty-nine saw its monarchy finished
And Seventy reigning instead,
Ere the company slowly diminished,
And the folks began dreaming of bed.
In December the mornings are chilly :
Miss Florry went homeward at three,
To discover that Fred, like a silly,
Had somehow — forgotten the key !

MEMOIR OF THE CATS OF GRETA HALL.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[We are rather suspicious of those who proscribe and speak evil of the familiar household cat. We are pretty sure that little Johnny Green, who put poor puss in the well, was not only a very naughty boy, as dear old Mother Goose says or sings, but made a bad and cruel man, who was in no danger of being drowned. Were you to search into the secret history of the boyhood of the tyrants and oppressors of the world, you would probably find that they loved to torment and kill the neighbors' cats. Nothing that we have read of Dr. Johnson ever impressed us more in his favor than what Madame Piozzi tells us of his kindness to his cat Hodge : " When the creature was grown sick and old, and could eat nothing but oysters, Mr. Johnson always went out himself to buy Hodge's dinner." The Doctor would have loved Robert Southey, not because he was a Tory and a Churchman, but for his attachment to the feline race. Southey loved to see his cats look plump and healthy, and tried to make them comfortable and happy. When they were ill he had them carefully nursed by " the ladies of the kitchen," and doctored by the Keswick apothecary. Indeed, cats and kittens were so petted and fondled at Greta Hall, by old and young, that Southey sometimes called the place " Cats' Eden." In a letter to one of his cat-loving friends, he says that " a home is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three year old, and a kitten rising six weeks." Southey, in the following memorial, gives such truthful and impartial biographies of his rat-catching friends, that he deserves to be known and admired as the Plutarch of cats. The " Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall " were originally published with the posthumous fragments of " The Doctor," a part of the " unique opus " not reprinted in America.]

FORASMUCH, most excellent Edith May, as you must always feel a natural and becoming concern in whatever relates to the house wherein you were born, and in which the first part of your life has thus far so happily been spent, I have, for your instruction and delight, composed these Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall ; to the end that the memory of such worthy animals may not perish, but be held in deserved honor by my children, and those who shall come after them. And let me not be supposed unmindful of Beelzebub of Bath, and Senhor Thomas de Lisboa, that I have not gone back to an earlier period, and included them in my design. Far be it from me to intend any injury or disrespect to their shades ! Opportunity of doing justice to their virtues



LOCKED OUT. — (See the Poem.)

will not be wanting at some future time, but for the present I must confine myself within the limits of these precincts.

In the autumn of the year 1803, when I entered upon this place of abode, I found the hearth in possession of two cats, whom my nephew, Hartley Coleridge (then in the seventh year of his age), had named Lord Nelson and Bona Marietta. The former, as the name implies, was of the worthier gender; it is decidedly so in cats as in grammar and in law. He was an ugly specimen of the streaked-carrotty, or Judas-colored kind, which is one of the ugliest varieties. But *nimium ne crede colori*. In spite of his complexion, there was nothing treacherous about him. He was altogether a good cat, affectionate, vigilant, and brave; and for services performed against the rats, was deservedly raised in succession to the rank of Baron Viscount, and Earl. He lived to a good old age; and then, being quite helpless and miserable, was, in mercy, thrown into the river. I had more than once interfered to save him from this fate; but it became at length plainly an act of compassion to consent to it. And here let me observe, that in a world wherein death is necessary, the law of nature, by which one creature preys upon another, is a law of mercy; not only because death is thus made instrumental to life, and more life exists in consequence, but also because it is better for the creatures themselves to be cut off suddenly, than to perish by disease or hunger; for these are the only alternatives.

There are still some of Lord Nelson's descendants in the town of Keswick. Two of the family were handsomer than I should have supposed any cats of this complexion could have been; but their fur was fine, the color a rich carrot, and the striping like that of the finest tiger or tabby kind. I named one of them William Rufus; the other Danagre le Roux, after a personage in the romance of Gyron le Courtogs.

Bona Marietta was the mother of Bona Fidelia, so named by my nephew aforesaid. Bona Fidelia was a tortoise-shell cat. She was filiated upon Lord Nelson, others of the same litter having borne the unequivocal stamp of his likeness. It was in her good qualities that she resembled him, for in truth her name rightly bespoke her nature. She approached as nearly as possible, in disposition, to the ideal of a perfect cat; he who supposes that animals have not their difference of disposition as well as men, knows very little of animal nature. Having survived her daughter, Madam Catalani, she died of extreme old age, universally esteemed and regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Bona Fidelia left a daughter and a granddaughter; the former I called Madam Bianchi; the latter, Pulcheria. It was impossible ever to familiarize Madam Bianchi, though she had been bred up in all respects like her gentle mother, in the same place, and with the same persons. The nonsense of that arch-philosophist, Helvetius, would be sufficiently confuted by this single example, if such rank folly, contradicted as it is by the experience of every family, needed confutation. She was a beautiful and singular creature, white, with a fine tabby tail, and two or three spots of tabby, always delicately clean; and her wild eyes were bright and green as the Duchess de Cadaval's emerald necklace. Pulcheria did not correspond, as she grew up, to the promise of her kittenhood and her name; but she was as fond as her mother was shy and intractable. Their fate was extraordinary as well as mournful. When good old Mrs. Wilson died, who used to feed and indulge them, they immediately forsook the house, nor could they be allured to enter it again, though they continued to wander and mourn around it, and came for food. After some weeks Madam Bianchi disappeared, and Pulcheria soon afterwards died of a disease endemic at that time among cats.

For a considerable time afterwards an evil fortune attended all our attempts at re-establishing a cattery. Ovid disappeared, and

Virgil died of some miserable distemper. You and your cousin are answerable for these names; the reasons which I could find for them were, in the former case, the satisfactory one that the said Ovid might be presumed to be a master in the art of love; and in the latter, the probable one that something like Ma-ro might be detected in the said Virgil's notes of courtship. There was poor Othello, most properly named, for black he was, and jealous undoubtedly he would have been, but he in his kittenship followed Miss Wilbraham into the street, and there, in all likelihood, came to an untimely end. There was the Zombi (I leave the commentators to explain that title, and refer them to my History of Brazil to do it); his marvellous story was recorded in a letter to Bedford, and after that adventure he vanished. There was Prestor John, who turned out not to be of John's gender, and therefore had the name altered to Pope Joan. The Pope, I am afraid, came to a death of which other popes have died. I suspect that some poison which the rats had turned out of their holes proved fatal to their enemy. For some time I feared we were at the end of our cat-a-logue; but at last Fortune, as if to make amends for her late severity, sent us two at once, — the never-to-be-enough-praised Rumpelstilzchen, and the equally-to-be-admired Hurlyburlybuss.

And "first for the first of these," as my huge favorite, and almost namesake, Robert South, says in his sermons.

When the Midgeleys went away from the next house, they left this creature to our hospitality, cats being the least movable of all animals, because of their strong local predilections; they are indeed, in a domesticated state, the serfs of the animal creation, and properly attached to the soil. The change was gradually, and therefore easily, brought about, for he was already acquainted with the children and with me; and having the same precincts to prowl in, was hardly sensible of any other difference in his condition than that of obtaining a name, for when he was assigned to us he was an anonymous cat; and I having just related at breakfast, with universal applause, the story of Rumpelstilzchen from a German tale in Grimm's Collection, gave him that strange and magnisonant appellation; to which, upon its being ascertained that he came when a kitten from a bailiff's house, I added the patronymic of Macbum. Such is his history; his character may, with most propriety, be introduced after the manner of Plutarch's parallels, when I shall have given some previous account of his great compeer and rival, Hurlyburlybuss; that name also is of Germanic and Grimmish extraction.

Whence Hurlyburlybuss came was a mystery when you departed from the Land of Lakes, and a mystery it long remained. He appeared here, as Mungo Copac did in Peru, and Quetzalcohuatl among the Aztecas, no one knew from whence. He made himself acquainted with all the philofelists of the family, attaching himself more particularly to Mrs. Lovell; but he never attempted to enter the house, frequently disappeared for days, and once, since my return, for so long a time that he was actually believed to be dead, and veritably lamented as such. The wonder was whither did he retire at such times, and to whom did he belong; for neither I in my daily walks, nor the children, nor any of the servants, ever by any chance saw him anywhere except in our own domain. There was something so mysterious in this, that in old times it might have excited strong suspicion, and he would have been in danger of passing for a witch in disguise, or a familiar. The mystery, however, was solved about four weeks ago, when, as we were returning from a walk up the Greta, Isabel saw him on his transit across the road and the wall from Shulicrow, in a direction towards the Hill. But to this day we are ignorant who has the honor to be his owner in the eye of the law; and the owner is equally ignorant of the high favor in which Hurlyburlybuss is held, of the heroic name which he has obtained,



WAITING FOR DINNER.

and that his fame has extended far and wide, even unto Norwich in the east, and Escott and Crediton and Kellerton in the west; yea, that with Rumpelstilzchen he has been celebrated in song, by some hitherto undiscovered poet, and that his glory will go down to future generations.

The strong enmity which unhappily subsists between these otherwise gentle and most amiable cats is not unknown to you. Let it be imputed, as in justice it ought, not to their individual characters (for cats have characters, and for the benefit of philosophy, as well as *felisophy*, this truth ought generally to be

known), but to the constitution of cat nature,—an original sin, or an original necessity, which may be only another mode of expressing the same thing.

“Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one purlier brook a double reign
Of Hurlyburlybuss and Rumpelstilzchen.

When you left us, the result of many a fierce conflict was, that Hurly remained master of the green and garden, and the whole of the out-of-door premises; Rumpel always upon appearance of his victorious enemy retiring into the house as a citadel or sanctuary. The conqueror was, perhaps, in part indebted for this superiority to his hardier habits of life, living always in the open air, and providing for himself; while Rumpel (who, though born under a bumbailiff's roof, was nevertheless kitted with a silver spoon in his mouth) passed his hours in luxurious repose beside the fire, and looked for his meals as punctually as any two-legged member of the family. Yet I believe that the advantage on Hurly's side is in a great degree constitutional also, and that his superior courage arises from a confidence in his superior strength, which, as you well know, is visible in his make. What Burto and Mario Rosa used to say of my poor Thomaz, that he was *muito fidalgo*, is true of Rumpelstilzchen, his countenance, deportment, and behavior being such that he is truly a gentleman-like Tom-cat. Far be it from me to praise him beyond his deserts; he is not beautiful, the mixture, tabby and white, is not good (except under very favorable combinations), and the tabby is not good of its kind. Nevertheless he is a fine cat, handsome enough for his sex, large, well made, with good features, and an intelligent countenance, and carrying a splendid tail, which in cats and dogs is undoubtedly the seat of honor. His eyes, which are soft and expressive, are of a hue between chrysolite and emerald. Hurlyburlybuss's are between chrysolite and topaz. Which may be the more esteemed shade for the *olho de gato* I am not lapidary enough to decide. You should ask my uncle. But both are of the finest water. In all his other features Hurly must yield the palm, and in form also; he has no pretensions to elegance, his size is ordinary, and his figure bad; but the character of his face and neck are so masculine, that the Chinese, who use the word “bull” as synonymous with “male,” and call a boy a bull-child, might with great propriety denominate him a bull-cat. His make evinces such decided marks of strength and courage, that if cat-fighting were as fashionable as cock-fighting, no cat would stand a fairer chance for winning a Welsh main. He would become as famous as the dog Billy himself, whom I look upon as the most distinguished character that has appeared since Bonaparte.

Some weeks ago Hurlyburlybuss was manifestly emaciated and enfeebled by ill-health, and Rumpelstilzchen, with great magnanimity, made overtures of peace. The whole progress of the treaty was seen from the parlor window. The caution with which Rumpel made his advances, the sullen dignity with which they were received, their mutual uneasiness when Rumpel, after a slow and wary approach, seated himself whisker to whisker with his rival, the mutual fear which restrained not only teeth and claws, but even all tones of defiance, the mutual agitation of their tails, which, though they did not expand with anger, could not be kept still for suspense, and lastly, the manner in which Hurly retreated, like Ajax, still keeping his face toward his old antagonist, were worthy to have been represented by that painter who was called the Raffaele of Cats. The overture, I fear, was not accepted as generously as it was made; for no sooner had Hurlyburlybuss recovered strength, than hostilities were recommenced with greater violence than ever; Rumpel, who had not abused his superiority while he possessed it, had acquired meantime a confidence which made him keep the field. Dreadful were the combats which en-

sued, as their ears, faces, and legs bore witness. Rumpel had a wound which went through one of his feet. The result has been so far in his favor that he no longer seeks to avoid his enemy; and we are often compelled to interfere and separate them. O, it is awful to hear the “dreadful note of preparation” with which they prelude their encounters!—the long, low growl slowly rises and swells till it becomes a high, sharp growl,—and then it is snapped short by a sound which seems as if they were spitting fire and venom at each other. I could half persuade myself that the word “felonious” is derived from feline temper as displayed at such times. All means of reconciling them and making them understand how goodly a thing it is for cats to dwell together in peace, and what fools they are to quarrel and tear each other, are vain. The proceedings of the Society for the Abolition of War are not more utterly ineffectual and hopeless.

All we can do is to act more impartially than the gods did between Achilles and Hector, and continue to treat both with equal regard.

And thus having brought down these Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall to the present day, I commit the precious memorial to your keeping, and remain,

Most dissipated and light-heeled daughter,

Your most diligent and light-hearted father.

KESWICK, 18 June, 1824.

NOTE.

Perhaps the reader would like to know the subsequent history of one of these remarkable cats. Southey says, in a letter dated January 18, 1825:—

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Sorry am I to inform you of the illness of his Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl of Tomlemange, Baron Raticide, Warnhler, and Skratsch. His Serene Highness is afflicted with the mange. One of the ladies of the kitchen first perceived that he was not in health; and as none of the king's physicians were within reach, they consulted John Edmandson, who, upon hearing the case, pronounced an unfavorable opinion, saying it was a disorder from which few recovered. Acting, however, upon the maxim which, as you may remember, Gris exhibited in golden letters opposite to his rival's door, “*Dum rita spes*,” the son of Edmonds prescribed for his Serene Highness that he was to be rubbed with a certain mixture, and take daily a certain quantity of brimstone; and it was thought, after much consideration, that this brimstone could best be taken in boluses, four at a time, each containing about as much as twelve pills. The physicians would think his Serene Highness an ugly patient, for he has no faith in physic, and he gives no fees, to say nothing of the risk which there is in feeling his pulse. The ladies of the kitchen, however, are so interested in his welfare, that they have taken upon themselves the arduous task of administering the medicine; which is a matter of great difficulty and some danger, for his Serene Highness rebels against it strongly. Madam Betty takes him on her lap, and holds his head; Madam Hannah stands ready with a bolus, which is inserted when he opens his mouth for a mournful mew.” . . .

The treatment was attended with success, and the patient recovered, and lived till May 18, 1833. Rumpel's death is recorded in a letter to Southey's old friend Grosvenor C. Bedford, who “understood more of cat nature than has ever been attained by the most profound naturalists”:—

“Alas, Grosvenor, this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. . . . There should be a court mourning in catland, and if the Dragon (a cat of Mr. Bedford's) wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape *à la militaire* round one of the fore-paws, it will be but a becoming mark of respect.

“As we have no catacombs here, he is to be decently interred in the orchard, and catnip planted on his grave. Poor creature,

it is well that he has thus come to his end, after he had become an object of pity. I believe we are each and all, servants included, more sorry for his loss, or rather more affected by it, than any one of us would like to confess."

Zombi, the name of one of the cats mentioned in the "Memoirs," is the title of the chief of the Palmares negroes. See History of Brazil, Vol. III. p. 24.

WHAT IS AN ALBUM?

"At the present day," says Tom Hood the elder, in a pleasant but forgotten paper, "when every fine lady has an equally fine album, and inexorably levies contributions from each of her fine acquaintance, it is dangerous to appear in the drawing-room, unless duly victualled and crammed with elaborately prepared *impromptus*, and carefully finished fragments, ready for adorning 'the virgin page.' (I don't mean the button-boy.) The fair one's good word for you may depend on your own *bon mot*, and a judicious *jeu d'esprit* may give you a *locus standi* among the gownsfolk before all the senior wranglers of the season. You had better forget your card-case than your scrap-case; and to be prepared with a new bit of scandal is less important than to be primed and loaded with a brilliant 'pellet of the brain' for the album." So many gay and gaudy scrap-books found their way to the Cumberland Mountains, soliciting contributions from the lake poets, that Southey proposed to Wordsworth that they should institute a society for the suppression of albums. Perhaps the bard of Rydal Mount looked favorably upon the project; perhaps he frowned it down to please his daughter, Dora, who had an album of her own, and easily induced Lamb, Landor, Scott, Barton, and other men of rhyme to write therein. Indeed, one of Southey's own daughters had a fine London album, which was enriched with graceful trifles by her good-natured father and his literary friends.

And Southey's great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, also at one time proposed to form an anti-album society. We found this passage concerning the subject in his private diary: "John Lockhart, Anne, and I am to raise a Society for the suppression of albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity. Sir, your autograph,—a line of poetry,—or a prose sentence! Among all the sprawling sonnets and blotted trumpery that dishonors these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment."

John Wilson seems to have been fearfully bothered and bored by the Anna Matildas and the fairy Lillians, begging songs and sonnets for their scrap-books, and, in the "Noctes," he puts into the mouth of Christopher North a lively and characteristic description of the age of albums,—an age that has passed or is passing away:—

"North. Albums! James, these compendiums of wit and wisdom have become the greatest nuisances of all civilized society.

"Shepherd. Tuts, man; what ails ye at albums?

"North. They have broken that confidence between man and woman, which, in our young day, used to form the delights of an acquaintance with an amiable and accomplished female. In those happy times, how often have we sat in a bright circle of the fair and young, and talked, and laughed, in the gayety of our careless hearts, without fear or apprehension! But now we are afraid, in the presence of ladies, to give utterance to anything beyond a remark upon the weather. It is long since we have drilled ourselves to attribute smiles and whispers, and even squeezes of the hand, to their true source. We see an album lurking in every dimple of a young maiden's cheek, and a large

folio commonplace book reposing its alexandrine length in every curve of a dowager's double chin.

"Shepherd. Tuts, man! what ails ye at albums?

"North. No age is free from the infection. We go to a house in the country, where there are three unmarried daughters, two aunts, and a grandmother. Complain not of a lack of employment on a rainy morning in such a domicile and establishment as this. You may depend upon it, that the first patter of rain upon the window is the signal for all the vellum and morocco-bound scrap-books to make a simultaneous rush upon the table. Forth comes the grandmother, and pushes an old, dingy-colored volume into your hands, and, pointing out a spare leaf, between a receipt for curing corns and a mixture for the whooping-cough, she begs you to fill it up,—with anything you please.

"Shepherd. Weel, weel, man! why canna you obleege the auld body?

"North. What right has an old woman, with silver spectacles on her long, thin nose, to enlist any man among the awkward squad which compose her muster-roll? Who can derive inspiration from the bony hand, which is coaxingly laid on your shoulder, and trembles, not from agitation or love, but merely from the last attack of the rheumatism?

"Shepherd. But young leddies hae their allbums, too, as well's auld anes?

"North. And even the young ladies, James, presume too much upon their power. Is there no way of getting into their books, but by writing in their albums? Are we to pay for smiles at the rate of so many lines a dimple? If the fair creatures are anxious to show they can read, let them discover it by the tenor of their conversation, and not by large folios of quotations from books which everybody knows; or if they are anxious to show that they can write, we can tell them they are very wrong in having any such wish. I will put it to any man, Are not the pleasantest women of his acquaintance those to whose handwriting he is the greatest stranger? Did they not think their adored enslaver, who at one time was considered, when they were musing on her charms, beneath some giant tree within the forest shade,—'too fair to worship, too divine to love,'—did they not think her a little less divine, without being a bit more lovable, when they pored over, in her autograph, a long and foolish extract from some dunderhead's poem, with the points all wrong placed, and many of the words misspelt?

"Shepherd. Neither points nor spellin' 's o' the smallest consequence in a copy o' verses.

"North. Think of the famous lovers of antiquity, James. Do you think Thisbe kept a scrap-book, or that Pyramus slipped 'Lines on Thisbe's Cat' through the celebrated hole-in-the-wall? No such thing. If he had, there would have been as little poetry in his love as in his verses. No man could have had the insolence, not even a Cockney poetaster, to kill himself for love, after having scribbled namby-pambies in a pale blue gilt-edged album."

Albums were the blights and pests of the last year of Charles Lamb's life. He wasted the golden hours, and misused his powers, in concocting petty verses for the albums of known and unknown admirers. If he went out for a walk on some "fine Izaak Walton morning," he was sure to be waylaid by designing school-ma'am or rural blue-stockings, who modestly begged a "few lines," etc.; and if he sat down to solace himself with one of his darling old folios,—Burton or Browne or Fuller,—he was certain to be disturbed by some good friend or neighbor in want of a sonnet or an acrostic for an album. He was so badgered and bothered by the album-loving maids of Islington, that he fled the place, and went to Enfield,—"*Bœotian Enfield*,"—hoping, when he came there, to bid adieu to albums for a great while; but he had not been in his new home twenty-four hours when his land-

lord's daughter came in with a friend's album "to beg a contribution," and on the following day asked him to write in her own!

"If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will albums be," he says in a letter to Barry Cornwall (also a victim of "the albumen persecution"). "All over the Leeward Islands, in Newfoundland, and the back settlements, I understand there is no other reading. They haunt me. I die of alphophobia!" He was in truth a meek *contributory* Lamb.

Elia, at the request of Moxon, collected a few of his album verses into a volume; but most of his writings of this kind are still buried between the faded covers of old albums, never, perhaps, to be read again by human eyes.

The following lines, which were originally jotted down in the fly-leaf of "John Woodvil," and then copied into the album of some fair friend, were composed after the publication of the "Album Verses," and are not to be found in any American editions of Lamb's Works. — TOM FOLIO.

September 7, 1830.

'T is a book kept by modern young ladies for show,
Of which their plain grandmothers nothing did know;
A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
And some things not very like either — God knows.
The first, soft effusions of beaux and of belles,
Of future Lord Byrons, and sweet L. E. L.'s;
Where wise folk and simple both equally join,
And *you* write your nonsense that I may write mine;
Stick in a fine landscape to make a display, —
A flower-piece, a foreground, all tinted so gay,
That Nature herself, could she see them, would strike
With envy, to think that she ne'er did the like.
And since some Lavaters, with head-pieces comical,
Have agreed to pronounce people's heads physiognomical,
Be sure that you stuff it with autographs plenty,
All penned in a fashion so stiff and so dainty,
They no more resemble folks' ordinary writing
Than lines penned with pains do extempore writing,
Or our every-day countenance (pardon the stricture),
The faces we make when we sit for our picture.
Then have you, Madelina, an album complete,
Which may you live to finish, and I live to see it!

C. LAMB.

PANCAKES.

NOT to eat pancakes on a Shrove Tuesday* is a sort of irreligion; even though, like confession, it may go against some stomachs of a criminal weakness, especially in these sedentary times. Delicate pancakes, not too thin, tossed up by a proper hand (for they ought to be literally tossed in the pan, otherwise part of the old charm is wanting), brought up hot and hot, rolled on one's plate, slightly touched with an acid, and cut across in that state, lump by lump, are to our taste the finest possible eating of the paste or pudding order. We think we could dine the whole year round (supposing the gods would provide us with such goods at all seasons) upon a pancake for our pudding, a bird for the meat, and old port for the drink. But what matters this epicureanism to our sedentary faculties? We thrive better on water than wine; cannot eat a bird with the right pleasure, unless sure it was handsomely killed; and would fain, with beloved Shelley, see all the world eating vegetables, and getting as harmless and strong as horses do on hay-diet. There would be enough mortal necessity remaining to strengthen our thoughts and hinder us from growing effeminate.

* Called in some places Pancake Tuesday. Shrove-tide is shrive- or shrift-tide.

LOVE HAS NOT EYES.

By THOMAS HOOD.

[Not to be found in any of the American editions of Hood's Works.]

OF all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,
A lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,
For he's blind, he's blind, he's very blind, —
He's as blind as any mole!

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was clasp'd,
Though her clay is overbaked, and it never has been rasp'd.
For he's blind, etc.

He thinks her face an angel's, although it's quite a pump's,
Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the mumps.
For he's blind, etc.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,
Though she's all so much awry, she can only eat a twist!
For he's blind, etc.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others out,
Though like a *Gal* that's galvanized, she throws her legs about.
For he's blind, etc.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,
He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.
For he's blind, etc.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,
In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her foot.
For he's blind, etc.

O, Love is like a furnace wherein a lover lies,
And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his eyes.
Till he's blind, etc.

THE LITTLE ROMANCE.

[From the Memoirs of Madame Lafarge.]

M. DE FONTANILLE had quitted Gascony, to lead at Paris the joyous life of a bachelor. Loving all the pretty things of this world, he kept his adoration for pretty little feet, so he busied himself in making a collection of all the darling slippers which had merited his enthusiasm, and he wore always over his heart the gay satin shoe of his most recent love. Business called him to Strasburg. There he encountered, in a drawing-room, set up on the gilt Sphinx of an enormous Gothic andiron, a living foot, — smart, charming, — of admirable purity of form, and not larger or thicker than a *biscuit à la cithère*. Astonished and ravished at the same time, M. de Fontanille procured an introduction to the mother of the damsel with that delicious little foot. He saw it every day, and became impassioned with it, till discovering that a provincial shoemaker, called in to make a new shrine for his idol, was waiting below for orders, he took fright lest the craftsman should bruise, wound, or, most dreadful of all, dishonor it by giving it a corn. His disquietude was fearful, insupportable; and in order to save that little *chef-d'œuvre* of which he wished to become lord and master, while making it his god, he offered up to it his name, his heart, and his hand! He was accepted, and after his marriage M. de Fontanille went nearly every year to Paris in order to have made, under his own inspection, new shoes for his wife.

THE REGULAR AND THE IRREGULAR DRAMA.

By THOMAS HOOD, THE ELDER.

(Now first printed in America.)

A WRITER in the "Times" lately attributed the decline of the public taste for theatrical exhibitions to the superiority of the dramatic scenes, serious and comic, which are so admirably got up and performed daily in the Bankruptcy Courts, the Old Bailey, Guildhall, Westminster Hall, the police offices, the Courts of Conscience, and other houses, major and minor, in London and the provinces. And there is certainly some truth in the theory; for the snatches of tragedy, comedy, and farce furnished by such places are much more interesting and amusing, and infinitely more instructive, than the pieces fabricated by most of our modern playwrights. Some of the judges and counsel show quite as "fiery off" as any stars on the boards; and the jurors, common or special, are quite as clever and entertaining as the walking gentleman. The want of music and dancing in the places alluded to makes them less strong in opera and the ballet, and her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, prospers accordingly, from the absence of competition. The police offices, however, are powerful rivals to the Adelphi, Surrey, etc., in pieces of strong and sometimes very domestic interest, the plots of which are duly recorded in some of the daily prints: and melodrama flourishes at the Sessions House and in the inquest-room. Here and there a coroner is also a very respectable performer in the funny line; and constables, beadles, and bumpkin witnesses are capital low comedians.

How far it might be practicable to retrieve the fortunes of the patent theatres, by allowing a certain portion of the public business to be transacted on the stage, is left for the proprietors to discuss with the Lord Chamberlain; nothing else, probably, will ever raise the shares of either to a profitable premium; for who would pay to sit at their fictitious shows, when he might, gratis, see such exhibitions of real life elsewhere, and listen to the genuine dialogue of human nature? Here is a brief example:—

MISAPPREHENSION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—A Club Room at the Hare and Hounds. At the table sits the County Coroner with his Clerk. The Jurors are arranged round the board. The Constable, etc., fill the background. Timothy Gubbins, a Witness, is under examination.

Cor. Did you know the defunct?

Wit. Who's he?

Cor. Why, the dead man.

Wit. Yes.

Cor. Intimately?

Wit. Wery.

Cor. How often have you been in company with him?

Wit. Once.

Cor. And do you call that intimately?

Wit. Yes; for he were wery drunk, and I were wery drunk, and that made us like two brothers.

Cor. Who recognized the body?

Wit. Jack Adams.

Cor. How did he recognize him?

Wit. By standing 'im on his head to let the water run out.

Cor. I mean, how did he know him?

Wit. By his plush jacket.

Cor. Anything else?

Wit. No; on'y his face were so swelled, his own mother would n't have knowed him.

Cor. Then, how did you know him?

Wit. 'Cause I was n't his mother. [Applause in court.]

Cor. What do you consider the cause of his death?

Wit. Drowndig, in course.

Cor. Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?

Wit. Yes.

Cor. How?

Wit. We searched his pockets.

Cor. I mean did you try to bring him to?

Wit. Yes—to the public house.

Cor. I mean, to recover him!

Wit. No; we wa'n't told to.

Cor. Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?

Wit. Yes; the whole village suspected 'im.

Cor. Why?

Wit. That he alienated one of the Squire's pigs.

Cor. You misunderstand me. I alluded to mental aberration.

Wit. Some thinks he was.

Cor. On what grounds?

Wit. I believe they belonged to Squire Waters.

Cor. Pshaw! I mean was he mad?

Wit. Sartenly.

Cor. What, devoid of reason?

Wit. He had no reason to drown himself as I know of.

Cor. That will do, sir. (To the Jury.) Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider of your verdict.

Foreman. Your worship, we are all of one mind.

Cor. Well; what is it?

Foreman. We don't mind what. We're agreeable to anything your Worship pleases.

Cor. No, gentlemen, I have no right to dictate; you had better consult together.

Foreman. We have, your Worship, afore we came, and we're all unanimous.

Cor. I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. (To the Clerk.) Mr. Dicks, take down the verdict. Now, then, gentlemen.

Foreman. Why, then, your Worship, its "Justifiable suicide," but begs to recommend to mercy; and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses.

THE FADED FLOWER.

AN UNCOLLECTED SONNET BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

[This is a trifle, but a trifle by the Author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner" may be of more worth than whole volumes of verse by third and fourth rate poets.]

UNGRATEFUL he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,
 Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;
 Inhaled awhile thy odors in his walk,
 Then onward pass'd, and left thee to decay.
 Ah, melancholy emblem! had I seen
 Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's gem,
 I had not rudely croop'd thy parent stem,
 But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven'd green.
 And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,
 And drop the tear,—as Fancy, at my side,
 Deep-sighing, paints the fair frail Abra's tomb,—
 "Like thine sad flower, was that poor wonder's pride!
 O, lost to love and truth, whose selfish joy
 Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy!"

NOTABLE EVENTS AND DEATHS FROM OCTOBER 1, 1870, TO NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

- Oct. 2. — Rome voted on the plebiscitum. 50,000 votes were cast in favor of Italian unity.
4. — The steamer *Ville de Paris* sailed from New York, conveying a very large quantity of arms and munitions of war to France.
5. — Ex-Gov. Samuel Cony, of Maine, died at Augusta.
7. — Marshal Bazaine made an attack upon the German forces beleaguering Metz, resulting in great slaughter on both sides.
8. — President Grant issued a proclamation defining the principles of neutrality applicable to vessels of belligerent powers while in American waters.
9. — Garibaldi reached Tours.
11. — Hon. Thomas C. Perkins, an eminent lawyer of Hartford, died.
12. — Gen. Robert E. Lee died at Lexington, Virginia.
12. — President Grant issued a warning proclamation to the Fenians.
13. — Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, died at Cambridge, Mass.
14. — The Archbishop of Quebec died.
16. — Soissons was captured by the Prussians.
16. — Robert Ridgway, member of Congress from Virginia, died.
18. — The French were defeated at Chateaudun.
18. — Bismarck sent a despatch to Baron Gerolt, Prussian ambassador at Washington, declaring that the object of the German military operations in France was not conquest, but to secure the protection of Germany by a new boundary.
19. — The Anchor Line Steamship *Cambria* was wrecked off the coast of Donegal. Out of 123 passengers, only one is known to have survived.
20. — Shocks of an earthquake were felt along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and in the states parallel with that river, and the lakes.
21. — M. W. Balfe, the eminent composer of English operas, died in London.
22. — Thomas Hughes sailed for England.
25. — The First National Bank at Grafton, Mass., robbed.
26. — The Prince and Princess of Wales paid an official visit in state to the Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst.
27. — The capitulation of Metz signed.
29. — The States of Germany agreed to name His Majesty King William, of Prussia, Emperor of Germany.
29. — The North German Minister to Spain published the statement by royal authority, that Germany declined to interfere with Spain in choosing a ruler.
29. — The last summons to surrender forwarded to the French at Paris.
29. — The Germans took possession of Metz.
31. — Secretary Cox left the Department of the Interior, and Mr. Delano assumed its duties.
- Nov. 1. — V. H. Vaughan appointed Governor of Utah.
2. — Professors Hall, Harkness, and Eastman sailed from New York to Sicily to take observations of the total eclipse of the sun.
3. — Armistice offered by Bismarck to the French, to allow of general elections.
4. — Gen. Trochu accepted the armistice of Bismarck.
4. — Hon. B. Gratz Brown elected Governor of Missouri.
9. — The German army, under Gen. Von der Tann, driven out of Orleans by the French.
14. — The Quirinal at Rome forcibly entered by the King's forces.
15. — Great demonstration in favor of the Pope at Cork.
15. — Charles W. Starbuck, principal proprietor of the Cincinnati "Daily Times," died.
17. — French defeated near Dreux.
17. — Duke of Aosta elected King of Spain by the Cortes.
20. — F. C. Plumptre, D. D., Master of University College, Oxford, died.
24. — Fourth annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland held at Cleveland.
24. — Thionville capitulated.
27. — William Gowans, a well-known New York bookseller, died.
27. — Amiens occupied by the Prussians.
28. — Main body of the French Army of the Loire repulsed near Fontainebleau.
29. — Gov. Zebulon B. Vance elected U. S. Senator from North Carolina.
29. — First sortie of the French garrison at Paris made under Gen. Vinoy.
- Dec. 3. — Bismarck issued a circular declaring Prussia freed from the obligations of neutrality to Luxembourg.
3. — Hon. David G. Burnett, first President of the Republic of Texas, died at Galveston, aged eighty-three.
4. — Viscount Treilhارد presented as French Minister to President Grant.
4. — The Duke of Aosta officially accepted the crown of Spain.
5. — The Italian Parliament opened by the king.
6. — Gen. Hiram Walbridge, of New York, died.
6. — Minister Motley had a farewell audience with Queen Victoria.
6. — King Louis of Bavaria addressed a note to King John of Saxony, advocating the proposal to offer to King William the title of Emperor of Germany.
9. — French defeated at Meung by the Duke of Mecklenburg's army.
13. — Gen. Alfred Pleasonton nominated Commissioner of Internal Revenue.
13. — Great commotion created in the U. S. Senate by Senator McCreery, of Kentucky, asking leave to introduce a resolution for the removal of the Union dead from Arlington, and restoring the estate to the family of Gen. Lee.
13. — Mediation Conference held by representatives of neutral powers at Vienna.
13. — Dr. William Chauvenet, President of Washington University, St. Louis, died at St. Paul, Minn.
13. — Phalsburg surrendered unconditionally to the Germans.
14. — The Germans under Prince Frederick Charles occupied Blois.
15. — Senator Schurz made a speech in the United States Senate in favor of the removal of political disabilities.
16. — Vendome captured by the army under the Duke of Mecklenburg.
17. — Rear-Admiral Samuel L. Breese, of the United States Navy, died at Mount Airy, Philadelphia.
- Dec. 18. — The British government issued an order for the conditional release of the Fenian prisoners.
18. — Nuits stormed and seized by the Germans.
18. — Resolution adopted by the Spanish deputies in favor of a dissolution of the Cortes.
18. — Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., burned.
20. — John Bright resigned his seat in the British Cabinet.
21. — Hon. Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, nominated Minister to England.
21. — 250th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims celebrated at Plymouth, Mass., with an oration by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.
21. — Senator Sumner made a personal explanation, denying certain statements attributed to him reflecting on President Grant.
21. — Senator Morton's resolutions authorizing the appointment of the San Domingo Commission passed.
23. — Indecisive engagement took place near Amiens, between the armies of Faidherbe and Manteuffel.
23. — Steamship *Aries* went ashore near Hereford Bar.
24. — Rev. Albert Barnes, the distinguished author and Presbyterian divine, died suddenly in Philadelphia.
25. — Spottswood Hotel at Richmond, Va., burned. Eight persons perished.
27. — Statue erected to the memory of Smith O'Brien, the Irish patriot, unveiled in Dublin, in the presence of 12,000 persons.
27. — Elbridge J. Cutler, Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College, died.
27. — General Prim, the Spanish leader, was shot in his carriage.
29. — Fort Rosny captured by the Germans.
29. — General Prim died.
29. — Hon. Wilson Lumpkin, Ex-Governor of Georgia, died at Athens, Ga.
30. — The Duke of Aosta entered Carthage.
30. — Carl Anschutz, the well-known orchestral director, died in New York.
31. — King Victor Emmanuel entered Rome.
31. — The British government ordered its officials in Canada to permit no further seizure of vessels on the contested fishing-ground.
- Jan. 1. — Charles H. Sweetser, founder of the New York Evening Mail, died in Florida.
3. — Rome visited by the severest flood known since 1530, causing immense loss.
8. — Bismarck sent a despatch to Count Bernstorff, Prussian Minister at London, admitting the claims of the British government for indemnity for the vessels sunk in the Seine by the Germans.
10. — Bombardment of Paris begun.
10. — Nathan Hale, formerly Professor of Rhetoric in Union College, died.
11. — Hon. John Covode, M. C., from Pennsylvania, died suddenly at Harrisburg.
12. — The French under General Chanzy defeated by Prince Frederick Charles.
13. — Rev. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, died.
13. — Bismarck retracts the neutrality declaration pertaining to French merchant ships.
17. — The following U. S. Senators were elected for six years from March 4, 1871: — Massachusetts, Hon. Henry Wilson; Minnesota, Hon. William Windom; Maine, Hon. Lot M. Morrill; Illinois, Hon. John A. Logan.
17. — The Conference of the Great Powers met at London, Earl Granville was named president.
17. — Bismarck published a letter replying to the American, Swiss, and other foreign ministers in Paris, refusing their demands that their compatriots might be allowed to leave the city.
17. — Gen. Bourbaki defeated by Von Werder with great loss.
18. — Convention in favor of an amendment to the Constitution recognizing God as the ruler of the universe, and Christianity as the basis of the American government, held in New York.
19. — King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany at Versailles.
20. — Mr. Gladstone resigned his seat from Greenwich.
25. — Thomas Garrett, the well-known Delaware Quaker Abolitionist, died at Wilmington.
26. — George Ticknor, the eminent scholar and author, died.
27. — The Italian Senate voted to remove the capital from Florence to Rome.
29. — Samuel H. Taylor, LL.D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, died.
30. — The Judiciary Committee reported adversely to the woman suffrage memorial of Mrs. Woodhull and others.
31. — Rev. Dr. E. T. Fitch, Professor of Divinity at Yale College, died.
- Feb. 1. — The steamer *Tennessee*, which carried the San Domingo Commissioners, arrived in San Domingo City.
4. — The U. S. Senate adopted a resolution offering a naval vessel to carry stores for the relief of the French.
4. — Rev. M. J. Kramer confirmed as Minister to Denmark.
6. — Terrible accident on the Hudson River Railroad near New Hamburg, N. Y.
7. — Henry Steinway, of Steinway and Sons, died in New York City.
9. — President Grant sent a message to the Senate, enclosing the correspondence between Lord Granville and Secretary Fish, proposing a joint high commission.
9. — The Italian Parliament passed a bill authorizing a financial convention with Austria; also a bill providing a fund for the support of the Pope.
10. — The elections in Paris closed, resulting in a disastrous defeat for the Republicans.
12. — Alice Cary died.
14. — Col. Thomas E. Chickering, of Chickering and Sons, died at Boston.
14. — General Garibaldi resigned the office of delegate in the French Assembly.
17. — M. Thiers elected chief executive of the French government.
17. — Alexander H. Stuart of Virginia, and Richard Taylor of Louisiana, elected to fill vacancies in the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Fund.
19. — General John Bankhead Magruder died at Houston, Texas.
22. — Thiers, Favre, and the other members of the commission from the National Assembly arrived at Versailles to arrange terms of peace.
23. — Thirty-four Republican members of the Indiana Legislature resign

- in order to prevent the passage of a bill by the Democratic majority, redistricting the State in violation of the Constitution.
- Feb. 25. — The Duc de Broglie presented his credentials to Queen Victoria as Ambassador from France.
26. — Mrs. Sophia Hawthorne, widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne, died in London.
26. — President Grant nominated Henry D. Cooke governor of the District of Columbia.
26. — A secret session of the joint high commissioners was held at the State Department.
27. — The Cincinnati School Board decided to open the public library of that city on Sunday.
28. — Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and thirty other deputies issued a proclamation to the eastern districts of France, protesting against the proposed cession of territory to Prussia.
- Mar. 1. — The Germans entered Paris.
1. — The Assembly at Bordeaux voted to ratify the preliminary conditions of peace, and unanimously passed the resolution stigmatizing Napoleon as the author of the misfortunes of France.
2. — The formal ratification of the treaty of peace took place at Versailles.
3. — The evacuation of Paris by the German troops took place.
4. — The Forty-second Congress met and organized. Mr. Blaine was re-elected Speaker of the House.
7. — Secret consistory held at Rome by the Pope.
8. — A terrific hurricane passed over St. Louis.
10. — Baron Gerolt, Prussian Minister at Washington, visited President Grant and presented a letter from the Emperor with an appropriate address.
14. — The conference of the powers on the Eastern question closed, and a treaty was signed admitting foreign naval vessels into the Dardanelles and Bosphorus in times of peace.
19. — An insurrection, led by the Red Republicans, commenced in Paris.
19. — Bill granting permission for the erection of a monument to Professor Morse passed in the House.
21. — The Insurgent government at Paris announced the arming of the forts to defend the capital.
21. — The marriage of the Princess Louise of Great Britain and the Marquis of Lorne took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.
22. — Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, impeached by the State Senate.
24. — Proclamation to the combinations of armed men engaged in the outrages committed in South Carolina, issued by President Grant.
27. — Thiers made an eloquent address and took a solemn oath in the French Assembly not to betray the Republic.
28. — Bismarck offered to Thiers the assistance of Germany in suppressing the insurrection.
28. — The San Domingo Commissioners arrived in Washington.
- Apr. 2. — The National Guards of Paris routed at Bridge Neuilly.
3. — The Paris Commune issued a decree arraigning Thiers, Favre, Picard, Dufaure, Simon, and Potthian, before a tribunal of the people, and ordering their property to be seized.
4. — The redoubt at Châtillon with 2,000 prisoners captured by the government forces.
6. — The ratification of the Turco-Russian convention published in the St. Petersburg official journal.
7. — Terrible riot took place at the Scranton coal-mines, Pennsylvania.
11. — Deputation sent to Versailles to propose measures of conciliation.
11. — Grand fair in aid of the suffering people of France opened at the Boston Theatre.
17. — Two churches in Paris pillaged by the insurgents and the clergy arrested.
18. — The Ku-Klux Bill was agreed to by the U. S. Senate.
20. — President Grant issued a proclamation convening an extra session of the Senate on Wednesday, May 10.
20. — The first session of the Forty-second Congress was adjourned.
26. — Avery D. Putnam murdered in a New York horse-car by William Foster.
- May 1. — The opening of the great International Exhibition of Science and Art in London took place.
4. — Severe tornado at Baton Rouge, Texas.
8. — The Treaty of Washington signed by the Joint High Commissioners.
8. — Fort D'Issy was abandoned by the Communists.
9. — The University Test Bill was sustained in the House of Lords by a majority.
9. — The treaty of friendship, commerce, etc., negotiated between the United States and Salvador, signed by the President.
10. — Treaty between the Versailles government and Germany signed.
11. — Marshall Jewell declared Governor elect of Connecticut by the State Senate.
11. — Third annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac held in Boston.
15. — The new territorial government of the District of Columbia organized.
16. — The Column Vendome razed by the Paris Communists.
17. — The War Department order, containing the President's instructions to officers in command of troops acting under the Ku-Klux Bill, issued.
17. — Edward H. Ruloff executed at Binghamton, New York.
20. — The Versailles forces entered Paris.
21. — Cyrus W. Field gave a parting banquet to the British High Commissioners in New York.
23. — The Archbishop of Paris and several priests held as hostages shot at La Roquette prison by the Communists.
23. — The Treaty of Washington ratified by the U. S. Senate and signed by the President.
24. — The Tuileries and Louvre fired by the Paris mob.
- June 3. — Mrs. Laura Fair, the California murderess, sentenced to be hanged.
3. — Great flood in New Orleans.
7. — Funeral of Monseigneur Darboy, the late Archbishop of Paris, conducted with great pomp.
10. — Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale paid a visit to Thiers and renounced their seats in the Assembly.
11. — The city of Tampico stormed and taken at the point of the bayonet by the Mexican federal army.
14. — Commodore Josiah Tatnall died at Savannah.
16. — Triumphant entry of the German army into Berlin.
17. — Clement L. Vallandigham died.
- June 18. — George Grote, the historian, died in London.
24. — Corner-stone of the new capitol at Albany laid.
25. — Andrew Jackson Donelson died in Memphis.
27. — The Treaty of Washington ratified by the British government.
30. — Minister Schenck presented his credentials to Queen Victoria.
- July 1. — Rome formally declared capital of Italy.
1. — Gen. Halstead murdered at Newark, N. J.
2. — Rev. Samuel J. May died at Syracuse.
4. — The Treaty of Washington proclaimed by the President.
12. — Orange procession and terrible riot in New York. Fifty persons killed and seventy wounded.
15. — Grand reception given to the Emperor William at Munich.
15. — Tad Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, died in Chicago.
20. — The city of Truckee, California, almost totally destroyed by fire.
21. — Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, niece of President Monroe, died.
25. — A meeting between the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia took place at Engenheim, Bavaria.
26. — Destruction by fire of the Archbishop's palace and public library in the city of Bruges.
29. — Ministerial banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. Conciliatory speeches made by General Schenck, Mr. Gladstone, and others.
30. — Terrible explosion and loss of life on the ferry-boat Westfield at Staten Island, New York.
- Aug. 1. — Baron Von Schaezer, the new Minister from Germany, received by the President.
4. — Great typhoon visited Yokohama, Japan. Four hundred lives lost.
6. — Meeting and riot in Dublin in favor of amnesty to the Communists.
7. — Gen. Pleasanton, U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, suspended by President Grant, and J. W. Douglas appointed in his place.
8. — Bitter personal contest occurred in the British House of Commons between Gladstone and Disraeli.
9. — The celebration of the Scott centenary in Edinburgh.
13. — Hon. Woodbury Davis, of Portland, died.
13. — The Right Hon. Sir Alexander James Edward Cockburn, Bart., appointed arbitrator for Great Britain under the Treaty of Washington.
16. — Call signed by two hundred thousand persons for a public meeting to investigate the frauds in the New York city government.
22. — Terrific hurricane on the Island of St. Thomas.
23. — James Renforth, stroke oarsman of the English crew, died suddenly during the boat-race at St. John, N. B.
26. — Horrible accident at Revere, near Boston, Mass., on the Eastern Railroad.
- Sept. 2. — Walter Montgomery, the English actor, committed suicide.
3. — Fenian release demonstration by 100,000 persons, and riot in Dublin.
6. — Celebration of the twenty-third anniversary of the American Pomo-logical Society at Richmond.
9. — Count Bouet Willaumez, vice-admiral of the French Navy, died.
16. — Terrible powder explosion and loss of life at Pioche, Nevada.
17. — The Mont Cenis Tunnel was formally opened.
18. — Laying of the corner-stone of the Army and Navy Monument, with imposing ceremonies, at Boston.
19. — Virginia City, Nevada, almost totally destroyed by fire.
20. — The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops celebrated with great enthusiasm in Italy.
27. — Exciting convention of the Massachusetts Republicans at Worcester. Hon. William B. Washburn nominated for Governor. Gen. Butler retired from the canvass.
27. — Terrible fire along the coast of Lake Michigan.
29. — Suits instituted in the New York courts, by the citizens' committee, against several of the Tammany officials.
30. — The test case of Hawkins, the polygamist, indicted by the U. S. grand jury, began at Salt Lake City.
- Oct. 1. — Brigham Young arrested for adultery.
1. — Great fire in the lumber regions of Wisconsin.
2. — The international money-order system between the United States and Great Britain went into operation.
2. — Great fire in Indiana.
- 7, 8, 9. — One of the most terrible conflagrations the world has ever known, and the greatest fire of the century, occurred in Chicago. Six square miles were burned over, every bank and the whole business portion of the city destroyed, and over fifty thousand people rendered homeless. Upwards of ten thousand buildings were burned. The pecuniary loss was over \$200,000,000. It is estimated that nearly two thousand persons perished in the flames.
8. — Another great fire in Wisconsin. It is estimated that 200 persons perished.
9. — Mlle. Christine Nilsson, Miss Annie Cary, and M. Capoul made their first appearance in America in Italian opera at the Boston Theatre.
11. — Inauguration of President Porter of Yale College.
11. — Great fires raged in St. Clair and Huron counties, Michigan. Large numbers of persons perished.
15. — President Thiers formally announced the signing of the treaty for Alsace and Lorraine.
16. — The first regular train passed over the European and North American Railway.
16. — The corner-stone of the new Post Office at Boston, Mass., laid with impressive ceremonies.
16. — Details received of great floods and destruction of 3,000 persons in China.
16. — Schooner Southampton wrecked on Lake Erie.
20. — Juarez installed as President of the Mexican Republic.
20. — Sir Roderick Murchison, the eminent geologist, died in London.
21. — Ratification of the treaty with France declared by Emperor Frederick William.
23. — Fires broke out in the swamp and woodland districts of New York State, near Rochester.
23. — The fifth of the series of yacht races for the American cup won by the Sappho, and the cup awarded to the New York Yacht Club.



“JIM.”

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well, — no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew, —
Blest if you are!

Money? — Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum? — I don't mind,
Seen' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him? —
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes? —
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
Eh?
The h—— you say!
Dead? —
That little cuss?

What makes you star, —
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?

It would n't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor — little — Jim!
— Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben, —
No-account men:
Then to take *him*!

Well, thar — Good by, —
No more, sir, — I —
Eh?
What's that you say? —
Why, dern it! — sho! —
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!



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A TOPIC OF INTEREST.

"The subtle essence which resides in many plants and fruits is so evanescent in its character as to have almost defied the efforts of chemists, until very recently, to imprison it in any foreign medium. The great secret with scientific men is to extract the aromatic principle from flowers and fruits, and with it surcharge spirits or sirups so that a permanence of quality, a facility of use, and a perfection of the unique odor of each may be given to articles which can be used in the boudoir, the kitchen, or the dispensary. In ancient times the actual plant or fruit dried was a clumsy contrivance by which a faded semblance to the fresh aroma could be obtained. In the culinary department, many plans were adopted to give a flavor to fine pastry and made dishes by bruising, mincing, grinding, or grating the coarse materials containing the requisite zest, which might please the palate of an epicure. All these methods have passed away, and in the celebrated articles prepared by Joseph Burnett, of Boston, we have all the delicate odors, aromatic flavors, and spicy qualities of the flowers, fruits, and vegetables so concentrated and preserved as to secure the evanescent and subtle particles in a permanent and handy form, neither deteriorated in strength or diminished in pungency, but retaining the exact qualities of the original in their pristine vigor. For nearly a quarter of a century this gentleman has been engaged in the scientific manufacture of FLAVORING EXTRACTS, COCOAINE for the hair, KALLISTON for the complexion, FLORIMEL and COLOGNE WATERS and the rarest kinds of delicate perfumery for the handkerchief; and his success in this difficult branch of chemical research has been very remarkable. The daintiest flavor which passes over the sense of taste has been caught by him and imprisoned for use. There is a refinement about Burnett's FLAVORING EXTRACTS and Toilet Preparations which we have failed to discover elsewhere, and that coarse alcoholic scent and incongruous combinations, which are too frequently present in the common preparations, is lost sight of entirely." — *Chicago Journal*.

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For Cooking Purposes.

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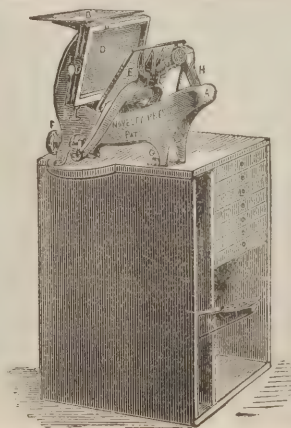
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